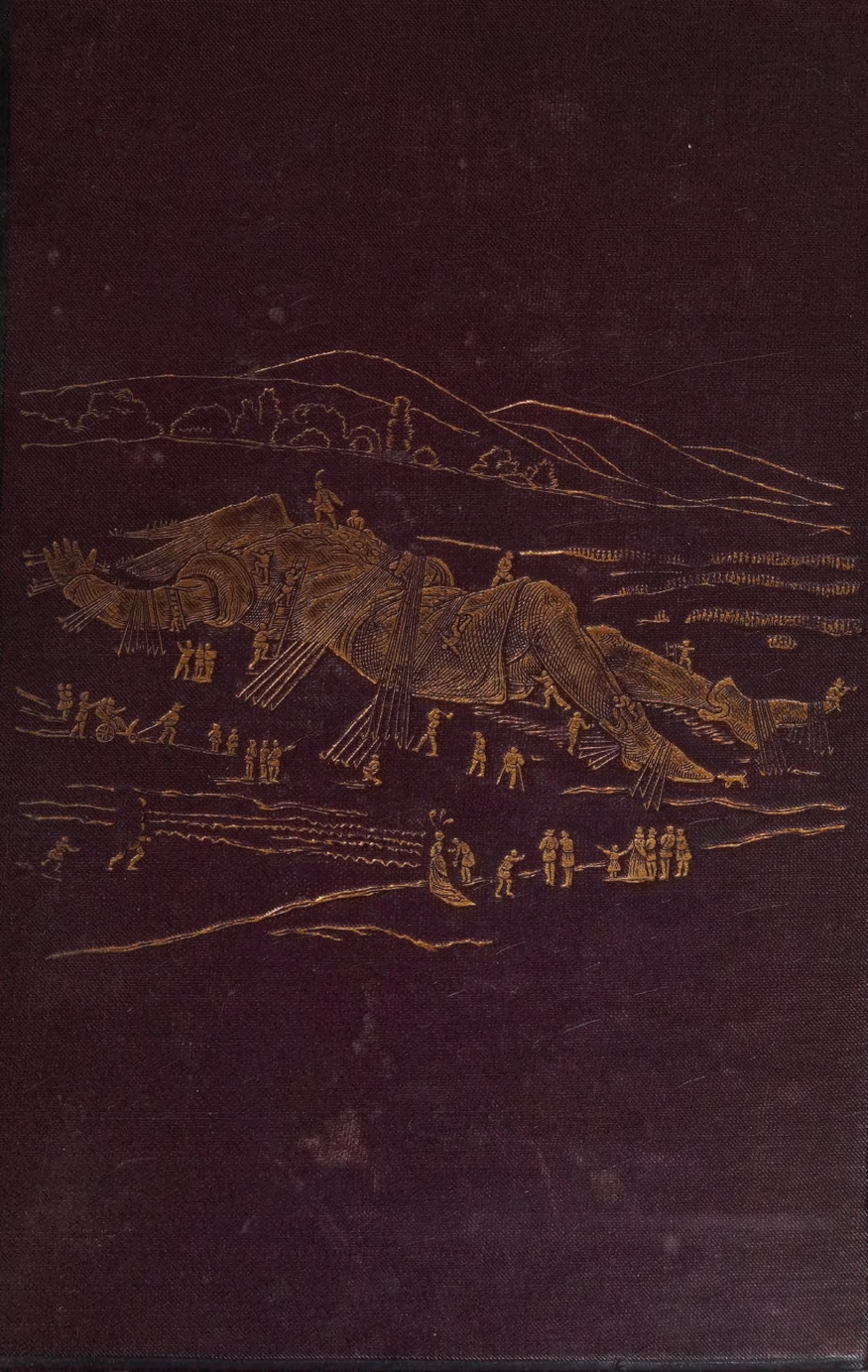

K. Alexander.

A. Crowe Junr.

THE

CHOICE WORKS OF DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT

THE

Col. Crowe Junr.

CHOICE WORKS

OF

W. Crowe Junr.

DEAN SWIFT

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions.

WITH MEMOIR, PORTRAIT, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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MEMOIR

OF

DEAN SWIFT.*

IN the records of distinguished men who have done honour to their country, no name has been more a mark for slander and calumny, no career has been more misunderstood and misrepresented by prejudice and party rancour, than that of JONATHAN SWIFT. Respecting the place of his birth, the events of his college career, his residence with Sir William Temple, his relations with two beautiful and accomplished women, the sincerity of his political and religious creed, and of his warmest personal friendships, charges and imputations have been preferred against him by successive biographers, critics, and gossip-mongers, as baseless and unfounded as they are at variance with each other. The ill-disguised contempt of Johnson, the more rancorous hatred of Jeffrey, and, later on, the brilliant but misplaced sarcasm and invective of Thackeray, have so far disguised for us the features of one of the noblest Englishmen of the last two centuries, that they have become scarcely recognizable.

The honest, if somewhat quaint, narrative of his life by Thomas Sheridan, the son of one of Swift's most cherished and talented personal friends, may therefore—shorn of a little of its garrulity—be reverted to with advantage, as in the main a trustworthy version of that touching and romantic story of the struggles, sorrows, and disappointments of genius.

After all, however, the best commentary on Swift's life are his own letters and journals and occasional poems—and indeed, more or less, the whole body of his writings. Whoever can read these honestly and in their integrity, and can doubt the tenderness, the piety, the sincerity,

* Abridged from the original Life by Sheridan, with revisions and additions.

and the nobleness of Jonathan Swift, any more than his genius or his wit, is much to be pitied.

SWIFT was descended from an ancient family in Yorkshire, of no small note, and considerable property. He was of the younger branch.* His grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Swift, was possessed of a good estate, and was distinguished above any man of his station in life for his attachment to Charles I. and the sufferings he underwent in support of the royal cause, by which his fortune was entirely ruined. He had ten sons, and three daughters. Five of his sons went to seek their fortune in Ireland: the fourth of whom, Jonathan, was father to the subject of this memoir. He had married Abigail Erick, a young lady descended from an ancient family of that name in Leicestershire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, seven months before the birth of his only son; and as he was but just beginning the world, left his widow in very distressed circumstances.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born on the 30th of November, 1667, in Hoey's Court, Dublin. When he was but a year old, he was, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, stolen away by his nurse, and carried to Whitehaven,† which place she was under necessity of visiting, on account of the illness of a relation, from whom she expected a legacy; and, as is usual among Irish nurses, she bore such an affection to the child that she could not think of going without him. There he continued for almost three years; and she took such care of him, that he had learned to spell, and could read any chapter in the Bible, before he was five years old.

At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, where during the latter part of the time, and afterwards at Trinity College, he had William Congreve as a schoolfellow. At fourteen he was admitted into the University of Dublin; the expense of his education being defrayed by his uncle Godwin, the eldest of the brothers who had settled in Ireland, a lawyer of great eminence, who had made considerable sums of money, which were for the most part squandered away in idle projects, by means of which, soon after his nephew had entered the college, he found himself involved in great difficulties; and being father of a

* For further particulars of Swift's family, see his own account in the Appendix to the present volume.

† He retained his affection for Whitehaven to the last, as if it were his native place; and when one of his friends, who had spent a little time there in 1739, told him in the spring following that a merchant from thence, with his son and daughter, were then in Dublin, he invited them to dinner, and showed them many civilities whilst they stayed in that city.

numerous offspring by four wives, he was under a necessity of reducing the stipend allowed to his nephew for his support at the university as low as possible. The real situation of uncle Godwin's affairs not being then known to the world, and as he was looked upon as much the richest of the family, Swift's other relations seemed at that time to think that their aid was not necessary; so that he was obliged to make the best shift he could with the wretched allowance that his uncle gave him. Thus was one of the most aspiring and liberal minds in the world early checked and confined by the narrowness of his circumstances; with this bitter aggravation to a generous spirit, that the small pittance afforded by his uncle, seemed to him, from the manner in which it was given, rather as an alms doled out for charity, than an act of beneficence due from so near a relation, who was supposed by him, as well as by the rest of the world, to be in circumstances that might have afforded a much more liberal stipend, without prejudice to his own family. Under this load did the spirit of Swift groan for the space of near seven years that he resided in the college of Dublin; which made so deep an impression on him, that he never afterwards could think with patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect shown him during that time by his other relations.

He took his bachelor's degree in February 1685-6. The "special grace" by which it was accorded has been apparently made too much of by his biographers, who have gratuitously inferred that he entirely neglected the usual college studies, though it appears from an examination of one of the college rolls that this was by no means the case, to the extent surmised. He is *malè*, it is true, in philosophy, and *negligenter* in theology; but in Greek and Latin he is *benè*. He compares on the whole favourably with many other students on the list, some of whom are *mediocriter* in everything. Where the classification divides Latin and Greek there is no instance of *benè* put to both. And more opprobrious, superlative, or emphatic terms of censure than *malè* and *negligenter* are applied to the two other subjects, in which some students are *vix mediocriter* and *pessimè*.

Meanwhile, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of business; and then it was that the broken state of his affairs was made public. Swift now lost even the poor support that he had before; but his uncle William supplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more enlarged way, which could not be expected from his circumstances, yet with so much better a grace, as somewhat lightened the burden of dependence, and engaged Swift's gratitude afterward, who distinguished him by the title of "the best of his

relations." He had no expectation, however, of receiving anything more from him than was absolutely necessary for his support; and his chief hopes now for anything beyond that rested in his cousin Willoughby, eldest son of his uncle Godwin, a considerable merchant at Lisbon. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations. For, soon after the account of his father's unhappy situation had reached Willoughby Swift at Lisbon, he, reflecting that his cousin Jonathan's destitute condition demanded immediate relief, sent him a present of a larger sum than ever Jonathan had been master of in his life before. This supply arrived at a critical juncture, when Swift, without a penny in his purse, was despondingly looking out of his chamber window, to gape away the time, and happened to cast his eye upon a seafaring man, who seemed to be making inquiries after somebody's chambers. The thought immediately came into Swift's head that this might be some master of a vessel who was the bearer of a present to him from his cousin at Lisbon. He saw him enter the building with pleasing expectation, and soon after heard a rap at his door, which eagerly opening, he was accosted by the sailor with, "Is your name Jonathan Swift?" "Yes!" "Why, then, I have something for you from master Willoughby Swift of Lisbon." He then drew out a large leathern bag, and poured forth the contents, which were silver cobs, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the sight, in the first transports of his heart, pushed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the sailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honest tar declined taking any, saying "that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby." This was the first time that Swift's disposition was tried with regard to the management of money: and he said that the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of it, made him husband it so well, that he was never afterward without something in his purse.

Upon the breaking out of the war in Ireland, in the opening of 1689, Swift determined to leave that kingdom, and to visit his mother at Leicester, in order to consult with her upon his future plan of life. He was then little more than two months past his twenty-first birthday.

After a residence of some months with his mother, he laid before her the discomfort of his present situation, and the gloominess of his future prospects; requesting her advice what course he should pursue. She clearly saw that her son's case required the assistance of some powerful friend. She recollected that the wife of Sir William Temple was her relation; and that there had been a long intimacy between

Sir John Temple, father to Sir William, and the family of the Swifts in Ireland; she knew also that a cousin of her son's had been chaplain to Sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the Church, on the score of family connexions. She accordingly recommended her son to go to Sir William, and make his case known to him.

He followed his mother's advice, and soon afterwards presented himself to Sir William Temple at Sheen,* requesting his advice and assistance. Sir William was a man of too much goodness and humanity not to take compassion on a young man born an orphan, without fortune, distressed from his cradle, and without friends or interest to push him forward in life; who at the same time had a double claim to his favour, as related by blood to a wife for whom he had the highest honour and affection; and as the offspring of a family with whom his father had lived in the closest ties of friendship. He accordingly received him cheerfully into his house, and treated him with that hospitable kindness which family connexions and his unfortunate situation demanded of him. Here Swift first saw Esther Johnson, then a girl of little more than seven, whose mother was a companion and governess of Lady Giffard, Sir William Temple's sister. He became first her playmate and afterwards her instructor, and in later years her name was destined to be linked indissolubly with his.

Swift, during his residence with Sir William, applied himself with great assiduity to his studies; in which for the space of eight years he was employed, by his own account, at least eight hours a day, with but few intermissions. The first of these was occasioned by an illness, which he attributed to a surfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldness of stomach, and giddiness of head, which pursued him more or less during the remainder of his life. After two years' residence at Moor Park, his state of health was so bad that he was advised by physicians to try the effects of his native air toward restoring it. In pursuance of this advice he revisited Ireland; but finding himself growing worse there, he soon returned to Moor Park, where,

* At the Revolution, Moor Park, which he had purchased in 1686, growing unsafe, by lying in the way of both armies, Sir William came back to the house which he had given up to his son at Sheen; and in the end of 1689 again retired to Moor Park. On a review of these *dates*, it will be seen that in the two years which Swift passed with Sir William Temple, he resided first at Sheen, where he had the honour of familiarly conversing with King William; and afterwards at Moor Park, where his majesty likewise visited Sir William.

upon the abatement of his illness, he renewed his application to his studies.

It does not appear that Sir William Temple knew anything of the value of his young guest till about this time; and Swift himself says that it was then he began *to grow into some confidence with him.* Accordingly, we find that about this period he trusted him with matters of great importance. He introduced him to King William, and suffered him to be present at some of their conferences.* He employed him in a commission of consequence to the king,† when he was unable to attend him himself, which required dexterity, and knowledge in the history of England. And above all, he consulted him constantly and employed him in the revisal and correction of his own works.

In this situation Swift continued, still applying closely to his studies till the year 1692, when he went to Oxford in order to take his master's degree, to which he was admitted on the 5th of July in that year.

From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park; not with a design of continuing there, for he now wanted to enter into the world, but in expectation of getting some preferment by means of Sir William's interest with the king, which he had promised to exert in his behalf, and had already indeed obtained an assurance of that sort from his majesty. But Swift at this time entertained some suspicion that Sir William was not *so forward* on the occasion *as he could wish;* and the reason he assigned for it was, that Sir William was apprehensive *Swift would leave him, and upon some accounts he*

* Sir William had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen, before the Revolution. In this character he contracted a close intimacy with the Prince of Orange; who, after he had ascended the English throne, frequently visited him at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir William being then lame of the gout, substituted Swift to attend his majesty in his walks round the gardens; who admitted him to such familiarity, that he showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion; and once offered to make him a captain of horse. But Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an ecclesiastical life; and it is therefore probable that, upon declining this office, he obtained a promise of preferment in the Church; for in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he says, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

† It appears that Swift had access to King William's ear at other times, beside that of his residence at Moor Park; for, in his letter concerning the repeal of the Sacramental Test, written in 1708, he says thus, "I remember, when I was last in England, I told the king that the highest Tories we had with us (in Ireland) would make tolerable Whigs there (in England)."

*thought him a little necessary to him.** Swift was indeed by this time become very necessary to a man in the decline of life, generally in an ill state of health, and often tortured with the most excruciating disorders. The loss of such a companion as Swift, after such a long domestic intimacy, would have been like the loss of a limb. Besides, as he seems to have had nothing so much at heart in the latter part of his life as the leaving behind him a corrected copy of all his writings, done under his own inspection, he could not bear the thought that Swift should leave him till that point was accomplished. He had already experienced the use that he was of to him in that respect, and knew that his place was not easily to be supplied. And his ill state of health occasioned the work to advance but slowly, as it was only during the most lucid intervals he applied to it. On these accounts Sir William was in no haste to procure any preferment for his young friend, to the great mortification of Swift. In this uneasy state he continued at Moor Park two years longer, and then, quite wearied out with fruitless expectation, he determined at all events to leave Sir William, and take his chance in the world.† When his resolution was made known to Sir William, the latter received it with evident marks of displeasure; but that he might seem to fulfil his promise to Swift, of making some provision for him, he coldly told him, "that since he was so impatient, it was not at that time in his power to do any thing more for him than to give him an employment then vacant in the office of the Rolls in Ireland to the value of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year." Swift immediately replied, "that, since he had now an opportunity of living, without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." To comprehend the full force of this reply, it will be necessary to know that Sir William was well acquainted with Swift's intention of going into the Church, from which he had been hitherto restrained only by a scruple of appearing to enter upon that holy office rather from motives of necessity than choice. He saw through Sir William's design, in making him the offer of an employment which he was sure would not be accepted. With great readiness and spirit therefore, Swift made use of this circumstance, at once to show a proper resentment of the indelicacy of Sir William's behaviour toward him, and to assign an unanswerable motive for immediately carrying his long-formed resolution into action.

* Thus Swift expresses himself in a letter to his uncle William, dated Moor Park, Nov. 29, 1692.

† See his account of this in his letter to his cousin Deane Swift, dated June 3, 1694.

Their parting on this occasion was not without manifest displeasure on the side of Sir William, and some degree of resentment, not ill-founded, on the part of Swift.

He procured a recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, from whom is uncertain, but it may be presumed, from the smallness of the provision made for him in consequence of it, that it was not a powerful one; and, therefore, that Sir William Temple had no share in it. He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September, 1694, being then almost twenty-seven years old. Soon after this, Lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred pounds a year. To this place Swift immediately repaired, in order to reside there and discharge the duties of his office. He now for the first time enjoyed the sweets of independence; but these sweets were not of long duration, as he soon saw that the scene of his independence could not possibly afford him any other satisfaction in life. He found himself situated in an obscure corner of an obscure country, ill accommodated with the conveniencies of life, without a friend, a companion, or any conversation that he could relish.

But still the spirit of Swift so far prized liberty above all other blessings, that, had he had no other alternative, he would certainly have preferred that uncomfortable situation to any state of dependance. But he now began to feel his own strength, and, conscious of his powers, could not conceive they were meant for so narrow a sphere as that of a small country living. He felt an irresistible impulse once more to launch into the world, and make his way to a station more suited to his disposition. In this temper of mind, he received accounts from his friends, that Sir William Temple's ill-founded resentment had subsided soon after his departure, and that he was often heard to lament the loss of his company. Soon after, upon receiving a kind letter from Sir William himself, with an invitation to Moor Park, his resolution was at once fixed. He determined upon returning to England, and the duty was undertaken during his absence by a Mr. Winder, to whom he eventually resigned the living in 1697-8.

With about fourscore pounds in his pocket, which by his own account was all his worldly wealth at that time, Swift once more embarked for England, and arrived at Moor Park in 1696, after somewhat more than a year's absence.

To all appearance he had but little bettered his condition by his journey to Ireland. He was now returned to the same state of dependence which had before proved so irksome to him that he deter-

mined to break away from it at all hazards. But there were several circumstances which contributed to make his present state, though still dependent, of a very different nature from the former. In the first place, his situation now was not the effect of necessity or constraint, but the object of his choice. In the next, he was highly gratified with an opportunity of showing his regard and attachment to Sir William by returning voluntarily to him when it was in his power to have lived independently, though he scorned to be compelled into it from motives of necessity. Then, by so readily complying with Sir William's request, and giving up all his visible support in order to do so, he had laid him under such an obligation as entitled him to all future favours which it might be in his power to bestow. Accordingly we find that Swift's mind being now perfectly at ease, and Sir William considering his return, with all its circumstances, in the most obliging light, they lived together to the time of Sir William's death in the most perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and esteem.

In the year 1699 Sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a small legacy, and the care, trust, and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings. As he had also obtained a promise from King William that he would give Swift a prebend either of Canterbury or Westminster, he thought he had made a sufficient return for all his merits towards him, and that he left him in the high road to preferment.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift immediately removed to London; where his first care was to discharge the trust reposed in him—that of publishing a correct edition of Sir William Temple's Works; which he effected as speedily as possible, and presented them to King William, with a short dedication written by himself as editor. He thought he could not pay a more acceptable compliment to the king, than by dedicating to him the posthumous works of a man for whom, from his earliest days, when Prince of Orange, he had professed the highest friendship and esteem; and with whom he lived, after his arrival at the crown of England, on the most intimate footing; frequently visiting Sir William in his retreat, after he had found his endeavours vain to draw him out of it, by the tempting offer of making him his first minister. There was another reason, too, which must have made the publication of these works peculiarly acceptable to the king; which was, that some of the most important transactions mentioned in those writings were relative to himself; and many personal anecdotes with regard to him were now brought to light, which could have been disclosed by no one but Sir William, and which put the character of that prince in a high point of view. On these accounts Swift thought that

such a dedication was not only the politest method of reminding the king of his promise made to Sir William Temple in his behalf, but the likeliest means of having it speedily carried into execution. However, as he did not find the event answer his expectation, he applied to that monarch by memorial.

But after waiting some time, he found that his memorial produced no better effect than his dedication. He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by Lord Berkeley, then appointed one of the lords justices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom in the double capacity of chaplain and private secretary.

Swift acted as secretary to Lord Berkeley till they arrived at Dublin; when he was supplanted in that office by one Bush, who had by some means ingratiated himself with my lord; and representing the office of secretary as an improper one for a clergyman, he was appointed in Swift's room, Lord Berkeley making the best apology to him that he could, and at the same time promising to make him amends by bestowing on him the first good church preferment that should fall in his gift. Swift was not a man to be treated in this manner with impunity. Accordingly, he gave free scope to his resentment, in a severe copy of verses, which placed the governor and his new-made secretary in a most ridiculous point of light, and which was everywhere handed about to their no small mortification. Soon after this the rich deanery of Derry became vacant, and as it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to present to it, Swift applied to him for it upon the strength of his promise. Lord Berkeley said, "that Bush had been beforehand with him, and had got the promise of it for another. Upon seeing Swift's indignation rise at this, my lord, who began to be in no small fear of him, said "that the matter might still be settled if he would talk with Bush." Swift immediately found out the secretary, who very frankly told him "that he was to get a thousand pounds for it, and if he would lay down the money he should have the preference." To which Swift, enraged to the utmost degree at an offer which he considered as the highest insult, and done evidently with Lord Berkeley's participation, made no other answer but this: "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels." With these words he immediately quitted the room, and turned his back on the castle, intending to appear there no more. But Lord Berkeley was too conscious of the ill treatment he had given him, and too fearful of the resentment of an exasperated genius, not to endeavour to pacify him. He therefore immediately presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor, and Rath-beggan, then vacant,

in the diocese of Meath.* Though these livings united did not make up a third of the deanery in value, and though from the large promises which had been made him, he had reason to expect much greater preferment, yet, considering the specimens already given of the performance of those promises, Swift thought it most prudent to accept of those livings, dropping all future expectations from that quarter. Nor did he estrange himself from Lord Berkeley's family, but continued still in his office of chaplain; to which he seems to have been chiefly induced from the great honour and respect which he had for his excellent lady: whose virtues he has celebrated in so masterly a manner in the Introduction to the "Project for the Advancement of Religion."

From this behaviour to Lord Berkeley, we may judge how little Swift was qualified to rise at court, in the usual way of obtaining preferment; and we may estimate the greatness of his spirit by the degree of resentment shown, in consequence of ill-treatment, to the man upon whom all his hopes of preferment then rested.

It was at this time that Swift's true humorous vein in poetry began to display itself, in several little pieces written for the private entertainment of Lord Berkeley's family; among which was that incomparable piece of low humour, called "The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, &c."

When Lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reside on his living at Laracor, where he lived for some time in the constant and strict discharge of his duty.

It was in the early part of 1701 that Mrs. Johnson (the afterwards celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland, accompanied by another lady of the name of Dingley. Sir William Temple had bequeathed to Mrs. Johnson a legacy of a thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's faithful services, and her own rising merits. After Sir William's death, she lived for some time with Mrs. Dingley, a lady who had but a small annuity to support her. In this situation Swift advised his lovely pupil to settle in Ireland, as the interest of money was at that time ten per cent. in that kingdom; and considering the cheapness of provisions, her income there would afford her a genteel support, instead of a mere subsistence in England; for the same reason also he recommended Mrs. Dingley to accompany her. This proposal was very agreeable to both the ladies. To the latter, as she had scarce a sufficient income to subsist on in England, though managed with the utmost frugality; to the former, that she might be near her tutor, whose lessons, however they might dwell on her memory, had sunk still deeper

* He was instituted March 22, 1699-1700.

into her heart. These ladies, soon after their arrival, took a lodging at Trim, a village near Laracor, which was the place of Swift's residence. The conversation of this amiable woman, who, by his own account, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person he had ever known of either sex, contributed not a little to sweeten his retirement. But though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all its pride (she was then twenty years of age) it appears that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a guardian, and a friend; but he so studiously avoided the appearance of any other attachment to her, that he never saw, or conversed with her, but in the presence of some third person. The truth is, that Swift at that time knew not what the passion of love was; his fondness for Stella was only that of an affectionate parent to a favourite child, and he had long entertained a dislike to matrimony. He seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion, that of ambition: a passion which, from his boyish days, had taken strong hold of his mind, and never afterwards forsook him till all hopes of its being farther gratified had failed.

Urged by this restless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England,* absenting himself, probably without much compunction, for some months from the duties of "a parish with an audience of half-a-score" in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity of distinguishing himself, and pushing his fortune in the world. His first visit to London, from the time he had taken possession of his living, was in the year 1701, at which time he found the public in a ferment, occasioned by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Orford, Lord Somers, and Lord Halifax by the House of Commons. Upon this occasion Swift wrote and published his first political tract, entitled, "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," in which he displayed great knowledge in ancient history, as well as skill in the English constitution, and the state of parties. The author of this piece concealed his name with the greatest precaution, nor was he at that time personally known to any of the nobles in whose favour it seems to have been written; and, indeed, from the spirit of the piece

* In April 1701, Swift went to London; returned to Ireland in September following; took his doctor's degree on 16 February after, which cost him in fees and treat £44 and upwards. In April, 1702, he went to Leicester to see his mother; in May, to London; in July, to Moor Park; in October, to Ireland. The next year, in November, 1703, he went to Leicester; thence to London; and May 30, 1704, returned to Dublin, whence he went directly to Laracor. This he calls, in his note-book, "his tenth voyage."

itself, we may see that Swift was induced to write it from other motives than such as were private and personal. As no one understood the English constitution better, so no one loved it more, or would have gone greater lengths to preserve it, than Swift. He saw clearly that the balance, upon the due preservation of which the very life of our constitution depends, had been for some time in a fluctuating state, and that the popular scale was likely to preponderate. He therefore thought it his duty to lay before the public the fatal consequences of the encroachments then making by the commons upon the other two branches of the legislature; which he executed in a most masterly manner, with great force of argument, assisted by the most striking examples of other states in similar circumstances; and at the same time in a style and method so perspicuous, as to render the whole clear to common capacities. Another reason for supposing that Swift wrote this wholly from a principle of duty, is, that the author deals throughout in generals, excepting only one oblique compliment to the four lords who were impeached by the commons, which at the same time served to strengthen his general argument. The truth is, Swift, at that time, was of no party; he sided with the whigs merely because he thought the tories were carrying matters too far, and by the violence of their proceedings were likely to overturn that happy balance in our state so lately settled by the revolution; to which there was not a faster friend in England than himself. However, it is certain that it remained for some time a profound secret to the world who the author was. And the first discovery made of it was by Swift himself, upon the following occasion. After his return to Ireland, he happened to fall into company with Bishop Sheridan, of Kilmore, where this much-talked of pamphlet became the topic of conversation. The bishop insisted, "That it was written by Bishop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it.*" Swift maintained the contrary; at first by arguments drawn from difference of style, manner, &c., and afterwards, upon being urged, said that to his certain knowledge it was not written by Burnet. "Then pray," said the bishop, "who writ it?" Swift answered, "My lord, I writ it." As this was the only instance in his life that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece as his, it is to be supposed that the confession was drawn from him by the heat of argument.

Early in the ensuing spring, King William died; and Swift, on his

* When Swift seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the bishop that he "was a positive young man;" and still persisting to doubt, that he was "a very positive young man."—JOHNSON.

next visit to London, found Queen Anne upon the throne. It was generally thought, upon this event, that the tory party would have had the ascendant; but, contrary to all expectation, the whigs had managed matters so well as to get entirely into the queen's confidence, and to have the whole administration of affairs in their hands. Swift's friends were now in power; and the whigs in general, knowing him to be the author of the Discourse, considered themselves as much obliged to him, and looked upon him as fast to their party. The chiefs accordingly applied to him for his assistance in the measures which they were taking; and there is no doubt that he had now a fair opening for gratifying his ambition to the utmost, only by joining heartily with them, and exerting his talents on their side. But great as his ambition was, he would not have purchased its highest gratification at the expense of his principles; nor would all the wealth and honours of the realm accumulated have tempted him to act contrary to the conviction of his mind. Upon examining into their new political system, which varied in many points from that of the old whigs, he considered several of their measures as of a dangerous tendency to the constitution. Notwithstanding, therefore, both his interest and personal attachments were of their side, he declined all overtures made to him by the heads of the whiggish party, and after some time determined to have no concern in their affairs. This conduct in Swift was so unexpected, for they had all along counted upon him as a sure man, that it met with the same sort of resentment from the whigs, as if he had deserted their party, and gone over to the enemy; though Swift, in reality, so little liked the proceedings of either, that for several years he kept himself entirely a neutral, without meddling in any shape in politics.

The chief reason that made him decline any connection with the whigs at that time was their open profession of low church principles; and under the specious name of toleration, their encouragement of fanatics and sectarists of all kinds to join them. But what above all most shocked him was their inviting all Deists, Freethinkers, Atheists, Jews, and Infidels to be of their party, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conscience. As Swift was in his heart a man of true religion, he could not have borne, even in his private character, to have mixed with such a motley crew. But when we consider his principles in his political capacity, that he looked upon the Church of England as by law established to be the main pillar of our newly erected constitution, he could not, consistently with the character of a good citizen, join with those who considered it more as

an ornament than a support to the edifice; who could therefore look on with composure while they saw it undermining, or even open the gate to a blind multitude, to try, like Samson, their strength against it, and consider it only as sport. With such a party, neither his religious nor political principles would suffer him to join; and with regard to the tories, as is usual in the violence of factions, they had run into opposite extremes, equally dangerous to the state. He has fully given us his own sentiments upon the state of parties in those times, in these words: "Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring, in the present case, which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid: taking therefore their own good and ill characters of each other, with due abatements, and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think, that in order to preserve the constitution entire in the church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of whig, for the sake of the former, and the extremes of tory, on account of the latter."

This was a maxim, which, however well founded, was not likely to influence the opinion of many, amid the violence of party rage; however, as Swift was firmly persuaded of the truth of it, it was by that principle he governed his conduct, though on that account he stood almost alone.

Finding therefore that he could be of no use to the public in his political capacity, while things remained in the same state, he turned his thoughts wholly to other matters. He resided for the greatest part of the year at his living, in the performance of his parochial duties, in which no one could be more exact; and once a year he paid a visit to his mother at Leicester, passing some time also in London, to take a view of the state of things, and watching some favourable crisis.

During this period Swift's pen was hardly ever employed, except in writing sermons; and he does not seem to have indulged himself even in any sallies of fancy, for some years, excepting only the "Meditation on a Broomstick," and the "Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind," both written in the year 1703.

In the yearly visits which he made to London, during his stay there, he passed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending Lady Berkeley in her private devotions. After which the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the same relish

for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task; and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family, for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own "Meditations on a Broomstick;" after which he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure of countenance read the title, "A Meditation on a Broomstick." Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, "A Meditation on a Broomstick! Bless me, what a strange subject! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it." Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting the trick, in the fulness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which thought Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. "But," said she, "the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest." One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant. She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, "I mean that excellent Meditation on a Broomstick." The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a meditation before. "Upon my word," said my lady, "there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves." One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, "What a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never balks his humour in any thing." The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and

Swift, we may be sure, was not asked to proceed any farther in the Meditations.

Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation were much sought after and admired, yet his name was hitherto little known in the republic of letters. The only piece which he had then published was the "Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," and that was without a name. Nor was he personally known to any of the wits of the age, excepting Congreve, and one or two more with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at Sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffee-house; and the writer had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backwards and forwards at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb, mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house, leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and

still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad. There is another anecdote recorded of him, of what passed between him and Doctor Arbuthnot in the same coffee-house. The doctor had been scribbling a letter in great haste, which was much blotted; and seeing this odd parson near him, with a design to play upon him, said, "Pray, sir, have you any sand about you?" "No," replied Swift, "but I have the gravel, and if you will give me your letter I'll p-ss upon it." Thus singularly commenced an acquaintance between those two great wits, which afterwards ripened into the closest friendship. After these adventures they saw him no more at Button's till the "Tale of a Tub" had made its appearance in the world, when, in the person of the author of that inimitable performance, they recognised their mad parson. This piece was first published in the following year, 1704; and though without a name, yet the curiosity excited by the appearance of such a wonderful piece of original composition could not fail of finding out the author, especially as not only the bookseller knew him, but as the manuscript had at different times been shown to several of Sir William Temple's relations and most intimate friends. When it is considered that Swift had kept this piece by him eight years after it had been, by his own confession, completely finished, before he gave it to the world, we must stand astonished at such a piece of self-denial as this must seem, in a young man ambitious of distinction and eager after fame, and wonder what could be his motive for not publishing it sooner. But the truth is, Swift set but little value on his talents as a writer, either at that time or during the whole course of his life, farther than as they might contribute to advance some nobler ends, which he had always in view.

After the publication of this work Swift wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years; during which time his acquaintance was much sought after by all persons of taste and genius. There was, particularly, a very close connexion formed between Addison* and him,

* In 1705, Addison made a present of his book of Travels to Swift; in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words:

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
Book is presented by his
humble servant,
The AUTHOR."

which ended in a sincere and lasting friendship, at least on Swift's part. Addison's companionable qualities were known but to a few, as an invincible bashfulness kept him for the most part silent in mixed companies; but Swift used to say of him, that his conversation in a *tête-à-tête*, was the most agreeable he had ever known; and that in the many hours which he had passed with him in that way, neither of them ever wished for the coming in of a third person.

In the beginning of the year 1708 Swift published several pieces upon religious and political subjects. That which regarded religion chiefly, was, "An Argument against abolishing Christianity," in which he pursues the same humorous method which was so successfully followed in the "Tale of a Tub." Perhaps there never was a richer vein of irony than runs through that whole piece; nor could any thing be better calculated to second the general impression made by the "Tale of a Tub." It is certain that Swift thought the state of the church in great danger, notwithstanding any vote of parliament to the contrary; and this chiefly from a sort of lethargic disorder, which had in general seized those who ought to have been its watchful guardians. To rouse them from this state, he found tickling to be more effectual than lashing; and that the best way to keep them wakeful, was to make them laugh.

It was at this juncture too that he chose to publish his political principles. Swift had been hitherto always classed among the whigs, as the only political tract of his which had been published was in their favour and as his chief connexions were among that body. The truth is, that Swift was a man of too much integrity to belong to either party, while they were both so much in the wrong. This he himself declared in the opening of the political tract printed at this time, entitled, "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man, with respect to Religion and Government," which begins with these words: "Whoever has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far toward the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding." His motive for publishing this tract at that juncture, he has given in the following words: "When the two parties, that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, although he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious;

only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and the best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune, by the merit of an opinion."

Swift, from several circumstances at that time, apprehended that the parties would speedily come to an open rupture; he therefore thought it the duty of a good citizen to endeavour to form a third party out of the more moderate of each, that should serve as a check upon the violence of both. With this view he represents the extremes of both parties, and the evil consequences likely to ensue from each, in the strongest light; at the same time he clearly shows that the moderate of both hardly differed in any material point, and were kept asunder only by the odious distinction of a name. He set down in this piece such a just political, and religious creed, so far as related to any connexion between church and state, as every honest subject of the church of England must at once assent to. And, indeed, if it were in the nature of things that a party could have been formed upon principles of moderation, good sense, and public spirit, his scheme would have taken place, from the masterly manner in which it was proposed. His design was to engage all those of both parties who wished well to the Established Church, to unite together under the denomination of Church of England men, instead of the odious terms of *high* and *low church*, calculated to keep up animosity; and by so doing, to leave the most violent of both parties, whose numbers would in that case be much reduced, exposed to the world in their true colours, merely by being singled out in the different herds of their associates. In that case, there were few whigs so lost to all sense of shame as would choose to be one of a handful of English protestants at the head of a numerous body of sectaries of all kinds, infidels and atheists; as there would be few tories who would wish to appear leaders of papists and jacobites only. Under the name of Church of England man, none of those enemies to our constitution could have listed; whereas under the vague names of whig and tory, persons of all denominations and principles were enrolled without scruple by both, merely to increase their numbers, and swell the cry. This project for the uniting of parties seems to have taken strong

possession of Swift, and not to have quitted him for some time, as we find he mentions it in a letter* to Colonel Hunter, in the beginning of the following year. However, if this design failed, he was determined, whenever matters should come to an open rupture between the parties, not to remain neutral; but to choose that side which upon the whole, should appear to him the best, according to the maxim before laid down. In order therefore to render himself of the greater consequence, he seems to have exerted himself this year in the display of his various talents. Beside the two admirable tracts before mentioned, he published "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Test." As he always kept a watchful eye upon the motions of the presbyterians, the intention of this piece was not only to frustrate their attempt to get the Test Act repealed in Ireland, but also to alarm the people in England, by showing that their design was deeper laid, and that the carrying of it first in that country, was only intended as a precedent for doing the same here.

Early in 1709 Swift published that admirable piece, called "A Project for the Advancement of Religion;" in which, after enumerating all the corruptions and depravities of the age, he shows that the chief source of them was the neglect or contempt of religion which so generally prevailed. Though at first view this pamphlet seemed to have no other drift but to lay down a very rational scheme for a general reformation of manners, yet upon a closer examination it will appear to have been a very strong, though covert attack, upon the power of the whigs. It could not have escaped a man of Swift's penetration, that the queen had been a long time wavering in her sentiments, and that she was then meditating that change in the ministry which some time afterwards took place. To confirm her in this intention, and to hasten the execution of it, appears, from the whole tenor of the pamphlet, to have been the main object he had in view in publishing it at that time. For though it seems designed for the use of the world in general, and is particularly addressed to the Countess of Berkeley, yet that it was chiefly calculated for the queen's perusal appears from this, that the whole execution of his project depended upon the impression it might make upon her mind; and the

* "I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning." Letter to Col. Hunter, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

only means of reformation proposed were such as were altogether in her own power. At setting out he says: "Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these corruptions appear to be, I am utterly deceived if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them: neither am I now upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution. For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately, or by subordination, it is in the power of the prince to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if, at the same time, he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment." He then proceeds to show the necessity of her majesty's exerting her authority in this way, by a very free observation, couched under one of the finest compliments that ever was penned: "It is clear from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life; wherein, without question or flattery, she has no superior: yet neither will it be satire or peevish invective to affirm that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown, nor will, in all probability, until more effectual remedies be provided."

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the revolution in the ministry took place, which happened the autumn of 1710; when Harley and St. John, the heads of the tory party in the House of Commons, were appointed to fill the chief offices; the former that of chancellor of the exchequer, the latter that of principal secretary of state. During this interval, Swift passed much of his time with Addison, who had gone over to Ireland as first secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant of that kingdom. By this means, he had an opportunity of being an eye-witness of the corrupt administration of affairs in that kingdom under that lord's government, which he afterwards exposed to the world in such strong and odious colours. Had Swift been intent only on his own promotion, it is probable that he might easily have obtained preferment in Ireland at that juncture, on account of his great intimacy with the secretary; but he would have scorned to pay court to a viceroy of such a character, or even to have accepted any favour at his hands. Upon the change of affairs at court, when a new ministry was appointed, Swift was re-

quested by the bishops of Ireland to take upon him the charge of soliciting a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of that kingdom. It was not without great reluctance that he accepted of this office; but his regard to the interests of the church outweighed all other considerations, and he accordingly set out for England as soon as his credentials were ready.

On his arrival in London in the month of September, 1710, he found that open war was declared between the two parties, and raged with the utmost violence. There was no room for moderating schemes, and according to his own maxim that a good citizen could not remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, Swift was to choose his party, and to declare himself accordingly. His arrival at that crisis filled the whigs with joy, as in general they looked upon him to be of their party; but the leaders among them were not without their apprehensions, being conscious of the ill treatment he had met with at their hands. Of this, take the following account from Swift himself:* "All the whigs were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the whigs all make of my ill usage." On the other hand, the tories were exceedingly alarmed at his arrival, as they had always considered him in the light of a whig, and as the leaders of their party had not even the least personal knowledge of him; how strong their apprehensions must have been, we may judge from a passage in Swift's Journal of the following year, dated June 30, 1711, where he says that "Mr. Harley and Mr. Secretary St. John frequently protested, after he had become their intimate, that he was the only man in England they were afraid of." In such a disposition, therefore, it is to be supposed that a visit from Swift to Harley was by no means an unacceptable thing. The occasion of this visit is set forth at large, in the letters which passed between Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, and Swift. Upon his

* At this time, and during his connexion with the ministry afterward, Swift kept a regular Journal of all the most remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes; which he transmitted every fortnight to Esther Johnson, for her private perusal, and that of Mrs. Dingley, but upon condition that it should be communicated to no other person whatsoever. This Journal was luckily preserved, and has been published, though not very correctly. As nothing could better show Swift's own sentiments with regard to affairs at that time, and the motives which induced him to take the part he did in them, than such a journal, written as it were to the hour, and transmitted to that person in the world to whom his heart was most open, the account of his conduct during that busy time will, wherever there is an opportunity, be corroborated by extracts from it.

leaving Ireland, Swift had undertaken to solicit the affairs of the first-fruits and twentieth parts for the benefit of the clergy in Ireland, which had been long depending, and in vain attempted by two bishops sent over for that purpose by the whole body. In his first letter to the archbishop on that subject, he says, "As soon as I received the packets from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." He afterwards gives such an account of the whole transactions as might be proper to be shown.

But in his Journal he is more particular:

Oct. 4, 1710. "Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour, two or three days after, to open my business to him."

Oct. 7. "I had no sooner told him my business, but he entered into it with all kindness; asked me for my powers, and read them; and read likewise the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to show the queen: told me the measures he would take; and in short, said everything I could wish. Told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffee-house in a hackney coach.

"I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee, which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'"

Oct. 10. "Harley tells me he has shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you; which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me; I believe never was anything compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. He speaks all the kind things to me in the world. Oct. 14. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed."

When we consider the rapidity of Harley's motion on this occasion, and the open freedom of his behaviour toward Swift, we may judge of his eager desire to fix him in their party. Nor was this hard to be accomplished. Swift had long in his own mind been of their side; and he only waited for such a favourable juncture as now offered to declare himself. Harley's uncommon condescension flattered his pride; and the obligingness of his behaviour engaged his friendship. Accordingly, after he had inquired into their plan, and the measures which they intended to pursue, as he found them entirely consonant to his own sentiments, he embarked without hesitation in their cause, and entered into their interests with his whole heart. His approbation of their measures he expresses in the following manner in his Journal:

Nov. 29. "The present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power."

The writers on both sides had before this taken the field, and attacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig side were Addison, Burnet, Steele, Congreve, Rowe, and many others of less note. On the part of the tories, the chief writers were Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and Prior. They had begun a weekly paper, called "The Examiner," which was the joint work of those three celebrated writers, and had published thirteen numbers. But as soon as Swift declared himself, they thought all aid to him unnecessary, and the whole conduct of that paper was thenceforward put into his hands. He entered the field alone, and, with a Samsonlike strength, scorned assistance and despised numbers. His power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, against which there was no fence. Though he industriously concealed his name, yet his friend Addison soon discovered him, and retired prudently from the field of battle, leaving the rest exposed to the attacks of this irresistible champion, by whom, it must be allowed, they were unmercifully handled, till, one after another, they were all laid low. His first paper was published on the 2nd of November, 1710, No. 14 of the "Examiner," which was about a month after his introduction to Harley; and he continued it without interruption till June, 1711, where he dropped it, closing it with No. 45, and then leaving it to be carried on by other hands. During this time he lived in the utmost degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Harley, but the whole ministry. St. John was not behind Harley, either in desire of cultivating Swift's acquaintance or in address, which the following extract from the Journal will sufficiently show:

Nov. 11, 1710. "I dined to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh,' which I do not reckon so very good neither; but Prior was damped, till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement, and so I told him; and it was so. Indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me. But there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

In another place, he says, March 3, 1710-11: "I dined with Mr. Harley to-day. Every Saturday, lord keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes Lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I stayed with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together, after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion when he desired it."

February 18, 1710-11. "Secretary St. John would need have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three persons I never saw—two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for; so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat upon me, for Lord Peterborough sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds."

February 25. "I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed," &c.

In the beginning of February, there was a piece of behaviour in Harley toward Swift which nettled him to the quick, and had nearly occasioned a breach between them. Of this Swift gives the following account in his Journal:

February 6, 1710-11. "Mr. Harley desired me to dine with him again

to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends."

February 7. "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis, of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know that I expected farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refuse to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction."

In a subsequent part of the Journal he acquaints his correspondent with the cause of quarrel.

March 7. "Yes, I understand a cipher, and Ppt* guesses right, as she always does. He gave me *al bsadnnk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpconufnad*†; which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I wrote a very complaining letter, that was showed him, and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time."

Nothing could have been considered by Swift as a greater indignity, than this offer of Harley's, which put him on the footing of a hireling writer. Accordingly, he was determined to let him see how much he had mistaken his man, by refusing to see him again till he had asked his pardon by a third hand. He laid hold of this opportunity to let the ministry know how he expected to be treated by them for the future: as a man who not only scorned a state of dependence, but who could not bear anything that might carry the least appearance of it; as one

* Esther Johnson. This was a part of the "little language," doubtless commenced at Moor Park when she was a child. *Ppt* is presumably *Poppet* or *poor pretty thing*. The Journal has hitherto been very inaccurately printed, especially as regards the "little language."

† This is a sort of cipher, in which, to disguise the words, superfluous letters are introduced; and the way to read it is to pass over those letters, and retain only such as will make out words and sense, in the following manner, where the letters to be retained are capitals. Al BsAdNnK lBoInLpL dFaOnR uFaInFbToY dPeOnUrNaD. That is, *A Bank Bill for fifty pound.*

who entered a volunteer in their cause, and who scorned to lie under any obligation, or accept of any thing to which he was not justly entitled by his merits: and, lastly, as one who, conscious of his abilities to serve the public, expected to be considered by them as their coadjutor in the cause, and to be treated on a footing of entire equality. Accordingly, immediately after Harley had made his peace with him, he showed, by an extraordinary piece of behaviour, that he was determined to extract this from them, without bating the smallest article. The circumstance is mentioned in the following passage of the Journal:—

February 12. "I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late."

When this story is told without any other circumstance, and we are informed that a private clergyman, vicar of a small country living in an obscure part of the world, sent the prime minister of Great Britain to bring out to him the first secretary of state from the senate house, where he was engaged in the important business of the nation, upon so frivolous an occasion, we should be apt to consider it was a wanton exertion of the most insolent pride. But when we reflect that this was done the very day after he was reconciled to Harley, and that he took the first opportunity of retaliating the slight put upon him a few days before, it can only give us a high opinion of his magnanimity. Besides, upon this reconciliation, he thought it necessary to give both ministers a specimen of the terms upon which alone their union could continue, the principal of which was a most perfect equality. How little Swift was willing to allow them any superiority, may be judged by an expression in his Journal the next day after this accident:—

February 13. "I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again."

And it soon afterwards appeared how readily these ministers came into his terms, as may be seen from the following passage:—

February 17. "The ministers are good honest hearty fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but *Jonathan*, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a minister do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures: and I believe you will find it so; but I care not."

How tenacious he was of his rights in this respect, and how ready to take the alarm upon the least appearance of their being infringed, we may judge from the following account of what passed between the secretary and him, some time after, on an occasion of that sort.

April 1, 1711. "I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it."

April 3. "I called at Mr. Secretary's, to see what the d——— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already; that I expected every great minister who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it*; and that I designed to let my lord keeper, and Mr. Harley, know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters, but I would not: I don't know why, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson; you never heard of him before."

From this time we find that Swift was treated by the ministry with the most unreserved confidence in regard to public affairs, and with the most familiar intimacy in private; being always present at their most secret consultations in political matters, and a constant companion of their chosen parties to enliven the social hour.

Swift has given us the following view of the light in which he considered the situation of affairs about that time. "March 4, 1710-11. "This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry are upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the whigs on one side and violent tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has

* In a subsequent part of the Journal, he says, "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, 'faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and the Duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them all this, which they know already; but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease."

Swift was employed chiefly in writing the "Examiners" till the beginning of the following June, when, having with ease foiled all his opponents in this skirmishing way of fighting, he retired to prepare for the general engagement expected at the opening of the next campaign, and which was likely to prove decisive with regard to the fate of the two parties. It is certain that his apprehensions for the side which he had embraced were daily increasing; and, as he said himself, "the nearer he looked upon things, the worse he liked them." But his apprehensions were either confined within his own breast or communicated only to the ministry, excepting in the Journal, where he is wholly without reserve. He had written thus, so early as January 7, 1710-11: "In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped; and then the whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them."

Afterwards, he gave an account of the danger they were in from the most violent members of their own party.

Feb. 18. "We are plagued with an October club, that is, a set of above a hundred parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them: yet one of them in confidence told me that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great secret: the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous, in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the

paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others; and swore if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters."

But though there were many external circumstances which rendered the situation of the ministry very precarious, yet the chief danger arose from themselves, through a want of concert and mutual confidence, so necessary to men embarked in so difficult an undertaking. This was chiefly owing to the reserve and mysterious conduct of Harley, which gave great umbrage to St. John, and had very nearly occasioned a breach between them about that time, of which Swift makes the following mention in his Journal:—

August 27, 1711. "The whigs whisper that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out the secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers; though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the present posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times."

Besides this reserve in the treasurer, there was a procrastination in his temper which ill suited a juncture of affairs that required the utmost vigour and despatch. And though the secretary was a man of great parts and fire, yet had he such a turn to dissipation as made him lose opportunities, and produced as ill effects as the procrastinating turn of the treasurer. Of this Swift complains in the following passage of his Journal:—

Oct. 31, 1711. "The deuce is in the secretary; when I went to him this morning he had people with him; but says we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon; at two Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged: then the secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers; teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

On these, and many other accounts, things wore but a very unpromising aspect on the side of the tories; especially as the leaders of the whig party were active, vigilant, let slip no opportunity, and at the

same time, being exasperated to the last degree at the loss of their power, were determined to stop at nothing to compass the ruin of those who had supplanted them. Yet, however gloomy the prospect might be, Swift was not of a temper to give way to despondency. It is certain that from the time he took a nearer view of the state of things he had little hopes that the cause in which he had engaged would be brought to a happy issue; yet he determined that, whenever it should fail, no part of the miscarriage should be laid at his door; and accordingly he exerted himself with the same sort of ardour as is usually raised only by a near prospect of success upon vigorous measures. Not content with performing everything that was allotted to him in his own department, he let no opportunity slip of urging the ministers to do what was proper on their parts. He, with great freedom, told them of their faults or omissions, sometimes in a serious, sometimes in a jocose way, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote of that sort which shows how freely he indulged himself in this vein. Swift had received a present of a curious snuff-box from Colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to Lord Oxford; who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose, studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has made a goose of you." "'Tis true, my lord," replied Swift, "but if you will look a little farther, you will see I am driving a snail before me:" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jonathan," said my lord, "but I deserved it."

On another occasion he observed to Lord Bolingbroke that men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination: and he desired his lordship to take notice that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife, with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

These friendly admonitions of Swift, though they might sometimes produce good effects in particular cases, when properly timed, yet could do but little toward eradicating faults which seem to have been in a great measure constitutional, and which were grown too strong by habit to be easily overcome. Happy therefore was it for the ministry that they had in Swift such a faithful monitor to remind them of their errors, and such an able coadjutor to supply their deficiencies. As no

man perhaps ever possessed a greater degree of natural sagacity than Swift, or was master of a deeper penetration from close observations made on human nature, he often warned the ministers of dangers in their own sphere which they did not see, though they had the advantage of being much nearer the springs of action; but the acuteness of his sight more than made up for the different degrees of distance. This was sufficiently shown by the event, as all his conjectures proved to be well-founded; nor was there a single prognostic of his that failed. These he was never sparing to communicate to the ministers, though the phlegm of one, and the dissipation of the other, generally rendered such notices of little effect. They were indeed so very dilatory or remiss in their preparations for the approaching contest, and their enemies so vigilant and active, that their ruin must inevitably have been accomplished soon after the meeting of the parliament, had it not been for the measures taken by Swift to prevent it. Finding that he could not rouse the minister to that activity which so critical a juncture required, he determined to leave nothing undone that lay in his own power towards the support of the common cause. There were two points which he thought of the utmost importance, and which therefore demanded the highest attention: the one was, to put an end to the cabals of the October club, which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the ministry; the other was the making of a peace; without which, it was a maxim with him that the ministry could not stand. The first of these points he soon accomplished. He procured a meeting of some of the principal members of the club at the tavern; where he gave them such cogent reasons for the conduct of the ministry as removed their fears and jealousies. This meeting occasioned a suspicion in many of the absent members, which was followed by a division of the club; after which, their meetings being neither so numerous nor so frequent, they gradually dwindled away; and upon the seasonable publication of a little pamphlet by Swift called "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club," they were in general so well satisfied, that their meetings were no more heard of; and these very members were afterwards the staunchest friends that the ministry had in the House of Commons. The affair of the peace was at a greater distance, and a point of infinitely more difficulty. Necessary as it was that it should be accomplished, in the disposition that the nation was then in, the ministry did not even dare to hint it, and there was but one way in which they could attempt it, with the least degree of safety to themselves; and that was by raising such a clamour for peace, as should make the steps taken towards it by the ministry appear to be in consequence of the attention due to the

general voice of the nation. This Swift undertook to accomplish; and with that view he took uncommon pains in drawing up that famous political tract, called "*The Conduct of the Allies*," the effect of which will presently be shown.

But Swift had a still more difficult point to manage; and one which was attended with more immediate danger than all the rest; I mean that of keeping the ministry from quarrelling among themselves, which he foresaw must end in their total destruction.* The treasurer and secretary were of such different dispositions, and so little agreed about the means to be pursued toward the attainment of the common end they had in view, that it required the utmost address to prevent their coming to an open rupture; which would probably have happened, even at that critical time, had it not been for Swift's interposition. Perhaps there was no man living so well qualified for the office of a mediator between them as Swift. The case required the constant interposition of some common friend to both, who should not be suspected of any partiality to either, or of any interested views in the advice he should give: at the same time of one, who would speak his mind with unlimited freedom to each separately, or both together, without fear of disobliging. He must therefore be a man, whose assistance was of so much moment to each in the prosecution of their several designs, that neither would dare to break with the other unreasonably, lest his whole weight should be thrown into the opposite scale. And perhaps there was no man living at that juncture who could perfectly answer this description but Swift. Accordingly we find, that for the space of more than two years afterwards, though there was much ill blood, and many bickerings between them, he kept them from coming to an open rupture; and the incurable breach which afterwards ensued, was made during his absence in Ireland, when he went to take possession of his deanery.

In this critical situation of affairs, and in the midst of that load of business which was thrown upon Swift's shoulders, let us stop awhile, to admire the vigour and activity of his mind, which, at such a juncture, could find leisure to throw out, as if it were a holiday task, his favourite design of establishing the English language on some solid foundation.

* In a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, dated August 11, 1711, he says, "I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of these great men, lord keeper lord treasurer, and Mr. Secretary: and so I have told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness."

In a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, dated July 12, 1711, there is this passage: "I have been engaging my lord treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire at leisure some of your grace's thoughts on this matter."

As the time of the parliament's meeting approached, which was to decide the fate of the parties, Swift applied himself closely to the finishing of a work, from which great matters were expected, toward inclining people to the main object of the ministry, a peace.

His first mention of it is in his Journal, Oct. 26, 1711: —"We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have written a paper, which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction."

Upon the meeting of parliament, on the 7th of December, 1711, Swift's apprehensions and prognostics proved to be but too well founded. He saw clearly that if the queen did not stand firm in support of the ministry, they were undone; and from a knowledge of her temper, he dreaded some change in her, from the influence which the Duchess of Somerset * had over her; who had succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough in her favour, and whose husband was avowedly bent on the destruction of the ministry. His fears proved indeed to have been too well founded. What passed on this occasion, is thus related in his journal, Dec. 7, 1711, "The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a

* In a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, dated August 26, 1711, Swift says, "You know the Duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the Duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary."

clause, to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." The question being then carried against the ministry, was no small surprise to them, as they did not expect it, though Swift had often warned them of it, and pointed out the means by which it would be effected. But the behaviour of the queen upon that occasion was such a thunderclap, as perfectly astounded them, and made them give over all as lost. This circumstance is thus related by Swift in his Journal, Dec. 8, 1711. "When the queen was going from the House of Lords, where she sat to hear the debate, on the 7th of Dec. 1711, the Duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, asked her majesty whether he, or the great chamberlain Lindsey, ought to lead her out, she answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the House against a peace." This behaviour of the queen could be construed in no other light than a desertion of the ministry, and accordingly it produced such an effect, that Swift tells us, "the clause was carried the next day, in the House of Lords, almost two to one." The consequences of this, are thus described by Swift, in his "History of the Peace of Utrecht:"—"When this address, against any peace without Spain, &c., was carried in the House of Lords, it is not easy to describe the effect it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly, and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The Earl of Wharton was observed in the House to smile, and to put his hands to his neck, when any of the ministry was speaking; by which he would have it understood that some heads were in danger. Parker, the Chief Justice, began already, with great zeal and officiousness, to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers, and written in defence of the administration; in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party.

"On the other side, all well-wishers to the Church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark, both of his enemies' fury, and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others to his immeasurable public thrift! Both parties agreed that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, was what he justly deserved." Swift gives the following account of his first interview with the lord treasurer on this occasion, in his journal, Dec. 8, 1711:—"Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call,

and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did: I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right; he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, *that the hearts of kings are unsearchable.* I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little, but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet."

Swift's private sentiments on the occasion, are thus expressed in his Journal, Dec. 8, 1711. "This is a long Journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The whigs are all in triumph, they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they say the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your d——d d— of Somerset's doing: I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

Dec. 15, 1711. "Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry, for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole ministry will give up their places next week; others imagine when the session is over. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already; I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things upon me, even some I have never read."

Lord Oxford now perceived the ill effects of his too great security; but, as he was a man of great firmness of mind, instead of being daunted at the dangerous situation of affairs, he applied himself vigorously to retrieve what had been lost. Swift speaks of him as a man fruitful in expedients, and says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others;" and never did any occasion call more for the exertion of such talents. The first necessary step was to get the queen back out of the hands into which

she had fallen, and then to fix her steadily in the pursuit of his measures. He had the address very soon to regain the queen's favour and confidence: and the first use he made of it was to restore the majority he had lost in the house of lords, by engaging her to create twelve new peers at once. This, it must be allowed, was a desperate step, but the desperate state of their affairs required it. Swift in speaking of this point, says, "Yet, after all, it is a strange unhappy necessity, of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her trimming and moderation." This could not fail, however, of raising great clamours and jealousies in the people. "The adverse party," says Swift in his History, "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did, that it was a pernicious example set for all ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords, whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

This unpopular measure was quickly followed by another, which raised a universal clamour both at home and abroad; and that was, the dismissing of the duke of Marlborough from all his employments. This act, whatever danger might attend it, was, to the ministry, an act of necessity; for matters were then carried to such a height that there was no alternative but either the duke, or the ministry, must fall. However, though it kept them in for the time, it rendered their situation exceedingly precarious. The people, alarmed at the dismissal of so great and fortunate a general, in the midst of war, expected nothing to follow, but a shameful peace. The clamour for the continuance of the war became louder than ever, which was helped on by the presence of prince Eugene, who had lately arrived in England, with the largest proposals from the emperor for that purpose. All the envoys from the allies bestirred themselves everywhere to raise a spirit for war; and the whigs, enraged to the last degree at the total loss of their power by the fall of their chief, left no stone unturned to rouse the people. In a short time the nation seemed to have but one voice, which was for the continuance of the war; and it was certain that if the ministry could not carry a peace, it was impossible they should stand. In this critical situation of affairs it was that Swift's talents shone forth in their highest lustre. It was at this juncture that his celebrated political tract, called "The Conduct of the Allies," produced such marvellous effects. Never did anything of that nature cause so sudden a change in the minds of the people. It immediately passed through seven

editions, and eleven thousand copies were sold in less than a month. The members during the recess had full time to read and consider it well; and Swift, in his Journal, gives the following account of the effects which it produced. "Feb. 4, 1711. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I wrote. The court had a majority of 150. All agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions." And shortly afterward, speaking on the same subject, he says, Feb 8. "The resolutions, printed the other day in the votes, are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed, if that book had not been written." That Swift had taken uncommon pains about this tract, appears from another passage, where he says, "It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it." Thus did the author amply fulfil his prediction with regard to this book, in a passage before cited, where he says, "We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon." The voice of the commons was immediately backed by a great majority without doors, who were made converts by the same arguments. Thus was the ministry indebted to Swift, not only for their immediate preservation from a destruction which seemed inevitable, but for such a solid establishment in future, as could neither be undermined nor shaken by the arts or violence of their enemies; and they had nothing to fear, but from their own dissensions among themselves. After so signal a service it is no wonder that he grew into the deepest confidence with them, and that they ever after cherished him in their bosoms.

As the ministry were now at full liberty to pursue their political plan with security, and to take all proper measures toward bringing about a peace, Swift, whose active spirit seems to have known no rest at that juncture, and who was eager to make use of the influence he had obtained, toward doing some great public good, laid hold of this opportunity to press his plan of an academy. In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, March 29, 1712, he says, "I lately wrote a letter of about thirty pages to lord treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language: and he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something will come of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too." In a subsequent one, he says, upon the same subject, "My lord treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy, so have my lord keeper, and all the ministers; but they are too busy to think of anything beside what they

have upon the anvil. My lord treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing."

And afterwards, in another letter, he says, "As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord treasurer talked of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too busy until the peace be over."

Swift indeed soon found, that his eagerness to accomplish a point which he had so much at heart, had made him push it at an improper season; not only as the hands of the ministry were full, but as he himself had work enough cut out for him of another kind. A numerous body of the whig writers were continually assaulting the ministry with the utmost violence; and they relied, for their defence, on the single arm of their doughty champion, Swift.

On the other side, the two champions on whom the whigs most depended, were Bishop Burnet and Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele, well known to the world as writer of the greatest number of those ingenious essays, which appeared under the titles of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians. They placed great hopes in two pamphlets, published about this time; one by Bishop Burnet, under the title of "An Introduction to the third Volume of his History of the Reformation:" the other by Mr. Steele, called, "The Crisis." These two were immediately answered by Swift, with such infinite humour, wit, ridicule, and strength of argument, as not only blunted the edge of those pieces but lowered the consequence of the authors themselves so much, by raising the laugh strongly against them, as to deprive them of the power of doing future mischief. We may judge of the effect which those two pamphlets must have produced at that critical time, when we consider with what delight they may be read at this day, on account of their intrinsic merit, though we are little interested with regard to the events which gave them birth. This indeed distinguishes Swift's political tracts from all others; that these were written for a day; his for perpetuity: they borrowed their chief merit from circumstances and times; his, from the immensity of his genius: their chief value arose from fashion; his, from weight. And he seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists, as Homer has given to Achilles, by clothing him in celestial armour, and furnishing him with weapons of ethereal temper.

It may perhaps seem surprising that after so many and such important services Swift should have remained so long without preferment, or reward of any kind; and the ministry have on that account been charged with ingratitude toward him. But they were far from being

unmindful of his merits, and had recommended him to the queen to fill a vacant bishopric. But the Duchess of Somerset, who entertained an implacable hatred against him, determined to move heaven and earth to prevent his promotion taking place. She first prevailed on the archbishop of York to oppose it, whose remarkable expression to the queen was, "That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop, was a Christian." But as he could give no better colour for this surmise than that Swift was supposed to be the author of the "Tale of a Tub," the bishop was considered as acting officiously, out of too indiscreet a zeal, and his interposition was of no avail. The duchess then went in person to the queen, and throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishopric to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that excessively bitter copy of verses, which Swift had written against her, called, "The Windsor Prophecy." The queen upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady who was known to stand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her displeasure, passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishopric on another.

As soon as it was known that Swift was in disgrace with the Queen, his enemies began to attack him from all quarters; and, as is usual in such cases, his court friends in general either deserted him, or looked coldly on him. There were several speeches made against him, both in the House of Lords and Commons; particularly by the Earl of Nottingham in the former, and Mr. Walpole (afterwards Sir Robert) and Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed much friendship for him, in the latter. The Scotch lords went in a body to the Queen, to complain of the author of a pamphlet called, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," in which were many passages highly injurious to the honour of their nation, and desiring that the author might be brought to condign punishment. Accordingly, a reward was offered by proclamation, of three hundred pounds, for the discovery of the author of that piece. But Swift was a man of too much courage, and knew his own strength too well, to be much alarmed at all these threatening appearances. Instead of retiring, he stood boldly on his defence. His friend, Lord Oxford too, and the rest of the ministry, espoused his cause so warmly, and exerted their influence so strongly in his behalf, that he soon appeared again at court in higher favour than ever.

In April, 1713, soon after the conclusion of the peace, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin: and in the beginning of June following he set out for Ireland, in order to be installed. His intention

was to take up his residence there for some time; but the ministry, to whom his presence was become necessary, would not suffer it; and were so importunate for his return, that, after he had passed through the necessary forms, and recovered from an indisposition, which had confined him some time at his living in the country, he returned to London, though very unwillingly. Upon his arrival, he found his presence necessary on two very material accounts. One was, to prevent possible a rupture between the ministers, which was daily threatened, as they had no longer the tie of common danger to cement them, since the conclusion of the peace; the other was, to defend the articles of that peace; which were now violently attacked. In the former of these points, he succeeded for some time so far as to make them keep fair appearances toward each other, whatever ill will might be rankling in their hearts. And with regard to the latter, he applied himself to the finishing of the History of the Peace of Utrecht, in which he had made a considerable progress, before he had gone to take possession of his deanery. He was likewise particularly employed at this juncture with relation to the affairs of Ireland, where party rage had at that time broken out into several violent and dangerous acts. When he had finished the history, he put it into the hands of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, in order that it might be published; and soon after returned to his deanery. But he had scarcely arrived there, when there were a hundred letters* sent after him to recall him with all speed, in order to use his endeavours to reconcile the ministers; who, soon after he had turned his back, had come to an open rupture. Upon this intelligence, Swift returned immediately, though he had scarcely been a fortnight in Dublin. Upon his arrival, he contrived to bring Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke together at Lord Masham's, where he was left alone with them, and expostulated freely with both, but to little effect. However, they agreed to go to Windsor together the next day. Swift, hoping they might come to a more free explanation in a *tête-à-tête* than in the presence of a third person, pretended business the next morning, and sent them together to Windsor. He followed soon after, but found his scheme had not produced the desired effect. He had one meeting more with them, and finding the breach irreconcilable, he told them he was resolved to retire, saying, "That as he was a common friend to both, he would not, upon a breach, take part with either." And as he foresaw nothing from their disunion but what would be fatal to the general interest, he was determined to have no farther concern with public affairs." Swift on this occasion acted

* See Swift's letter to the Earl of Oxford.

the part of a zealous and disinterested friend, but he found no one to second him; which he laments in several places, as he imagined, if others had done their duty, a reconcilement might have been effected. In a letter to Pope, he says, "I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better, in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern, and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered." But Swift was probably the only man among them who had either the interest of the public, or of the ministers at heart; the rest seem rather to have been wholly intent upon considering how their own private advantage might be promoted by this breach, and listed themselves under the several leaders with this view. Had Swift been a selfish man, he might certainly have made what terms he pleased; as his weight, thrown into either scale, would have been of great moment. But he was actuated upon this occasion by that high principle of honour, from which he never swerved in the whole course of his life.

"By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require;
What could he more, but decently retire?"*

After his last fruitless conference with the ministers, Swift immediately retired, as he said he would, to a friend's house in Berkshire. But this retirement was not owing to a timid disposition, which might prompt him to be out of harm's way at this dangerous juncture; nor to a principle of trimming, which might induce him to lie upon the lurch till he saw which party in the ministry should gain the ascendant; it was from a motive consonant to the nobleness of his mind. He had already acquitted himself to the utmost in point of friendship to the ministers; and by endeavouring to unite them, had taken the shortest and surest way to serve the common cause. When this was found impracticable, he thought his duty to the public, at so critical a conjuncture, paramount to all other considerations whatsoever; he therefore retired, in order to have leisure to lay open to the world the true causes of the violent disorders of the state, let it offend whom it would; and to point out the only remedies that could effect a cure, however unpalatable they might prove to some of his best friends. It

* Swift's verses on himself.

was on this occasion that he wrote that spirited pamphlet called "Some free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs;" in which, with great boldness, he charges the ministers as the chief causes of the reigning disorders, from their misconduct; and lays the greatest load of blame on the man whom he loved best in the world—Lord Oxford.

There was no opportunity however of trying what effect this piece would have had, as the death of the queen, soon after it went to press, put a stop to the publication. This event also put an end to all Swift's noble designs for the public benefit, and cut off at once all his own future prospects. This was a terrible blow to the whole party; but, though it was felt by no one more severely than by Swift, he had too much fortitude to sink under it. There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occasion, by a few strokes of the masterly hand of Arbuthnot:* "I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

In a few weeks after this event, Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years without visiting England.

And here is the best place for a brief sketch of the story of Vanessa.

Amongst the families in London where Swift had during his later visits been chiefly domesticated, was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, widow of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant. When Swift became intimate in the family the eldest daughter Hester was not yet twenty years old, beautiful, rich, lively, graceful, and accomplished. She had a greater inclination for reading and mental cultivation than is usually combined with a gay temper. This last attribute had fatal attractions for Swift, who, in intercourse with his female friends had a marked pleasure in directing their studies, and acting as their literary mentor; a dangerous character for him who assumes it when genius, docility, and gratitude are combined in a young and interesting pupil. The progress of the acquaintance, the reserve of Swift and the warmth of his fair pupil, are related up to a certain point in one of the most interesting and celebrated of Swift's poems, Cadenus and Vanessa.

It unfortunately happened that Miss Vanhomrigh inherited from her father a small property in Ireland, and her mother being now dead, she followed Swift to Ireland.

The arrival in Dublin of Vanessa, whose impatient love would not

* Letter to Pope.

suffer her to stay long behind him, was the source of much inquietude to Swift. There was nothing he seemed to dread more than that his intimacy with her should take wind in Dublin. He had warned her of this in his farewell letter to her from Letcomb, before his departure. "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you."

And after her arrival he writes to the same effect. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one——— naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master ——— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off."

But discretion was ill suited to a mind now under the dominion of an ungovernable passion, and which had no other enjoyment in life but in the society of the beloved object. She importuned him so with letters, messages, and complaints, that he was obliged to assume a sternness of behaviour to her, and treat her with a rigour quite foreign to his heart.* The effect this had on her is most feelingly set forth in one of her letters, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could

* In answer to a letter which she had sent after him by her servant when he was on the road to Philipstown, he concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages."

have borne the rack much better, than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live."

Miss Vanhomrigh now retired to a small house on her estate near Celbridge, where, in silence and solitude, she indulged her fatal passion. All other ideas but what related to Cadenus, were banished from her mind, and all the faculties of her soul were absorbed in love. She wrote constantly to him in the most passionate style, nor could the coldness of his answers in the least abate her flame. The following letter sent to him from Celbridge in 1720, will best paint the state of her mind.

"Tell me sincerely if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you; no, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of Cadenus, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminated all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a

deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

We may see from this epistle to what a romantic height her passion had arisen. Not the most enthusiastic strains from Eloisa to Abelard, could exceed those of Vanessa to Cadenus. Length of time, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the violence of her passion; and the general coldness of her lover, far from extinguishing the flame, made it blaze forth the more.

Swift's conduct toward her was far from being consistent. Whatever resolutions he had formed, to try by neglect and ill-usage to put an end to that ardour of love which caused him infinite uneasiness, yet he was seldom able to keep them when in her presence. Whether compassion for the sufferings of an unhappy young woman, whose life was wasting away in misery on his account, operated on his humanity; or whether his own passion for her was too strong for all his philosophy. it is certain he could never muster up resolution enough entirely to break off the connexion, the only possible way by which a cure could be effected. If his coldness, or even rudeness, at times, drove her almost to despair, at others, the kindness of his behaviour, and marks of tenderness, revived her hopes. In this alternate succession of hopes and fears, in this miserable state of suspense, did the wretched Vanessa pass her days till the year 1720, when Swift seemed determined to put an end to an intercourse, the source of so much unhappiness to both. Upon this occasion she wrote him the following letter:

Celbridge, 1720.

"Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer, by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to

you : yet I cannot comfort you ; but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for Cadenus. Put my passion under the utmost restraint : send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas, which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments ; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

When Swift found that all his endeavours in this way had proved fruitless, and that the love of Vanessa for Cadenus was proof against all obstacles thrown in its way, he gave way to the feelings of humanity, and to the dictates of his heart, against which, with no small violence to his inclination, he had so long struggled, and changed his behaviour to that of a kind indulgent friend. His letters breathed sentiments of the greatest tenderness ; and in one of July 5, 1721, he makes a declaration of his affection for her in the most explicit terms, as may be seen in the following sentence written in French. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami, que vous.* This declaration seems to have been drawn from him by some desperate state of mind in which he had left her, probably occasioned by her jealousy of Stella. For in the beginning of the same letter, dated from Gallstown, he says, "It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. Cadenus assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life ; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations."

But as this declaration of Swift's was not followed by any overture of marriage, the confession of his attachment, however pleasing it might be at first, could not long administer much consolation to her, when she saw no prospect of reaping any further fruit from it. To find

herself beloved, and at the same time without hopes of possessing the object of all her wishes, was rather an aggravation than a relief to her misery. After such a confession, she could see no reason for his not making farther advances. Her fortune was at that time sufficient to gratify his utmost wishes, as by the death of her two brothers and sister, the whole property left by her father, which was very considerable, was vested in her, and she had indeed made her will in Swift's favour. Impatient of the torments of jealousy, she determined to put an end to all further suspense, by writing to Esther Johnson herself upon this head. Accordingly she sent a short note to her. Esther Johnson enclosed the letter she had received from Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which, she immediately went out of town without seeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great resentment to Mr. Ford's country seat at Wood Park.

Nothing could possibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent step taken by Miss Vanhomrigh. He knew it must occasion great disturbance to Esther Johnson, and give rise to conjectures fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure, without so much as seeing him, already showed what passed in her mind. Exasperated to the highest degree, he gave way to the first transports of his passion, and immediately rode to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment. She trembling asked him, would he not sit down? "No!" He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horse.

When, on the abatement of her consternation, she had strength to open the paper, she found it contained nothing but her own letter to Esther Johnson. Despair at once seized her, as if she had seen her death warrant: and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a short time put a period to her existence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horse and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone. As he foresaw that this event would give rise to much town talk, he thought it most prudent to keep out of the way, till the first heat of it was over. And having never visited the southern part of the kingdom, he took this opportunity of making a tour there, because having no acquaintance in those parts, he might be a perfect master of his own motions, and in his solitary rambles, give free vent to his grief for the loss of so beloved an object, heightened by the bitter aggravation of knowing himself to be the cause of her death. Two months had elapsed without any news of him,

which occasioned no small alarm among his friends; when Dr. Sheridan received a letter from him, to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin.

Before her death, Miss Vanhomrigh had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to Serjeant Marshall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, whom she appointed her executors. The former was a relation, and the other only an acquaintance, for whose person and character she had the highest esteem. In her last illness she had laid a strong injunction on her executors, that immediately after her decease they should publish all the letters that had passed between Swift and her, together with the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa. Accordingly they were put to the press, and some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands. *Cadenus and Vanessa* alone saw the light.

In the mean time, Esther Johnson continued at Wood Park, where her worthy host exerted all the powers of friendship to calm the disturbance of her mind, now much increased by the publication of that poem. To find there such an amiable portrait drawn of Vanessa, as one possessed of more and greater accomplishments than any of her sex, could not fail to excite her envy; of which a remarkable proof was given in an anecdote recorded by Dr. Delany. At this juncture some gentlemen happened to call at Wood Park, who were not acquainted with her situation. As the newly published poem was then the general subject of conversation, they soon fell upon that topic. One of the gentlemen said, that Vanessa must surely be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her. She smiled, and answered, "that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely on a broomstick." We must suppose her to have been exceedingly galled, when one of her humane disposition could utter such a sarcasm, and thus exult over the recent ashes of her departed rival.*

We now revert to the more public portion of our author's life.

In the year 1715, when Lord Oxford was committed to the Tower,

* "One little triumph Stella had in her life.—*That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury-street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa, was thrown over."—*Thackeray*. Swift's latest and incomparably his best biographer "can find no evidence of a marriage that is at all reasonably sufficient" between Swift and Stella.

Swift wrote pressingly to him that he might be permitted to attend him there. His letter begins thus : "My lord, it may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances : yet I could never forgive myself, if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me." But Lord Oxford, however desirous he might be of the presence of such a friend, whose conversation might contribute more than anything in the world to soften the rigour of confinement, was too generous to put him to such an inconvenience on that account. Yet immediately on his release from the Tower, he expressed his desire of seeing him in England, if it might be consistent with his affairs ; in a letter full of the warmest expressions of friendship and affection.

Lord Bolingbroke's letters during his exile, are not inferior to Lord Oxford's in expressions of the highest regard and friendship. In that of Oct. 23, 1716, are the following passages. "It is a very great truth, that among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence ; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend : may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows : if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over ! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart, as my country and my friends, and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place."

In another letter he says, "I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age ; sure I am, that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago ; I thought of you as well as I do now ; better was beyond the power of conception ; or to avoid an *équivoque*, beyond the extent of my ideas."

In the year 1717, Swift received a letter from Lewis, giving him an account of the distressed situation of Prior's affairs, and of a design set on foot by his friends to publish his works by subscription, in order to his relief. This gave him an opportunity of exerting that zeal, for which he was so remarkable, whenever the cause of his friend, or dis-

tressed merit, called upon him. Upon this occasion he made use of all his influence to so good purpose, that in a few months he sent him such a large list of subscribers, that Prior was astonished at it. His earnestness to serve him, and to give him accounts of his success in his solicitations, appears from the quick succession of letters sent by him on the occasion. Prior, in answer to these, begins his letter of July 30, 1717, thus: "I have the favour of four letters from you, of the 9th, 13th, 16th, and 20th instant," and he concludes his letter thus: "Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves under that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me correct the book which I promised them."

What an instance is here of the vicissitudes in human affairs, when a man who has been ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of France, should, in the space of a few years, be reduced to such a sorry expedient (as Swift terms it) to keep him above want!

During this period, Swift's pen seems to have been thrown aside, or employed only in trifles, except two tracts drawn up by him soon after his settlement in Ireland: the one, entitled, "Memoirs relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the year 1710," written in October, 1714. The other, "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels among themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown." His view in these was, to lay open all the springs which moved the political machine during that period; and to exonerate the ministry from that heavy charge, so loudly and generally made against them, of a design to bring in the pretender. As he was a man more in the confidence of that ministry than any other in the world; of a sagacity not easily to be duped; a sincerity incapable of being biassed, and of most undoubted veracity; there was no one living so capable of executing such a task. And when we examine the strength of argument with which he has supported his positions; when we reflect that these tracts were drawn up without any view of their being published till after his death, and therefore could answer no private end, the impartial world will necessarily be of his side. Confident assertions, and loud clamours of a party, unsupported by any proofs, though sought for with all the diligence of persevering malice and revenge, however they may spread for a time through the spirit of faction, will never prevail with an unprejudiced posterity, against conclusive arguments, supported by established facts. To enlighten posterity

with regard to those points, for he had no hopes of the present age, was Swift's motive for leaving those pieces behind him, and no doubt his end will be answered.

During almost six years after his return to Ireland, Swift kept his resolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. He saw with indignation the cruel oppression under which that country laboured, and with the deepest concern, the miserable state to which it was reduced. But as he knew that all efforts to stem the torrent, during the violence of party, would be fruitless, he prudently waited till it had spent its force. In the year 1720, when the ferment seemed to have subsided, he published his first political tract relative to Ireland, entitled, *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures*, in which he cautiously avoids touching upon party matters, and points out to the people of Ireland, that a great part of their poverty and distress was owing to their own folly, and that the remedy was in their own hands. Of this pamphlet, and the consequences produced from it, he has given the following account in a letter to Pope. "I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England: this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here, immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were effectually practised with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published, for several weeks, in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours; until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his pro-

ceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of Grafton's, the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

From this experiment Swift learned that the embers of party, however concealed under ashes, might be revived with the least breath, and blown into a blaze. He therefore withdrew into his former retirement, after having taken ample vengeance on the chief justice, by exposing him in the most odious colours, and rendering him an object of general detestation. But whatever efforts he used to subdue his indignation at the cruel acts of oppression and injustice under which his country laboured, by confining it within his own breast, yet his heart was constantly corroded with the scenes of misery which surrounded him; and his patriotic spirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him. Of the effect which this had on his temper, we have many instances in his letters. Dr. Delany mentions a remarkable one. Calling on him one day, when upon some occasion he seemed in an uncommon state of irritation, and being asked by Swift, "Whether the corruptions and villanies of men in power, did not eat his flesh, and exhaust his spirits?" answered, "That in truth they did not;" he then asked in a fury, "Why—why—how can you help it? how can you avoid it?" Delany calmly replied, "Because I am commanded to the contrary.—'*Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.*'"

As no work of his appeared during the space of nearly four years after his publishing the above-mentioned pamphlet, it is highly probable that his leisure hours were wholly employed in writing "Gulliver's Travels;" in which general satire on the vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, he gave vent to that spleen, which was in a continual state of irritation from the objects that surrounded him.

In the year 1724, an opportunity offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds, behind which he had so long been concealed, and of blazing forth in higher lustre than ever. At that time a project was set on foot by one William Wood, an obscure man, which, had it succeeded, would have ended in the total, and perhaps irretrievable ruin of Ireland. A patent was granted to this man, in a most extraordinary manner, for coining halfpence for the use of Ireland, without consulting any mortal of that kingdom, or even giving any previous notice of it to the lord lieutenant. Justly alarmed at the consequences to be apprehended from this, and fired with resentment at the indignity with which they were treated, the parliament, privy council, grand

juries, and numerous bodies of the inhabitants throughout the kingdom, sent over strong remonstrances against this proceeding, but all to no purpose. The British minister, who had his own views in promoting this favourite project, determined to support the patent; and being then possessed of the same plenitude of power with all the insolence of a Turkish vizier, was deaf to the remonstrances of the nation, and resolved to cram the halfpence down their throats.

Upon the first tidings of the patent being passed in so extraordinary a manner, Swift took up the pen, and under the feigned character of *M. B. Drapier*, represented all the fatal consequences that would necessarily attend the carrying of it into execution, in so plain and clear a light, as spread a general alarm through all ranks and orders of men throughout the nation.

But as the parliament, the privy council, grand juries, and so many bodies corporate of the kingdom addressed, remonstrated, and petitioned against it, their fears were at an end, as supposing it impossible that these should not prevail. Yet what was their astonishment to find that all these, and the cry of the whole nation, were treated with the utmost contempt, and a sham inquiry set on foot by a committee of the privy council in England, which ended in sending over orders to all officers, under the crown in Ireland, to be aiding and assisting to the utmost of their power in supporting Wood's patent, and giving circulation to his accursed coin! As all persons in office at that time were in the most slavish dependence on the British ministry, there were *no hopes* but that they would pay implicit obedience to the commands of their masters, especially as they could do it under colour of loyalty, as opposing the patent was called, in the language of those days, *flying in the king's face*. And if this coin was once received into the public offices, and issued out to pay the king's troops, the affair was over. To prevent this there was but one way, which was to raise such a spirit in the whole body of the people, as to determine them never to receive one piece of this coin in payment. This he so effectually performed in a series of letters, under the same signature of *M. B.*, *Drapier*, which were universally read over the whole kingdom, that there was scarce an individual to be found, even down to the lowest peasant, except a few placemen, who did not form this resolution. And in order to bind them to it more effectually, in his second letter he drew up the following advertisement. "Whereas one William Wood, hardwareman, now or lately sojourning in the city of London, hath by many misrepresentations, procured a patent for coining a hundred and eight thousand pounds, in copper half-pence, for this kingdom, which is a sum five

times greater than our occasions require; and whereas it is notorious that the said Wood hath coined his halfpence of such base metal, and false weight, that they are at best six parts in seven below the real value: and whereas we have reason to apprehend, that the said Wood may at any time hereafter clandestinely coin as many more halfpence as he pleases: and whereas the said patent neither doth, nor can oblige his majesty's subjects to receive the said halfpence in any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary choice, because by law the subject cannot be obliged to take any money, except gold or silver; and whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of the said patent, the said Wood hath declared, that every person shall be obliged to take five pence halfpenny of his coin in every payment; and whereas the house of commons, and privy council have severally addressed his most sacred majesty, representing the ill consequences which the said coinage may have upon this kingdom: and lastly, whereas it is universally agreed that the whole nation to a man, except Mr. Wood and his confederates, are in the utmost apprehensions of the ruinous consequences that must follow from the said coinage; therefore we, whose names are underwritten, being persons of considerable estates in this kingdom, and residers therein, do unanimously resolve and declare, that we will never receive one farthing or halfpenny of the said Wood's coining; and that we will direct all our tenants to refuse the said coin from any person whatsoever, of which, that they may not be ignorant, we have sent them a copy of this advertisement, to be read to them by our stewards, receivers, &c."

Numbers of these advertisements, signed by a multitude of names, together with the "Drapier's Letters," were soon dispersed over the kingdom, and produced such a universal outcry in all ranks of people against this odious project, that the poor tools of power did not dare to attempt any thing in support of it. But the English minister, not at all intimidated by this violent opposition, seemed resolutely bent on carrying the point. With this view he sent over Lord Carteret, lately appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, long before the usual time of the chief governor's going to that kingdom, with directions to assemble the parliament, which had been prorogued to a distant day; soon after the arrival, revoking that prorogation, a thing very unusual. Here he was to try the common methods of securing a majority, in order to get the sanction of the Irish parliament to the measure. On his arrival, a proclamation was published by his excellency and council, offering a reward of three hundred pounds, for discovering the author of the "fourth Drapier's Letter." Harding, the printer of that letter,

was imprisoned, and a bill of indictment was ordered to be prepared against him. Upon this occasion Swift wrote a short paper, called "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury, &c." copies of which were distributed to every person of the grand jury the evening before the bill was to be presented, and had such an effect, that it was unanimously thrown out. Upon which the same lord chief justice who had before acted with such violence in a former prosecution of the Dean's printer, in a most arbitrary and illegal manner, discharged the jury in a rage. But this proceeding, far from serving the cause which he espoused, only rendered it the more desperate, by exasperating men's minds, already sufficiently provoked. For the next grand jury that was summoned, not content with screening the friends to their country, made a violent attack upon the enemy, by a strong presentment, drawn up by Swift, at the request of some of the jury.

Upon this presentment, followed by several others in the different counties, the affair was looked upon as desperate, and being represented in that light to the ministry by Lord Carteret, the patent was withdrawn and the halfpence suppressed.

Never was greater exultation shown upon any occasion than appeared in the whole nation, upon the defeat of this infamous project; the Drapier was hailed by the universal voice as the saviour of his country. His name resounded from shore to shore; his effigies were set up in every street; and innumerable bumpers were daily swallowed to his health.

Of the wit and humour peculiar to himself there are some shining instances scattered through those letters. Speaking in the assumed character of the Drapier, he says, "I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken, might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions; and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances, very applicable to the present purpose: for, *Goliah had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of* brass, *and he had greaves of* brass *upon his legs, and a target*

of brass *between his shoulders.* In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over *brass, and he defied the armies of the Living God.* Goliah's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us, *then shall we be his servants.* But if it happen that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

Nothing showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view, during this contest, than his choice of ground both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party; and that if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no parties concerned but *William Wood hardwareman*, on the one side, and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Or, as he himself expresses it, it was *bellum atque virum*, a kingdom on one side, and William Wood on the other. Nay he went farther, and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he takes upon him the defence of the latter, in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: "But I will now demonstrate, beyond all contradiction, that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the *true interest* of the king his master: and that as his integrity is above all *corruption*, so is his *fortune* above all *temptation.*" By the use of this irony, a double-edged weapon, which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment, it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any serious charge against the author of his having such a design.

During the publication of the "Drapier's Letters," Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was not the most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to

the doctor, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the press; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent a possibility of discovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued offering a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering the author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, had stayed out later than usual without his master's leave. The Dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, bade him strip off his livery, and quit his house that moment. "What—you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery."

Esther Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears; inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should still be continued in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied the honest creature; "to be sure I should be very sorry to lose so good a master, but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever."

When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to favour. He also took the first opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery: to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him immediately to strip off his livery, and put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed that he should be discharged—"Well—do as I ordered you," said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him, as a reward for his faithful services.

The day after the proclamation was issued out against the Drapier, there was a full levee at the castle. The lord-lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the lord-lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, "So, my lord-lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." He then went on for a long time inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians.

For some time a profound silence ensued, when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

Res durœ, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri.

The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the lord-lieutenant's answer.

When the patent was withdrawn, and of course all apprehensions about the coin were over, Swift retired to Quilca, a house of Dr. Sheridan's in a desolate part of the country, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing his "Gulliver's Travels" for the press. Early in the next year 1726, he set out for England after an absence from that country of nearly twelve years. He was received with all demonstrations of joy by his old friends, whose attachment to this incomparable man seemed rather increased than diminished by absence. They all expressed the warmest wishes that he would quit Ireland and settle among them, and several plans were proposed to accomplish the point. Nor was Swift less desirous of returning to his own country, for he always

considered it as such, being the country of his forefathers, though he happened, as he himself expresses it, to be dropped in Ireland ; nor is it surprising that his heart yearned to pass the remainder of his days among a set of his old friends, who gave such proofs of their unalterable attachment to him, and were, at the same time, in point of talents and genius, the foremost men of the age. But, however ardent their wishes might be, there were little hopes of their being fulfilled, as both he and his friends were obnoxious to those in power. Some expectations were however formed from the favourable reception he met with at Leicester House. The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, set up for a patroness of men of genius, and affected to converse much with all men distinguished for literature and talents. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London, she immediately sent to desire to see him. Of this he gives the following account in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, 1732-3.

"It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance, before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess ; and among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went and she received me very graciously." As Swift was no respecter of persons, and would speak his mind with the same freedom in the face of royalty, as in the most private company, the princess, struck with the novelty of such a character, and highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, was never weary of sending for him both in London and Richmond ; and Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command. Mrs. Howard, first lady of the bedchamber to the princess, and her chief favourite, was the person who usually sent for him. As she was a lady of fine taste, and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship, by the frequent opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. The peculiar marks of distinction shown him both by the princess and her favourite, together with the general discourse of the family at Leicester House, made his friends imagine that the first opportunity would be taken of making a suitable provision for him in England, from that quarter ; and he himself, both then, and for some time after, seems to have formed some expectations of that kind, though naturally, and from his frequent disappointments in life, he was far from being of a sanguine disposition.

During his stay in England, his time was passed chiefly between

Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, where he was visited by all the old fraternity. It was then Pope published his volumes of Miscellanies, consisting of some of his own works, and Arbuthnot's, but chiefly of select pieces of Swift's. As this was the first time that any of his works were printed collectively, the sale was immense, and produced a considerable sum to Pope, who had the whole profit, as Swift was at all times above making any pecuniary advantage of his writings. During these transactions he received several successive accounts of the desperate state of health to which his dear friend Esther Johnson was reduced, and the little hopes there were of her recovery. The distress of mind which he suffered on this occasion, together with a long fit of his old complaint, giddiness and deafness, had so totally disqualified him for society, that he stole away from his host at Twickenham, and retired into private lodgings, with an old relation for his nurse. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of a journey, he set out for Ireland, with the gloomy prospect of receiving the last breath of the person dearest to him in the world. However, before his departure, he took leave of the princess, who was very gracious to him, made apologies for not having some medals ready which she had promised him, and said she would send them to him before Christmas. On his arrival in Dublin, he had the satisfaction to find Mrs. Johnson's health much improved, and her recovery, though slow, afforded the pleasing prospect of a long continuance to a life so dear to him.

Swift had set out for Ireland in the month of August, and early in the November following appeared "Gulliver's Travels." As he had kept a profound silence with regard to this work, nor ever once mentioned it to any of his nearest friends during his stay in England, they were at first in some doubt whether it was his or not: and yet they concluded, as was done on a similar occasion, that it must be *aut Erasmi aut Diaboli*. They all wrote to him about it, considering it as his, and yet at the same time kept as a reserve, as having some reasons to be dubious about it.

Gay, in a letter, Nov. 17, 1726, writes to him thus: "About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author, but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council

to the nursery. You may see by this you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

In like manner, Pope says, "Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach; by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment."

This proceeding of Swift's might at first view be considered as one of his whims, but that it was his constant practice in all his former works of consequence, which he sent secretly into the world to make their own way as well as they could, according to their intrinsic merit, without any advantage which they might derive from the author's reputation. Nor was he ever known to put his name to any of his publications, except his letter to Lord Oxford about the English language. It is probable he took great pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world upon his writings, freely delivered before him while he remained unknown; and the doubts of Pope and Gay, occasioned by his profound secrecy on that head, must have given him no small entertainment. However, this extraordinary work, bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new lustre to his reputation.

In his return to Dublin, upon notice that the ship in which he sailed was in the bay, several heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out to meet him in a great number of wherries engaged for that purpose, in order to welcome him back. He had the pleasure to find his friend, Dr. Sheridan, in company with a number of his intimates, at the side of the ship, ready to receive him into their boat, with the agreeable tidings that Mrs. Johnson was past all danger. The boats adorned with streamers, and colours, in which were many emblematical devices, made a fine appearance; and thus was the Drapier brought to his landing-place in a kind of triumph, where he was received and welcomed on shore by a multitude of his grateful countrymen, by whom he was conducted to his house amid repeated acclamations, of "Long live the Drapier." The bells were all set a-ringing, and bonfires kindled in every street. As there never was an instance of such honours being paid to any mortal in that country, of whatever rank or station, Swift must have been a stoic

indeed not to have been highly gratified with these unexpected, unsolicited marks of favour, from his grateful fellow-citizens.

But whatever satisfaction he might have in his newly acquired popularity, and the consequent power it gave him of being of some use to his country, yet the long disgust he had entertained at the management of all public affairs; the deplorable state of slavery to which the kingdom was reduced; the wretched poverty, and numberless miseries, painted by him so often in strong colours, entailed by this means on the bulk of the natives, and their posterity; had long made him resolve when opportunity should offer, to change the scene, and breathe a freer air in a land of liberty. His last short visit to his friends served to whet his resolution, and revived the desire which he had of returning to a country, where, as he expresses himself in a letter to Gay, he had passed the best and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships, and where he had left his desires. He was at a time of life, too, being then in his sixtieth year, which called for retirement, and afflicted with disorders which impaired the vigour of his mind, and gave him frightful apprehensions that the loss of his mental faculties would precede the dissolution of his frame. He had no ambition left, of which we find even in his prime he had very little, except that of the noblest kind, arising from a desire of serving the public, and his friends, without any mixture of self. As his view was to make any exchange of his preferments in Ireland, for something like an equivalent in England, though not fully equal to them in point either of dignity or income, he thought the matter might be easily accomplished with but little interest; and this he had reason to hope would not be wanting, from the many hints he had received, that the princess was very desirous of bringing it to bear. With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, in which several civilities, in his singular way, passed to the princess. He sent to the former a piece of Irish silk, of a fabric peculiar to that country, which the princess, as soon as she saw it, seized on for her own use, and desired that more of the same kind might be sent over for the princesses: this commission went to him from Mrs. Howard, telling him at the same time that she would remit the cost in what way he should judge safest: but Swift, as he expresses himself in a letter to Lady Betty Germain, was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. He had received several accounts from his friends that the princess often spoke of him with great regard. Among others, Dr. Arbuthnot says, "I had a great deal of discourse with your friend her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness that was not what I

valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid of speaking it."

As he had nothing to detain him in Dublin, Mrs. Johnson being to all appearance in a tolerable state of health, he set out again for London early in March (1727), but first gave notice to Mrs. Howard of his intended journey. From the following paragraph in this letter, we may judge on what free terms he lived with the princess, and may form some idea of the familiar manner of his conversing with her. "I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Accordingly, on his arrival in London, he never saw the princess till she removed to Richmond; of which he gives this account in a letter to Dr. Sheridan: "May 13. I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own command: she retains her old civility, and I, my old freedom." But Walpole and his party kept no farther measures with him, of which he makes the following mention in the same letter. "I am in high displeasure with Walpole, and his partisans. A great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there has not been one of them to see me." Perhaps the consciousness of the base means they used to wound his character might have occasioned this change in their behaviour. For had the charge laid against him been founded, it would have been a most unaccountable cause of quarrel to Swift on the side of Walpole's partisans, that he had offered his service to that party, though its being rejected might be a just foundation of resentment on his side.

Swift had for some time formed a design of passing some months in France for the recovery of his health, and was just on the point of carrying it into execution, when the unexpected news of the king's death made him postpone it. As a total change of measures was expected to follow from this event, more flattering prospects were opened to him than any he could have in view during the late reign. As the tories, upon the breach between the late king and prince, were well received at Leicester House, it was supposed they would no longer be proscribed as formerly.

Swift, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, June 24, 1727, gives the following view of the state of affairs at that time. "The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used worse or better, for being called whig and tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several, who are openly known to be the

latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: we have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people."

In the midst of this bustle, after viewing the state of things, Swift seems to have had by no means the same sanguine expectations that others of his party entertained; for he says, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, July 1, 1727:—"Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them." And having some return of his disorder, he once more resolved for France. But, as he says himself, he was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom he could not disobey. These were Lord Bolingbroke and Mrs. Howard. The former writes thus to him, in a letter dated June 24, 1727: "There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you." Of what passed between him and Mrs. Howard, he gives the following account in a letter to Lady Betty Germain: "In a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice, which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was, 'By all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me.'"

Upon this Swift gave up his intended journey, and resolved to wait the issue of the present conjuncture; though from his long acquaintance with courts, and frequent disappointments, he put no great confidence in the assurances given him. But he was soon obliged to alter his measures;

for being attacked with a long and violent fit of his old complaint, and at the same time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Esther Johnson had relapsed, with little hopes of her recovery, he set out for that kingdom, on the first abatement of his illness. He was destined never to visit England again. Before his departure he took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologizing for not doing it in person in the following passage: "I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours, &c."

On his arrival in Dublin, he found Esther Johnson in the last stage of decay, without the smallest hope of her recovery. He had the misery of attending her in this state, and of daily seeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months; and in the month of January he was deprived, as he himself expresses it, of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that he, or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. Such a loss at his time of life was irreparable. She had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his constant companion for five and thirty years, with every merit toward him that it was possible for one human creature to have toward another. His whole plan of life was now changed, and with it all his domestic comforts vanished. The only chance he could have had of enjoying the remainder of his days with any satisfaction, would have been the carrying into execution his proposed removal to England, to live among his old friends; but he soon found that all expectations from that quarter were at end. In his forlorn state he found himself doomed to pass the remnant of his life in exile, in a country which was one of the last he would have chosen for his abode.

> "In exile with a steady heart
> He spent his life's declining part,
> Where folly, pride, and faction sway—
> Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."

But his spirit was too great to give way to despondence; and deprived as he was of the chief comforts which might alleviate the evils attendant on increasing years, disappointed in the only view which could make him look forward with hopes of any satisfaction or enjoyment to himself, he turned his thoughts wholly to the good and happiness of others. With this view he entered more earnestly

into a twofold scene of action; one with regard to the public at large; the other, with respect to private individuals. In the former, out of compassion to the blindness and infatuation of the people, he laid open, in a variety of publications, the chief sources of the distresses and miseries under which that unhappy country laboured; at the same time pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated, or removed. In the latter, he increased his attention to some of the best-planned, and best-conducted charities, that ever were supported from a private purse. In this respect, there probably was no man in the British dominions, who either gave so much in proportion to his fortune, or disposed of it to such advantage. From the time he was out of debt, after his settlement at the deanery, he divided his income into three equal shares. One of these he appropriated to his own immediate support, and his domestic expenses; which, in those cheap times, with the aid of strict economy, enabled him to live in a manner perfectly agreeable to his own ideas, and not unsuitable to his rank. The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation at his death. And the third, he constantly disposed of in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed. As he sought out proper objects for this with great caution and attention, trusting little to the representation of others, but seeing everything with his own eyes, perhaps no equal sum disposed of in that way was ever productive of so much good. There was one species of charity first struck out by him, which was attended with the greatest benefit to numbers of the lowest class of tradesmen. Soon after he was out of debt, the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own, he lent out to poor industrious tradesmen in small sums of five and ten pounds to be repaid weekly, at two or four shillings, without interest. As the sums thus weekly paid in were lent out again to others at a particular day in each month, this quick circulation doubled the benefit arising from the original sum. In order to ensure this fund from diminution, he laid it down as a rule that none should be partakers of it, who could not give good security for the regular repayment of it in the manner proposed: for it was a maxim with him, that any one known by his neighbours to be an honest, sober, and industrious man, would readily find such security: while the idle and dissolute would by this means be excluded. Nor did they who entered into such securities run any great risk; for if the borrower was not punctual in his weekly payments, immediate notice of it was sent to them, which obliged him to be more punctual for the future. Thus did this fund continue undiminished to the last; and small as the spring was, yet, by

continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course.

His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by the several corporations in all matters relative to trade, and chosen umpire of any differences among them, nor was there ever any appeal from his sentence. In a city where the police was perhaps on a worse footing than that of any in Europe, he in a great measure supplied the deficiency, by his own personal authority, taking notice of all public nuisances, and seeing them removed. He assumed the office of censor-general, which he rendered as formidable as that of ancient Rome. In short, by the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the public, he obtained such an ascendency over his countrymen, as perhaps no other private citizen ever attained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of THE DEAN, given to him by way of pre-eminence, as it were by common consent; and when THE DEAN was mentioned it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom. THE DEAN said this: THE DEAN did that; whatever he said or did was received as infallibly right; with the same degree of implicit credit given to it, as was paid to the Stagyrite of old, or to the modern Popes. We may judge of the greatness of his influence, from a passage in a letter of Lord Carteret to him, March 24, 1732, who was at that time Chief-Governor of Ireland, "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection: and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." And in the postscript to another of March 24, 1736, he says, "When people ask me how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

During this period, his faculties do not seem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age, and his poetical fountain, though not so exuberant as formerly, still flowed in as clear and pure a stream. One of his later pieces, "Verses on his own Death," is perhaps one of the most excellent of his compositions in that way. Nor are two of his other productions, written about the same time, entitled, "An Epistle to a Lady;" and "A Rhapsody on Poetry," inferior to any of his former pieces. The two last were written chiefly with a view to gratify his resentment to the court, on account of some unworthy treatment he met with from that quarter. The reader has already seen, by what extraordinary advances on her part, he was allured to pay his attendance on the princess, during his two last visits to England; and the seemingly well-founded expectations of his friends, that

some marks of royal favour would be shown him, both from the uncommonly good reception he had always met with, and the many assurances given to that effect. But from the time that the princess mounted the throne, all this was forgotten. Nor was this productive of any disappointment to Swift, who had been too conversant with courts, not to look upon the most favourable appearances there with distrust. Accordingly, on his last return to Ireland, finding himself so utterly neglected by the queen as not even to receive some medals which she had promised him, he gave up all hopes of that kind, and remained in a state of perfect indifference with regard to it. But, when he found that his enemies had been busy, instilling into the royal ear many prejudices against him, he entered upon his defence with his usual spirit. Among other artifices employed to lessen him in her majesty's esteem, there were three forged letters delivered to the queen signed with his name, written upon a very absurd subject, and in a very unbecoming style, which she either did, or affected to believe to be genuine. Swift had notice of this from his friend Pope, who procured one of the original letters from the Countess of Suffolk, formerly Mrs. Howard, and sent it to him. In his indignant answer to Pope on this occasion, he has the following passages. "As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen draper's wife declining in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise my hand, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c.

In his letter to Mrs. Howard, then Countess of Suffolk, he says, "I find from several instances that I am under the queen's displeasure; and as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I

am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense: especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am sensible I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole," &c.

In this, as well as many other passages of his letters at that time, we see he attributes the ill offices done him with the queen, chiefly to Walpole; and accordingly he was determined to keep no farther measures with him, but gave full scope to his resentment, in those poems, as well as several other pieces published afterward. Upon the first appearance of the two poems, entitled "An Epistle to a Lady," and "A Rhapsody on Poetry," Walpole was exasperated to the highest degree. The editor, printer, and publishers, were all taken up, and prosecutions commenced against them. As he had full proof that Swift was the author, in his first transport of passion, he determined to get him into his clutches, and wreak his chief vengeance on him. With this view he had ordered a warrant to be made out by the secretary of state, for apprehending Swift, and bringing him over to be tried in London. The messenger was in waiting ready to be dispatched on this errand, when luckily a friend of Walpole's, who was better acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the Dean was held there, accidentally entered, and upon inquiry, being informed of his purpose, coolly asked what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less a number would be able to bring the Drapier out of the kingdom by force. Upon this Walpole recovered his senses, and luckily for the messenger, as well as himself, dropped the design. For had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin, and attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been immediately hanged by the mob: and this might have involved the two countries in a contest, which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in.

But, whatever gratification it might have been to his ambitious spirit, to see himself raised by the voluntary suffrages of the Irish people, to a rank beyond the power of monarchs to bestow; to find him-

self considered by all as the first man in the realm ; the general object of veneration to all who wished well to their country, and of the Irish people who betrayed its interests ; yet he was far from being at all satisfied with his situation. The load of oppression under which Ireland groaned from the tyrannic system of government over that country, established by the false politics of England; the base corruption of some of the principal natives, who sacrificed the public interests to their private views ; the supineness of others arising from despondency ; the general infatuation of the richer sort, in adopting certain modes and customs to the last degree ruinous to their country ; together with the miseries of the poor, and the universal face of penury and distress that overspread a kingdom on which Nature had scattered her bounties with a lavish hand, and which, properly used, might have rendered it one of the happiest regions in the world : all these acted as perpetual corrosives to the free and generous spirit of Swift, and kept him from possessing his soul in peace. We have many instances in his letters, written at that time, of the violent irritation of his mind on these accounts. In one of them he says, "I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful ; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live." And in the same letter to Lord Bolingbroke, he says, "But do you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world ; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." In one to Pope, speaking of his letters, he says, "None of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion, and the whole tenour of your life ; while I am raging every moment against the corruptions in both kingdoms, especially of this ; such is my weakness." And in one to Dr. Sheridan, when he seemed under the dominion of a more than ordinary fit of his spleen, he tells me that he had just finished his will, in which he had requested that the doctor would attend his body to Holyhead, to see it interred there, for, says he, "I will not lie in a country of slaves."

This habit of mind grew upon him immediately after the loss of the amiable Stella, whose lenient hand used to pour the balm of friendship on his wounded spirit. With her vanished all his domestic enjoyment, and of course he turned his thoughts more to public affairs ; in the contemplation of which, he could see nothing but what served to increase the malady. The advances of old age, with all its attendant infirmities ; the death of almost all his old friends ; the frequent returns

of his most dispiriting maladies, deafness and giddiness; and above all, the dreadful apprehensions that he should outlive his understanding,* made life such a burden to him, that he had no hope left but that of a speedy dissolution, which was the object of his daily prayer.

About the year 1736, his memory was greatly impaired, and his other faculties of imagination and intellect decayed, in proportion as the stores from which they were supplied diminished. When the understanding was shaken from its seat, and reason had given up the reins, the irascible passions which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without control, and made him a torment to himself, and to all who were about him. An unusually long fit of deafness, attended with giddiness, which lasted almost a year, had disqualified him wholly for conversation, and made him lose all relish for society. Conscious of his situation, he was little desirous of seeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little solicitous to visit him in that deplorable state. He could now no longer amuse himself with writing; and a resolution he had formed of never wearing spectacles, to which he obstinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amusements of any kind, thus did his time pass heavily along; not one white day in the calendar, not one hour of comfort, nor did even a ray of hope pierce through the gloom. The state of his mind is strongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway:—

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. "I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

"J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740."

Not long after the date of this letter, his understanding failed to such a degree, that it was found necessary to have guardians legally ap-

* Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates that, walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed the Dean, who had stayed behind the rest of the company. He turned back, in order to know the occasion of it; and found Swift at some distance, gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top."

pointed to take care of his person and estate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy, which continued some months, and then he sunk into a state of idiocy, which lasted to his death. He died October 19, 1745.

The behaviour of the citizens on this occasion, gave the strongest proof of the deep impression he had made on their minds. Though he had been, for several years, to all intents and purposes, dead to the world, and his departure seemed a thing rather to be wished than deplored, yet no sooner was his death announced, than the citizens gathered from all quarters and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard all around the quarter where he lived, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to the servants, locks of his hair, to be handed down as sacred relics to their posterity. And so eager were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in less than an hour, his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained.

He was buried in the most private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:

"HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO (1745);
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);
ÆTATIS ANNO (78)."

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

By LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SURGEON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

[*First published in* 1726.]

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us by the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr. Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native country, where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr. Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times; the style is very plain and simple, and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it.

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be at least, for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not

made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of the longitudes and latitudes, wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr. Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied; but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea-affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them. And if any traveller hath a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hand of the author, I shall be ready to gratify him.

As for any further particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

W. Crowe Junr.

PART I.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The Author gives some account of himself and family; his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life, gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput, is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

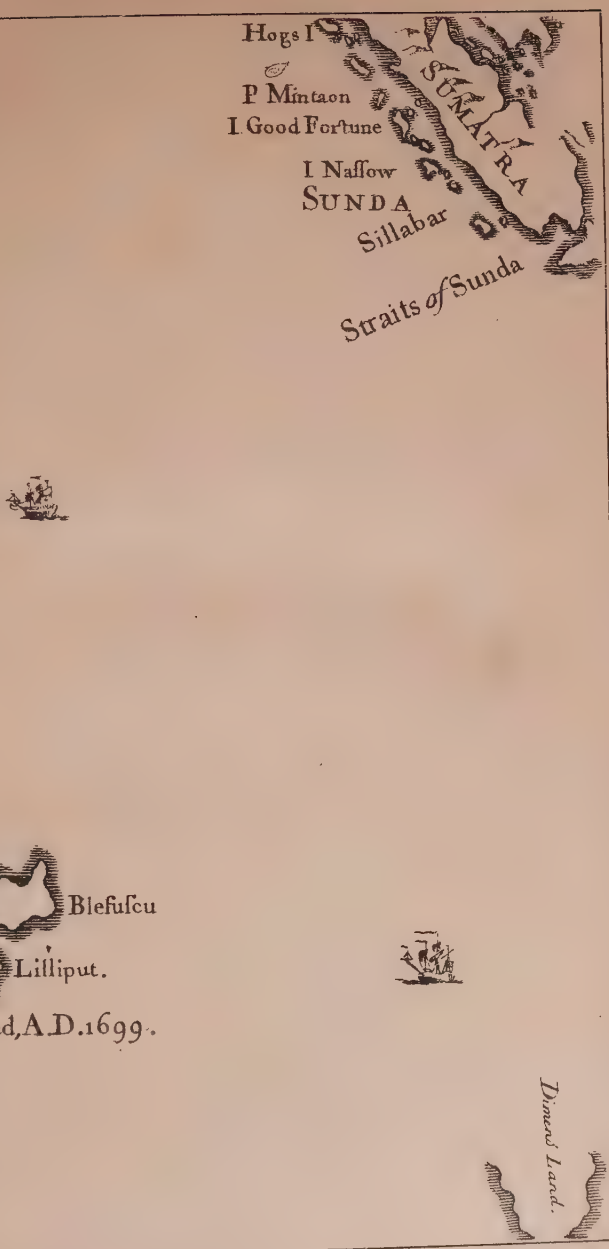
MY father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College, in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father, where by the assistance of him and my Uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the "Swallow," Captain Abraham Pannell, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmond Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail, for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees two minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food, the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I


Hogs I
P Mintaon
I Good Fortune
I Naſſow
SUNDA
Sillabar
SUMATRA
Straits of Sunda
Blefuſcu
Lilliput.
Mendendo
Diſcovered, A.D. 1699.
Diemen's Land.

lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended mine eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending mine eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah Degul;" the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches; but the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them, whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo Phonac," when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose I could easily free myself. And as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knock-

ing for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "Langro Dehul san" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me), whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both mine eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The "Hurgo" (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided, and sent thither by the king's orders upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "Hekinah Degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach Mivola," and when they saw the vessels in the air, there

was an universal shout of "Hekinah Degul." I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to mine eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in Council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment; whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the "Hurgo" and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, "Peplom Selan," and I felt great numbers of the people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water, which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motions what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for

the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion it was extremely prudent as well as generous. For supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus in less than three hours, I was raised and flung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was

three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on t' other side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the emperor ascended with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted upon my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, come to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high.

I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature, which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did ; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action ; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain, and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character in point of cleanliness to the world ; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear ; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet : but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept without the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicle upon wheels till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all ; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor, each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught, and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs, but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off : however, I have had him since many

times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European : but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose ; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca ; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach ; I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife : but I soon put them out of fear ; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran ; I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight ; during which time the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure, were brought in carriages and worked up in my house, an hundred and fifty of their beds sewn together made up the breadth and length, and these were four double, which however kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships as I.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me ; so that the villages were almost emptied, and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his Imperial Majesty had not provided by several proclamations and orders of state against this

inconveniency. He directed that those, who had already beheld me, should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without licence from court, whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time, the Emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me ; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me : but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council chamber ; and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his Majesty and the whole Board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance ; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors : for the due payment of which, his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country : that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language : and, lastly, that the Emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language ; during which time, the Emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort ; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of council, and that first I must " Lumos Kelmin pesso desmar lon Emposo ;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness, and he advised me to acquire by my patience, and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me ; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a

person. I said, his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers ; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance ; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands : that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw ; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows.

Imprimis, in the right coat pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words "Quinbus Flestrin"), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and, one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisados before your Majesty's court ; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word "Ranfu-Lo," by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar ; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk ; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped ; we could not without difficulty reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece ; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which by our orders

we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the God that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use. We found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFREN FRELOCK, MARSI FRELOCK.

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for my eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince,

was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six foot from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and, at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern, for their sight is much more acute than ours, and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating, although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores, but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes), a pocket perspective, and several other little conveniences, which being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The author diverts the Emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the Court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

MY gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand. And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two foot, and twelve inches from the ground; upon which, I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the Court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somersault several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival "Flimnap" would have infallibly broken his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on a table three fine silken threads of six inches long. One is purple, the other yellow, and the third white. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping is rewarded with the purple-coloured silk; the yellow is given to the next, and the

white to the third, which they all were girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army and those of the royal stables having been daily led before me were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the Emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two foot high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me, whereupon his Majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixed them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two foot and a half square. I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two foot from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His Majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the Emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the Empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse that belonged to one of the captains pawing with his hoof struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and, covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for

it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that by mounting upon each other's shoulders they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain, and if his Majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial Majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the Emperor having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in a readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me, the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His Majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor. That minister was Galbet, or Admiral of the Realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply, but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded

to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws: which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may perhaps be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand Blustrugs, (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun: at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

First.—The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our licence under our great seal.

Second.—He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within their doors.

Third.—The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

Fourth.—As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our said subjects into his hands, without their own consent.

Fifth.—If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our Imperial presence.

Sixth.—He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

Seventh.—That the said Man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

Eighth.—That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly.—That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our Palace at Belfaborac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high Admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the Emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his Majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the Emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me, that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a Quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which, the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the Emperor's Palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that Empire. The author s offers to serve the Emperor in his wars.

THE first request I made after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt, either to the inhabitants, or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it, is two foot and an half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten foot distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers, that might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred foot long. The two great streets which run cross and divide it into four quarters are five foot wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls.

The houses are from three to five stories. The shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's Palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two foot high, and twenty foot distant from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty foot, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five foot high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them, without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three foot high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight foot wide. I then stepped over the buildings very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress, and the young Princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this Empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public, or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that Empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Keldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality, and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me

hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty, said he might pretend to some merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this Empire, under the names of Tramecksan, and Slamecksan, from the high and low heels on their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution: but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his Majesty's Imperial heels are lower at least by a drurr than any of his court (drurr is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover one of his heels higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, which is the other great Empire of the Universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great Empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the Monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that Empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published

upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the Emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great Prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text: for the words are these; "That all true believers shall break their eggs at the convenient end:" and which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two Empires for six and thirty moons with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAPTER V.

The author by an extraordinary stratagem prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the Emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The Empress's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the Palace.

THE Empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two Empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen, upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed, who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy Glumgluffs deep, which is about six foot of European measure; and the rest of it fifty Glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast over against Blefuscu; and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket perspective-glass, and

viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half-an-hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards till I felt ground; I arrived to the fleet in less than half-an-hour. The enemy was so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the bold part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me on my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast

in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for, the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a Nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-Endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial Majesty that he could never forgive it; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his Majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our Emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their Excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the Emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their

master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country; accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our Emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian Monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner, but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our Emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a Nardac, of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his Majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door, by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word Burglum repeated incessantly; several of the Emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial Majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant, and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moon-shine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they

did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called Glimigrim (the Blefuscudians call it Flunec, but ours is esteemed the better sort), which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine, which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate, with the Emperor, because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his Majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it; for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his Majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, the Empress conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput: their learning, laws, and customs, the manner of educating their children; the author's way of living in that country; his vindication of a great lady.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight toward objects that are near, I have been much pleased observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven foot high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables

are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them. But their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; nor from down to up, like the Cascagians; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished that they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The Emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted or connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greatest aggravation of the crime: and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for I confess I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privi-

leges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use. He likewise acquires the title of Snilpall, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance and the like to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage and multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner the disbelief of a divine providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and con-

tinue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself or intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in small or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour. They are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their nurseries till fifteen, which answers to one and twenty with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come

to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for the maxim is, that among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices, are dismissed at nine years old, the rest are kept to thirteen.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this kingdom.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestic, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three foot make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while the third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured

my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plum-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not be able to hold them) they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine, and other liquors, flung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bits of it, but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his Imperial Majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them upon chairs of state on my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his Majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the Emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that in short I had cost his Majesty above a million and a half of sprugs (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the Emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a

fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person, and the court-scandal ran for some time that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance ; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses the postillion always unharnessed four), and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them ; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let 'em make their best of it), Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me incognito, except the secretary, Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial Majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own, though I had then the honour to be a Nardac, which the treasurer himself is not, for all the world knows he is only a Glumglum, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England, although I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made Flimnap, the treasurer, show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse ; and although he were at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the Emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The author being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a

country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his Imperial Majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account: and it is but two days since his Majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyris Bolgolam (Galbet, or High Admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is much increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded.

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin (the Man-mountain).

ART. I.—Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his Imperial Majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the Royal Palace shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason: notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his Majesty's dear Imperial Consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said Royal Palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c., against the duty, &c.

ART. II.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his Imperial Majesty to seize all the other ships of the said Empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death

not only all the Big-Endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the Big-Endian heresy: he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most Auspicious, Serene, Imperial Majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives, of an innocent people.

ART. III.—That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his Majesty's court: he, the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his Imperial Majesty, and in open war against his said Majesty.

ART. IV.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and Empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his Imperial Majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his Imperial Majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his Majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his Majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the Emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his Majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his Majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that by this expedient justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his Majesty. That blindness is an addition

to courage, by concealing dangers from us: that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed, were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire, by discharge of urine in her Majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole Palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-Endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion; he showed to what straits his Majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, it would probably increase it, as it is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat: that his sacred Majesty, and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

But his Imperial Majesty fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his Majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the Emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consequently decay and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by carloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books: none dissenting except Bolgolam the Admiral, who being a creature of the Empress, was perpetually instigated by her Majesty to insist upon your death, she having

borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment: and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his Majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his Majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the Emperor made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his Majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. And as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial, for although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuations. But having in my life perused many state trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the Emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of Nardac he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his Majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience: because if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his Imperial Majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the Emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity before the three days elapsed, to send a letter to

my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his Majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his Majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The Emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the Empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empress's hands. I told his Majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the Emperor, my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the Emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power, wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground wrapt up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city and desired his Imperial Majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen under the command of the vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round while I went back the shortest way to the coast where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up I stript myself and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end

of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war. But I found all my labour to little purpose, for being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands ; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits ; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastening them first to the boat and then to nine of the vessels which attended me, the wind being favourable the seamen towed, and I shoved till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart ; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our Emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his Imperial Majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well-known at our court, and would return in a few days when that ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence ; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was despatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no further than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of Nardac, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer, consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible ; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their Majesties would soon be made easy ; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direc-

tion; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had past; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the Emperor at all displeased; and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his Majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred sprugs a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit; and besides a diligent search into my pockets his Majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a

league to the north-west. I advanced forward and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment and went to my rest. I slept well, and I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands, which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south east; my course was due east. I hailed her but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of thirty degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred "sprugs" each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe on shore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred

pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep; which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more, so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the Grammar School, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of my wife, and boy, and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, Commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the Author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception there, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

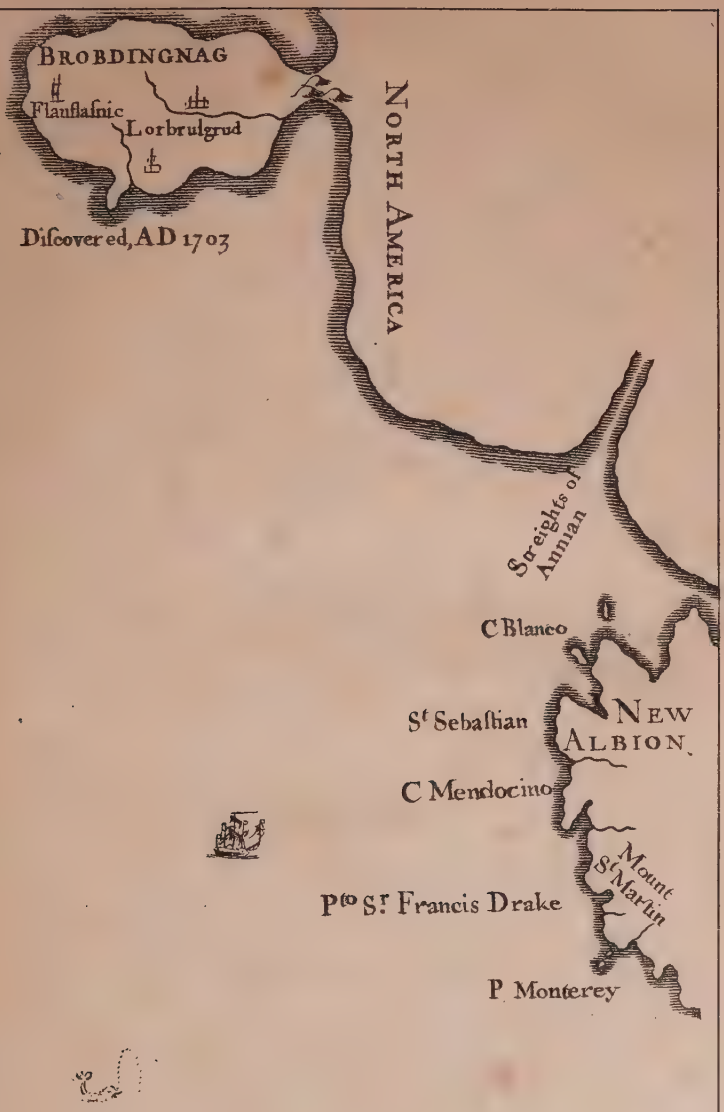
HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in ten months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Capt. John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good-Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak we unshipped our goods, and wintered there ; for the Captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar ; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following : for a southern wind, called the Southern, Monsoon began to set in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our spritsail, and stood by to hand the foresail ; but making foul weather, we looked the guns

were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail and set him, we hauled aft the fore sheet; the helm was hard a weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the foredown-hall; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, maintop-sail and the foretop-sail. Our course was east north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she could lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west south west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north west parts of great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holloa after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: But our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went; and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that


BROBDINGNAG
Flanflasnic
Lorbrulgrud
Discovered, AD 1703
NORTH AMERICA
Streights of Annian
C Blanco
St Sebastian
NEW ALBION
C Mendocino
Mount St Martin
Pto St Francis Drake
P Monterey

which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was above twenty foot high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty foot. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty foot high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six foot high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea, pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous

barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to Death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his fore finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, about sixty foot from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forebear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I supposed by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me? He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sate down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on

my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could : I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which after offering to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me ; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her ; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four and twenty foot diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty foot high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about three gallons, and filled it with drink, I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side ; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt.

I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son who sate next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb ; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again ; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leapt into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work ; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of this animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty foot off, and although my mistress held her fast for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying, or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her ; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses ; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head in his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist ; but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object

ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape and colour. It stood prominent six foot, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug so varified with spots, pimples and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous; for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass, where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand, and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable; although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that Emperor's court, he used to tell me, one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough, which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed; for I must do them justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred foot wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call, and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One

of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcase off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor, which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman with much difficulty at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world, wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance. However, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

MY mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of toward parts for her age, very dextrous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging-shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty foot high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call Nanunculus; the Italians, Homunceletino; and the English, Mannikin. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse: and I should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field about the bigness of a Splacknuck, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of

my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser, and to my misfortune he well deserved it by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understoood some of their words. But the next morning, Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude, vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England; since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the Grultrud, or Crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splacknuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six foot long), and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred foot square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked

me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to go over again with the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky schoolboy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country was very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house; my master made his daughter, Glumdalclitch, ride behind him. She carried me on her lap in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glum-

dalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire to give me air, and showed me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called, in their language, Lorbrulgrud, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred foot wide; he provided a table sixty foot in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three foot from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The author sent for to court. The Queen buys him of his master, the farmer, and presents him to the King. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the Queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the Queen's dwarf.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health; the more my master got by me, the more unsatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I soon must die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a Slardral, or gentleman usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her Majesty and those who attended her were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table), which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it, with the utmost respect, to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to

the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave, but if I were at my own disposal I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores ; but, allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the Queen, since I was now her Majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court ; and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service, to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The Queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her Majesty that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field ; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for ; that the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength ; that my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day, and that if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill treated under the protection of so great and good an empress—the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation—so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation ; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The Queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hands, and carried me to the King, who was then retired to his cabinet. His Majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the Queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a Splacnuck ; for such it seems he took me to be as I lay upon my breast in her Majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutore, and commanded me to give his Majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words ; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her

sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The King, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet, when he observed my shape exactly and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection), contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a higher price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His Majesty sent for three great scholars who were then in their weekly waiting (according to the custom in that country). These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered by many learned arguments to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the Queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty foot high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only Relplum Scalcath, which is interpreted, literally, *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavour in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the King, and assured his Majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his Majesty's subjects

could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The King, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his Majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the Queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of attending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The Queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bedchamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen foot square, and twelve high, with sash windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs with backs and frames of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in; the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The Queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be got to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The Queen became so fond of my company that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood upon a stool on the floor near my table to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries; which, in proportion to those of the Queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house. These my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the Queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat

upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the Queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelvepenny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that, every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, was their Sabbath), the King and Queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his Majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellars. This Prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the State, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand; and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I were a Whig or a Tory. Then, turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; and yet, said he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But, as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes, to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birthday clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner, of strutting and bowing and prating, to say the truth I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the King and his grandees did at me.

Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the Queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could nothing be more ridiculous than the comparison, so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the Queen's dwarf, who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty foot high) became insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the Queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a small word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me, for Glumdalclitch, in that instant, happened to be at the other end of the room; and the Queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour; for, soon after, the Queen bestowed him to a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the Queen a-laughing, although, at the same time, she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her Majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect as it stood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted upon the stool she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me, for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the Queen upon account of my fearfulness, and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them

as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively, and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which our naturalists tell us enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away, others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These creatures were as large as partridges, I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shown them with some other curiosities in several parts of Europe; upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The King's Palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I NOW intend to give the Reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud the metropolis. For, the Queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the King in his progresses, and there stayed till his Majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this Prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the

North-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops. Neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats, so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching : whereby it is manifest, that nature in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders ; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud : I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it ; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three glonglungs (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet ; I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of buildings about seven miles round : the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty foot high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops ; and I was always of the party, carried in my box ; although the girl at my own desire would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster Hall, but not altogether so high, however. I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an English eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I

could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five woolpacks, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty foot high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve foot square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling closet was an exact square with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put in a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle my box, and place it on a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for, the height is not above three thousand foot, and reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which allowing for the difference between the size of those people, and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in

proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred foot thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty foot square, and adorned on all sides with statues of Gods and Emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four foot and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in an handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The King's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred foot high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least, a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the King and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His Majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables; they are generally from fifty-four to sixty foot high. But when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for State by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shows his skill in navigation.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the Queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs shew my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and

knocked me down flat on my face, but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and, when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the gardens with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at Court; for the girl was afraid of the Queen's anger, and truly as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified, to observe in those solitary works that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would turn back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the Queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted, because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins, which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the Queen, my mistress, and Glumdalclitch, my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour when my nurse carried me to visit them, was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence. For they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence while I was placed on their toilet directly before their naked bodies, which, I am sure, to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than pack-

threads, to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple while I was by to discharge what they had drunk, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant, frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted; and, as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for the purpose, and his head cut off at a blow with a sword of about forty foot long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air that the great jet d'eau at Versailles was not equal, for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold-floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for, although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first rate man of war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure boat with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the Queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls or little oars for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred foot long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were

weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased; When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should have infallibly fallen down forty foot upon the floor, if by the luckiest chance in the world I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waist-band of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length caught hold of the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country cloth was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face

very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it, whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The King, Queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her Majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the King after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his Majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to with-

draw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his honour should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his Majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour doing himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the Queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her Majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief; for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, where the Queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the Court, so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the author to please the King and Queen. He shows his skill in music. The King inquires into the state of Europe, which the author relates to him. The King's observations thereon.

I USED to attend the King's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold, for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His Majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb, which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the Queen's woman to save for me the combings of her Majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity;

and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finished I made a present of them to her Majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The Queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her Majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse about five foot long, with her Majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the Queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it, but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The King, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them; but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army beating and sounding together just at your ears could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the places where the performers sat as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her. I call it a spinet because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head that I would entertain the King and Queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult, for the spinet was near sixty foot long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that, with my arms extended, I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this. I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four foot below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their Majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor, consequently play the bass and treble together as other artists do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The King, who, as I before observed, was a Prince of excellent un-

derstanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his Majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of the mind he was master of. That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That among other animals bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his Majesty some signal service. The King heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his Majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors born to the King and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched, and sought out, through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and

love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours, and the King heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of all questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his Majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court-lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives, had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have

any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his Majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and, this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in the Chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we should find money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and extensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight, and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the

public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming. He desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep out very nobles in dependance, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they have received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only an heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, or ambition could produce.

His Majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken, compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country: you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness and vice may be sometimes the only ingredients for qualifying a legislator: that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one virtue is required towards the procurement of any one station among you, much less that men were ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests were advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself (continued the King), who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the King, which is rejected. The King's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. Their laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

NOTHING but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard, indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further, to shew the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his Majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into an heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into an hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were

besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his Majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred foot long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his Majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The King was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines and the proposal I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent King, whose character I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, they not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the King, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy or some rival nation were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And, he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve

better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But, the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only in two and twenty. But, indeed, few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the King's, which is reckoned the biggest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred foot long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The Queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms a kind of wooden machine five and twenty foot high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty foot long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten foot distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty foot long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid, for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bedchamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry.

He added that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of man were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages, which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or of being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread of drawing lectures in morality, or, indeed, rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the King's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse; if that may be called an army which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about a hundred foot high. I have seen this whole body of horse upon a word of command draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing: it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this Prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading, their histories, for in the course of many ages they have been troubled with the same disease to which so many other governments are subject,—the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the King for absolute dominion; all which however happily tempered by the laws of the kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have once or more occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this Prince's grandfather by a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The King and Queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I HAD always a strong impulse that I should sometime recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the King had given strict orders that if at any time another appeared it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed. But I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness. I was the favourite of a great King and Queen, and the delight of the whole court, but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without fear of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common, the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the King and Queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve foot wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather as I slept, which hole I shut at pleasure, with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end the King thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about

half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is that while I slept the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window, searching about and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it. For the sagacity and smell of this bird enable him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign-post in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash that sounded louder to mine ears than the cataract of Niagara ; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of my windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five foot deep in water. I did then, and do now, suppose that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he was defending himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved ; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got, with much difficulty, out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slipboard on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me ! And I may say with

truth that, in the midst of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse,—the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the Queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed in pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or a rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death, nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might, at least, preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up, as I may call it, in the hold; or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger! I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea, for I now and then felt a sort of tugging which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in this box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour or better that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three foot higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse, in return to which I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue: "If there be anybody below let them speak." I answered I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the

greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly thought I was mad; others laughed, for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four foot square; then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed my eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box too good to be lost: a fine hammock, an handsome field bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities concluded I was raving. However (I suppose to pacify me), he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hulk drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying

some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire-lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to row my chest, as they called it, towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three foot. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy men must be shut up in the cavity. I asked whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me, to which he answered that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain how far he reckoned we might be from land. He said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea; whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions; for, although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe on shore in the first port where we arrived. He added that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet). I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely

delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the King's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her Majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long: four wasp stings, like joiners' tacks: some combings of the Queen's hair: a gold ring which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring, in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe, it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it in paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary, wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers. That my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals, or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the King or Queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him, I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper, he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to

take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered, it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nutshell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the Queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given a hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great an height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin was in his return to England driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports and sent in his longboat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the 3rd day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask me blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty foot; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had

lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the meantime I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

Parts Unknown
LAND OF
St James Bay
Robbin I
Patience
Straits of Le Vries
Companys
Land
Staats I
IESSO
Salmon I
C. Canal
Sea of Corea
Sunda I
Tarpu
Niwab
Toy
Red Pt.
Bosho Pt
Barnevelts
Meaco
Iedo
JAPON
Nangasaqui
Tonsa I.
Ongeluckig I.
Bungo I.
South I.
Dimeris Strats.
I. Sanxuina.
LUCNIAGG
Sialo
Glangurn
Maldonada
Clamrgnig
I Deserta
Urac
Ilmal
Lapula
BALNIBARBI
Lagado
Dicovered A.D 1701

PART III.

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIBB, AND JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

The Author sets out on his Third Voyage; is taken by Pirates. The Malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an Island. He is received into Laputa.

I HAD not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant; he had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer, and hearing of my arrival made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking whether I were now settled for life, adding that he intended a voyage to the East Indies, in two months. At last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; that I should have another surgeon under me besides our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea-affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had share in the command.

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent, however, I at last obtained by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. Stayed there three weeks to refresh our crew,

many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in some months. Therefore in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic for two months, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep loaden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men, but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order,) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back, and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries, in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and, turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence, in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said we should not die. I made the captain a very low bow, and then turning to the Dutchman, said I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words, for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to after the promise made me, that I should not die), however prevailed so far as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse in all human appearance than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions, which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and of longitude 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket-glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the

wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however, I got many birds' eggs, and striking fire I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I eat no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strowing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in, which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could (for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass). I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be. Yet I found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise, and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks; the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscured, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forward towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes: but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket-perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping, but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motions of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might some way or other help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able

(as it should seem), to raise, or sink, or put it into a progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet soon after it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out), and my handkerchief towards the island; and, upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice, and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gathered to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me, and to each other, thet they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than an hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over-against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth, dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian: and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Laputians described. An account of their learning. Of the King and his court. The author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fears and disquietudes. An account of the women.

AT my alighting I was surrounded by a crowd of people; but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsicords, and many more instruments of music unknown to us in Europe. I observed

here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles (as I was afterwards informed). With these bladders they now and then slapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing, for which reason those persons who are able to afford it always keep a Flapper (the original is Climenole) in their family as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two or three more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresseth himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and in the streets of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers ; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the King seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His Majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear, at which he started like one awaked on the sudden ; and looking towards me, and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear, but I made signs as well as I could that I had no occasion for such an instrument, which, as I afterwards found, gave his Majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The King, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found that I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by the King's order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his prede-

cessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought; and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the King's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks, trussed up into the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the King's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them. I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences, for my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, or turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me, also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together, with the denominations of many figures of planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me I placed all my words with their interpretations in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word which I interpret the flying or floating island is, in the original, Laputa, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. Lap, in the old obsolete language, signifieth high; and Untuh, a governor, from which, they say, by corruption was derived Laputa from Lapuntuh; but I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was quasi Lap Outed, Lap signifying properly the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and Outed a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the King had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take my measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper, and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court was able to understand many things the King spake, and to return him some kind of answers. His Majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the King himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his Majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose several packthreads were let down with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which, mounted up directly like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the King's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his Majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built; the walls bevel without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect ariseth from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic, those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of State, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences, unless those people suppose that, because the smallest circle hath as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe; but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted either by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread), it will conceive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes. That the sun daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated: which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their

own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants; but the vexation is that they act with too much ease and security, for the husband is always so wrapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easily to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children, is married to the Prime Minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island, went down to Lagado, on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her, and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and hath not been heard of since.

This may, perhaps, pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote: but he may please to consider that the caprices of womenkind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the King's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His Majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been, but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A Phenomenon solved by modern Philosophy and Astronomy. The Laputians' great Improvements in the latter. The King's Method of suppressing Insurrections.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know to what cause in art, or in nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7,837

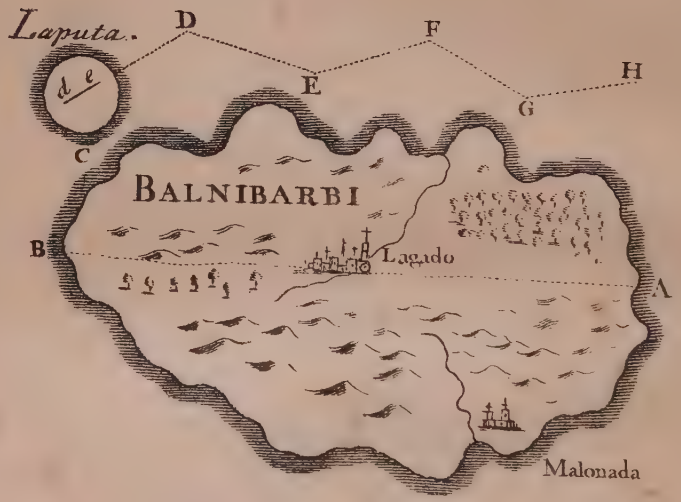
yards, or about four miles and an half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom or under surface, which appears to those who view it from below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould ten or twelve foot deep. This declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets towards the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the Monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rains whenever he pleases: for the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, from whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called Flandona Gagnole, or the Astronomer's Cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which from the reflection of the adamant cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly, that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with an hollow cylinder of adamant, four foot deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant, which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the Monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too. For in this magnet the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion the island is conveyed to different parts of the Monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let A B represent a line drawn cross the dominions of Balnibarbi, let


Laputa.
D
F
H
d e
E
G
C
BALNIBARBI
B
Lagado
A
Malonada

he line c d represent the loadstone, of which let d be the repelling nd, and c the attracting end; the island being over C, let the stone e placed in the position c d, with its repelling end downwards, then he island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arived at D, let the stone be turned upon its axle till its attracting end oints towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E, where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the osition E F, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise bliquely towards F, where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downwards. And thus by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction; and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the King's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island standeth still; for in that case, the extremities of it being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who from time to time give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses far excelling ours in goodness. For this advantage hath enabled them to extend the discoveries much farther than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars; whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and an half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars, which evidently shews them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence), it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very

lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.

The King would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite hath a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the King hath two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with death and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes an universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution, nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below, for the island is the King's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under-surface of the island, which, although it consists, as I have said, of one entire adamant two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the King, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the King, nor either of his two elder sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the Queen, she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The author leaves Laputa, is conveyed to Balnibarbi, arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis and the country adjoining. The author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill-treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt. For neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent for two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court pages, during two months of my abode here, by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language; I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the King, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the Crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour, but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place; neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to shew me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning, of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his Majesty for leave to depart, which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret: for, indeed, he had made me several offers very advantageous, which however I refused with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th day of February I took leave of his Majesty and the court. The King made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector his kinsman as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the

metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the Flying Island, passes under the general name of Balnibarbi, and the metropolis, as I said before, is called Lagado. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London, but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances both in town and country, and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years Governor of Lagado; but by a cabal of ministers was discharged for insufficiency. However, the King treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs, with other common topics to the same purpose. But when we returned to his palace, he asked me how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress and looks of his domestics. This he might safely do, because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others. He said, if I would go with him to his country house about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation. I told his excellency that I was entirely at his disposal; and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey, he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover

one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, that there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house; that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom, which however was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself.

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw; whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper, when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode, destroy all his plantations, and cast others in such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his Majesty's displeasure.

That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish when he had informed me of some particulars, which probably I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons upon their return began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for erecting an Academy of Projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures, whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing; all the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred-fold more than they do at present, with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection, and in the meantime the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes, by all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair. That as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in

the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill will, as enemies to art, ignorant and ill commonwealthsmen, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added that he would not by any further particulars prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family as well as a great number of his tenants. That about seven years ago a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut for a repository of water to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion. And because the water descending down a declivity would turn the mill with half the current of a river whose course is more upon a level. He said that, being not then very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing an hundred men for two years the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment with equal assurance of success as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town, and his Excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which indeed was not without truth, for I myself had been a sort of a projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.

The author permitted to see the Grand Academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the professors employ themselves.

THIS Academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places; his clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight

years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate ; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper to give no offence, which would be highly resented, and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy. His face and beard were of a pale yellow ; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him he gave me a very close embrace (a compliment I could well have excused). His employment from his first coming into the academy was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society of a vessel filled with human ordure about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect who had contrived a new method for building houses by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind who had several apprentices in his own condition. Their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs to save the charges of ploughs, cattle and labour. The method is this : in an acre of ground you bury at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables whereof these animals are fondest ; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as

spin. And he proposed farther that, by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved, whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues he hoped to fit everybody's fancy as soon as he could find proper food for the flies of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings by the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the cholic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows with a long, slender muzzle of ivory. This he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it (like water put into a pump) and the patient recover. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companions. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs: the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projector in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room with forty pupils

about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprung in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour may write both in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty foot square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood about the bigness of a dye, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them, and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, or the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which however might be still improved and much expedited if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had employed the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in the book between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I

would take such caution that he should have the honour entire without a rival.

We next went to the school of language, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, al things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever ; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their ancestors ; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a great bundle of things upon his back unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs like pedlars among us, who, when they meet in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their saddles, and hold conversation for an hour together ; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore, the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand requisite to furnish matter of this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as an universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And the ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of State, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous

that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of the academy. The author proposes some improvements which are honourably received.

IN the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild impossible chimæras that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions, to which the several kinds of public administration are subject by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey: for instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescription? It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours, with many diseases of the head and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fœtid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations, with canine appetites and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of a Senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulses of every Senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the method of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the Senate House, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and before the members sate, administer to each of them lenatives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required, and according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and would, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power, beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed that whoever attended a First Minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said Minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness: and at every levee day repeat the same operation, till the business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this. You take an hundred leaders of each party, you dispose of them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness, but the Professor assured us, that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion. And as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the Doctor assured us from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly, and the sum fixed upon every man, to be rated after the fairest manner by a jury of his neighbours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary, to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves, the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and natures of the favours they have received, for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and

politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed and collected in the same manner, by every person giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, charity, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting,

To keep Senators in the interest of the Crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments, every man first taking an oath, and giving security that he would vote for the court, whether he won or no, after which the losers had in their turn the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive, none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to Fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another Professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the Governments. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons ; their times of eating ; upon which side they lay in bed ; with which hand they wiped their posteriors ; take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion form a judgment of their thoughts and designs. Because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment : for in such conjunctures, when he used merely as a trial to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green, but quite different when he thought only of raising an insurrection or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations both curious and useful for politicians, but as I conceived not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing he would be glad to receive farther information.

I told him that should I live in a country where plots and conspiracies were either in vogue from the turbulency of the meaner people, or could be turned to the use and service of the higher rank of them, I first would take care to cherish and encourage the breed of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments ; and when I had got a competent number of them of all sorts and capacities, I would put them under the colour and conduct of some dexterous person in sufficient power both to protect and reward them. Men thus qualified and thus empowered might make a most excellent use and advantage of plots, they might raise their own characters and pass for most profound politicians, they might restore new vigour to a crazy

In Writing the Book he could not

administration, they might stifle or divert general discontents; fill their pockets with forfeitures, and advance or sink the opinion of public credit, as either might answer their private advantage. This might be done by first agreeing and settling among themselves what suspected persons should be accused of a plot. Then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the criminal in safe and secure custody. These papers might be delivered to a set of artists of dexterity sufficient to find out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables and letters. They should be allowed to put what interpretation they pleased upon them, giving them a sense not only which has no relation at all to them, but even what is quite contrary to their true intent and real meaning; thus, for instance, they may, if they so fancy, interpret a sieve to signifiy a court lady, a lame dog an invader, the plague a standing army, a buzzard a great statesman, the gout a high priest, a chamber-pot a committee of grandees, a broom a revolution, a mouse-trap an employment, a bottomless-pit a treasury, a sink a court, a cap and bells a favourite, a broken reed a court of justice, an empty tun a general, a running sore an administration.

But should this method fail, recourse might be had to others more effectual, by learned men called acrostics and anagrams. First might be found men of skill and penetration who can discern that all initial letters have political meanings. Thus N shall signify a plot, B a regiment of horse, L a fleet at sea. Or secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, who can discover the deepest designs of a discontented party. So for example, if I should say in a letter to a friend, "Our brother Tom has just got the piles," a man of skill in this art would discover how the same letters which compose that sentence may be analysed into the following words; "Resist ——— a plot is brought home ———— The Tower." And this is the anagrammatic method.

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER V.

The Author leaves Lagado, arrives at Maldonada. No Ship ready. He takes a short Voyage to Glubbdubdrib. His reception by the Governor.

THE continent of which this kingdom was a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward to that unknown tract of America, westward of California, and north to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado, where there is a good port and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This Island of Luggnagg stands south-eastwards of Japan, about an hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese Emperor and the King of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe.

I hired two mules with a guide to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called), there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor like to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west. He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient barque for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the Island of Sorcerers or Magicians. It is about one-third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He hath a noble palace and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty foot high. In this park are several smaller inclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he hath a power of calling whom he pleaseth from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me, went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence, where, after three profound obeisances and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of his island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger, at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream, when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me that I should receive no hurt; and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures, yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those

domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting of his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarised to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great, at the head of his army just after the battle of Arbela, which upon a motion of the governor's finger immediately appeared in a large field under the window, where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour that he was not poisoned, but died of a fever by excessive drinking.

Next I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a latter age, in counterview in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demigods; the other a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highwaymen and bullies.

The governor at my request gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity, and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other, and Cæsar freely confessed to me, that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal by many degrees to the glory of taking it away. I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the Younger, Sir Thomas More and himself, were perpetually together: a sextumvirate to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A further account of Glubbdubdrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew and could distinguish those two heroes at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him, and he asked them whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves.

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found, that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the Vortices of Descartes were equally exploded. He predicted the same fate to Attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not shew us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot

of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen who conducted me to the island were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure for two or three hundred years past in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquesses, dukes, earls, and the like I was not so scrupulous. And I confess it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features by which certain families are distinguished up to their originals. I could plainly discover from whence one family derives a long chin, why a second hath abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers. Whence it came what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *nec vir fortis, nec fœmina casta.* How cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coat of arms. Who first brought the pox into a noble house, which hath lineally descended in scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages by pages, lacqueys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, captains, and pick-pockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes for an hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards, the wisest counsel to fools, sincerity to flatterers, Roman virtue to betrayers of their country, piety to atheists, chastity to sodomites, truth to informers. How many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of faction. How many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit. How great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and bufioons! How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success.

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history, who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of State, and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the

secret causes of many great events that have surprised the world, how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed in my presence that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct; and an admiral that for want of proper intelligence he beat the enemy to whom he intended to betray the fleet. Three kings protested to me, that in their whole reigns they did never once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again: and they showed with great strength of reason that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into man, was a perpetual clog to public business.

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner, by what method great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period; however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told that I do not in the least intend my own country in what I say upon this occasion) a great number of persons concerned were called up, and upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities were amongst the most excusable arts they had to mention, and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy and incest, others to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others to the betraying their country or their prince; some to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice in order to destroy the innocent; I hope I may be pardoned if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry I was told that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them whom history hath represented as the vilest rogues and traitors. As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit, most of them telling me they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.

Among the rest there was one person whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me he had for many years been commander of a ship, and in the sea-fight at Actium, had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Anthony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action. He added that upon the confidence of some merit, this war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed: but without any regard to his pretensions, it was given

to a youth who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited upon one of the Emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessels, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm, at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life. I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared and confirmed the whole account, but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise as well as pillage hath been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerate among us, within these hundred years past. How the pox under all its consequences and denominations had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low as to desire that some English yeomen of the old stamp, might be summoned to appear, once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet and dress, for justice in their dealings, for their true spirit of liberty, for their valour and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grand-children, who in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The Author's Return to Maldonada. Sails to the Kingdom of Luggnagg. The Author confined. He is sent for to Court. The manner of his Admittance. The King's great Lenity to his Subjects.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his Highness the Governor of Glubbdubdribb, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen and some others were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the Trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1711, we sailed in the River Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and

rocks which are very dangerous in a passage to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots that I was a stranger and a great traveller, whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which by the force of much commerce is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen, and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself an Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, from whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country. The officer said I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the King's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they never heard.

I hired a young man who came in the same ship to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to Traldragdubb or Trildrogdrib, for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the King notice of my approach, and to desire that his Majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to *lick the dust before his footstool.* This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl on my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it swept so clean that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those

who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his Majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of. When the King hath a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands to have the floor strowed with a certain brown powder, of a deadly composition, which being licked up infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he hath of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipt, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it, by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the King at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious, as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times on the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before: *Ickpling Gloffthrobb Squutserumm blhiop Mlashnalt Zwin tnodbalkguffh Slhiophad Gurdlubh Asht.* This is the compliment established by the laws of the land for all persons admitted to the King's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: May your celestial Majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and an half. To this the King returned some answer, which although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Fluft drin Yalerick Dwuldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies, My tongue is in the mouth of my friend, and by this expression was meant that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his Majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The King was much delighted with my company, and ordered his Bliffmarklub or high chamberlain to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country out of perfect obedience to his Majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But, I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnuggians commended. A particular description of the Struldbrugs, with many conversations between the author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

THE Luggnuggians are a polite and generous people, and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintances among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day in much good company I was asked by a person of quality, whether I had seen any of their Struldbrugs or immortals. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any farther alteration. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred Struldbrugs of both sexes in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago. That these productions were not peculiar to any family but a mere effect of chance, and the children of the Struldbrugs themselves, were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out as in a rapture; "Happy nation where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! happy people who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! But, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent Struldbrugs, who born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death." I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court: the black spot on the forehead, being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his Majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience that young

men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the King was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his Majesty, having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would with great thankfulness accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the Struldbrugs, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me with a sort of a smile, which usually ariseth from pity to the ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence the same person told me, that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a Struldbrug.

I answered, it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who have been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a Struldbrug, as soon as I could discover my own happiness by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve by all arts and methods whatsoever to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes, and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, languages, fashions, dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasury of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life.

But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner, just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

These Struldbruggs, and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials through the course of time, remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind, which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

Add to all this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of States and empires, the changes in the lower and upper world, ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings. Famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks, the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown. Barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy by outliving and confirming our own predictions, by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars.

I enlarged upon many other topics which the natural desire of endless life and sublunary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted as before to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last the same gentleman, who had been my interpreter, said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of Struldbruggs was peculiar to their county, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan where he had the honour to be ambassador from his Majesty, and found the natives in both these kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible, and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where during his residence he had converse very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the eldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat; only in this island of

Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the Struldbruggs before their eyes.

That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health, but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For, although few men will avow their desires of being immortal upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned of Balnibarbi and Japan he observed that every man desired to put off death for some time longer, let it approach ever so late, and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me whether in those countries I had travelled as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.

After this preface he gave me a particular account of the Struldbruggs among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to four-score. This he learned from their own confession; for, otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to four-score years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospects of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others are gone to an harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact it is safer to depend on common traditions than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a Struldbrugg happen to marry one of his own kind the marriage is dissolved of course by the courtesy of the kingdom as soon as the younger of the two come to be four-score. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor

ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite; the diseases they were subject to still continuing without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the Struldbruggs of one age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals, and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the Struldbruggs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them Slumskudask, or a token of remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are deprived and hated by all sort of people; when one of them is born it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly, so that you may know their age by consulting the registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history, for infallibly the last prince in their mind, did not begin his reign after they were four-score years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described, and among half a dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe that from what I had heard and seen my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life. The King heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of Struldbruggs to my own country to arm our

people against the fear of death; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the laws of this kingdom relating to the Struldbruggs were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. From thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I THOUHT this account of the Struldbruggs might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least, I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that hath come to my hands. And if I am deceived, my excuse must be that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan, and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the Struldbruggs; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to that language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His Majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart, and honoured me with a letter of recommendation under his own hand to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighting in even numbers) and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th day of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his Majesty, and all my friends. This Prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point where there is a narrow strait, leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the King of Luggnagg to his Imperial Majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, A King lifting up a lame beggar from the earth. The magistrates of the town hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo, where I was admitted to an au-

dience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the Emperor by an interpreter, who then gave me notice by his Majesty's order that I should signify my request, and whatever it were it should be granted for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg. This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders; he soon conjectured by my countenance that I was an European, and therefore repeated his Majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered (as I had before determined) that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, from whence I travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan, where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe. I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac. To this I added another petition that, for the sake of my patron the King of Luggnagg, his Majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen of trampling upon the crucifix, because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes without any intention of trading. When this latter petition was interpreted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised, and said he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point, and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or no, but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the King of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen, the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage. I returned my thanks by the interpreter for so unusual a favour, and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna, of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew from whence I came last; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland. I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above-mentioned. I evaded the question by general answers that I had satisfied the Emperor and court in all particulars. However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me told him I had not yet trampled on the crucifix.

But the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo, after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we stayed only to take in fresh water. On the 16th of April we arrived safe to Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 10th of April, 1710, we put in at the Downs. I landed the next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

PART IV.

A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him, confine him a long time to his cabin, set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up in the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I CONTINUED at home with my wife and children about five months in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventure, a stout merchantman of 350 tons. For I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the second day of August, 1710; on the fourteenth we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Tenariff, who was going to the Bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the sixteenth he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return that his ship foundered, and none escaped, but one cabin-boy. He was an honest man and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it hath been of several others. For if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched by the direction of the merchants who employed me, which I had soon too much cause to repent, for I found afterwards that most of

them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board, and my orders were that I should trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues whom I had picked up debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir. I told them I was their prisoner, and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But, first, they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians, but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the ninth day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and a small bundle of linen, but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself, but said that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place, where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled,

Nuyts Land
Edels Land
Lewins Land
I. St. Francoi
I. St. Pieter
Sweers I.
I. Maetsuyker
De Wits I.
HOUYHNHNMS
LAND
Discovered AD 1711

and others lank, they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore-parts of their legs and feet, but the rest of their bodies were bare so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground ; for the posture they used as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, hooked. They would often spring and bound, and leap with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males : they had long, lank hair on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. Their dugs hung between their fore feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours,—brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not gone far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before ; then, approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell. But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike him with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart he drew back, and roared so loud that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces ; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood getting hold of the branches behind leapt up in the tree, from whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head. However, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could, at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand I saw a horse walking softly in the field, which my persecutors having sooner discovered was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder. He viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time ; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal, seeming to receive my civili-

ties with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviours in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple-grey, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near him, to expect his farther commands; but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain, how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The grey steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better, by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised, the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right-hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded, they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, were resolved to divert themselves with him; or perhaps were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature and complexion from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: Gentlemen, if you be conjurors, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know, that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast, and I entreat one of you, to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village,

where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet (taking them out of my pocket). The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed, that their language expressed the passions very well, and their words might with little pains be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word Yahoo, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant; yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practice this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced Yahoo in a loud voice, imitating, at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised, and the grey repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent, wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, Houyhnhnms. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former, but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some farther discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the grey made me signs that I should walk before them, wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry Hhuun, hhuun; I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which, he would stand awhile to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The author in distress for want of meat, is at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

HAVING travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber, stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags, and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business. They seemed but ordinary cattle, however this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilize brute

animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The grey came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment, which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third, here the grey walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents, for the master and mistress of the house: they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I observed no other returns, than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller, than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes: I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides, to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the grey horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting upon their haunches, upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; then turning to the horse, I heard the word Yahoo often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it were the first I had learned to pronounce; but I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification: for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word Hhuun, hhuun, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of these detestable creatures, whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong wyths, fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together; and our countenances diligently compared, both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word Yahoo. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal, a perfect human

figure; the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide. But these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else, but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was, to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception: the sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a whisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify, that neither of these were food for me. And, indeed, I now apprehended, that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species: for as to those filthy Yahoos, although there were few greater lovers of mankind, at that time, than myself; yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to let me go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowl full, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality, he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a

large rack with angles answering to every partition of the manger. So that each horse and mare eat their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The grey ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word Yahoo.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master-grey observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet; he put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk, and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood, and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others; which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done the master horse took me aside, and by signs and wonders made me understand the concern that he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats, in their tongue, are called Hlunnh. This word I pronounced two or three times, for, although I had refused them at first, yet upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire, and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and, having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe that I never had one hour's sickness while I stayed in this island. 'Tis true I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird by springs made of Yahoo's hairs, and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled or eat as salads with my bread, and now and then for a rarity I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt; but custom soon reconciled the want of it, and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man; and as to myself, when I left this country it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I eat.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned

whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in ; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The author studious to learn the language, the Houyhnhnm, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several Houyhnhnms of quality come out of curiosity to see the author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

MY principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house were desirous to teach me. For they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe ; but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V., made almost the same observation when he said that if he were to speak to his horse it should be in High Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a Yahoo, but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him ; which were qualities altogether so opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body, for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn from whence I came, how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions, and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and wrote the words down with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing ; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books and literature.

In about ten weeks time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature, because the Yahoos

(whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face that were only visible) with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes. I answered that I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees. That my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty and by the help of many signs that I brought him to understand me. He replied that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not. (For they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood.) He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houynhnhm in their tongue signifies a horse, and, in its etymology, the perfection of nature. I told my master that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders. He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me, and every day for two or three hours he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house upon the report spread of a wonderful Yahoo that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed in his words and actions to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers, as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoke, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident, which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that, every night when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip and cover myself with my clothes. It happened one morning, early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet; when he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered, for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress in order to distinguish myself as much as I could from the cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my

clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of Yahoos or other brutes, whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that in the country from whence I came those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air both hot and cold, of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction if he pleased to command me ; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that Nature taught us to conceal. He said my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part, for he could not understand why Nature should teach us to conceal what Nature had given. That neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies ; but however I might do as I pleased, whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat ; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently ; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times, after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo ; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness and whiteness and smoothness of my skin, my want of hair in several parts of my body, the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before, and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo, an odious animal, for which I had so utter an hatred and contempt. I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and take the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise that the secret of having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last ; for, as to what the sorrel nag his valet had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to, and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or no ; adding that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

From thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me ; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility, because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which

I answered as well as I could ; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation ; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose :

That I came from a very far country, as I had already attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos. He asked me who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes? My answer was that I durst proceed no farther in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed ; and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who, in all the countries I had travelled as well as in my own, were the only governing, rational animals ; and that upon my arrival hither I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings, as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo, to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther that, if good fortune ever restored me to my native country to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing which was not ; that I invented the story out of my own head ; and with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended, our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.

CHAPTER IV.

The Houyhnhnms' notion of truth and falsehood. The author's discourse disapproved by his master. The author gives a more particular account of himself, and the accidents of his voyage.

MY master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance, because doubting or not believing are so little known in this country that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus : that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts ; now if any one said the thing which was not, those ends were defeated ; because I cannot properly be said to understand him, and I am so far from receiving information that he

leaves me worse than in ignorance, for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood among human creatures.

To return from this digression; when I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country—which my master said was altogether past his conception—he desired to know whether we had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment. I told him we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, when Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds. "I understand you well," said my master, "it is now very plain from all you have spoken that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretended to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters; I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable. I begged his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any farther, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing. But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst; I told him he should be obeyed. I owned that the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had, that they excelled in strength and swiftness: and when they belonged to persons of quality employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots they were treated with much kindness and care till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; and then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and feed them worse. I described, as well as I could, our way of riding, the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip, of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance called iron at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back, for he was sure that the meanest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or by lying down, and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death. I answered that our horses were trained up from three or four years old to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten while they were young for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason any more than the Yahoos in this country.

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language doth not abound in variety

of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to repeat his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race, particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said if it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason they certainly must be the governing animal, because reason will in time always prevail against brutal strength. But considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common office of life; whereupon he desired to know whether those among whom I lived resembled me or the Yahoos of his country. I assured him that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger and the females were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk. He said I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed, but in point of real advantage he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet. As to my fore-feet he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered, neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped I must inevitably fall. He then began to find fault with other parts of my body, the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in the front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head. That I was not able to feed myself without lifting my fore feet to my mouth; and therefore Nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And, lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them, so that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would (as he said) debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither.

I assured him how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied in every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them. That, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words, which he was pleased to promise me.

I said my birth was of honest parents in an island called England,

which was remote from this country as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun. That I was bred a surgeon, whose trade is to cure wounds and hurts in the body got by accident or violence ; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called Queen. That I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family when I should return. That in my last voyage I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty Yahoos under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations. That our ship was twice in danger of being sunk ; the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock. Here my master interposed by asking me how I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me after the losses I had sustained and the hazards I had run. I said they were fellows of desperate fortunes forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by lawsuits ; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming ; others fled for treason ; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes or sodomy, for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy, and most of them had broken prison ; none of these durst return to their native countries for fear of being hanged or of starving in a jail ; and therefore were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places.

During this discourse my master was pleased to interrupt me several times ; I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly the country. This labour took up several days conversation before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which I endeavoured to give him some ideas of the desire of power and riches, of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting of cases, and making of suppositions ; after which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature in our parts of the world is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The author, at his master's commands, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The author begins to explain the English constitution.

THE reader may please to observe that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points, of which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction as I farther improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue. I laid before him as well as I could the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made as they arose upon several subjects were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it into order as well as I can without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience therefore to his honour's commands I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange, the long war with France entered into by the said Prince, and renewed by his successor, the present Queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued. I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been killed in the whole progress of it, and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and thrice as many ships burnt or sunk.

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered, they were innumerable, but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern: sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions hath cost many millions of lives. For instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red or grey; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take

ours or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince send forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes, and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel: poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud, and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For those reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others: because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

There are likewise another kind of princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in many northern parts of Europe.

What you have told me (said my master) upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature hath left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief.

For your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have *said the thing that is not.*

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me

silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation. That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a Gnnayh (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting my hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

He added, that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be farther satisfied what I meant by law, and what sort of dispensers thereof it could be by whose practices the property of any person could be lost, instead of being preserved. He added, he saw not what great occasion there could be for this thing called law, since all the intentions and purposes of it may be fully answered by following the dictates of nature and reason, which are sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour, that law was a science wherein I had not much conversed, having little more knowledge of it than what I had obtained by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me, and by conversing with some others who by the same method had first lost their substance, and then left their own country under the mortification of such disappointments; however I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said that those who made profession of this science were exceedingly multiplied, being almost equal to the caterpillars in number; that they were of divers degrees, distinctions, and denominations. The numerousness of those that dedicated themselves to this profession was such that the fair and justifiable advantage and income of the profession was not sufficient for the decent and handsome maintenance of multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that by artifice and cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest methods: the better to bring which about, very many men among us were bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. The greatness of these men's assurance and the boldness of their pretensions gained upon the

opinion of the vulgar, whom in a manner they made slaves of, and got into their hands much of the larger share of the practice of their profession. These practitioners were by men of discernment called petti-foggers (that is, confounders, or rather, destroyers of right), as it was my ill-hap as well as the misfortune of my suffering acquaintance to be engaged only with this species of the profession. I desired his honour to understand the description I had to give, and the ruin I had complained of to relate to these sectaries only, and how and by what means the misfortunes we met with were brought upon us by the management of these men, might be more easily conceived by explaining to him their method of proceeding, which could not be better done than by giving him an example :—

My neighbour, said I, I will suppose, has a mind to my cow, he hires one of these advocates to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another of them to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now in this case, I who am the right owner lie under two great disadvantages. First, my advocate, being, as I said before, practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would argue for right, which as an office unnatural he attempts with great awkwardness, if not with an ill-will. The second disadvantage is that my advocate must proceed with great caution; for, since the maintenance of so many depend on the keeping up of business, should he proceed too summarily, if he does not incur the displeasure of his superiors, he is sure to gain the ill-will and hatred of his brethren, as being by them esteemed one that would lessen the practice of the law. This being the case, I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's advocate with a double fee; from the manner and design of whose education before mentioned it is easy to expect he will be induced to drop his client and let the balance fall to my side. The second way is for my advocate not to insist on the justice of my cause, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be dexterously and skilfully done, will go a great way towards obtaining a favourable verdict, it having been found, from a careful observation of issues and events, that the wrong side, under the management of such practitioners, has the fairer chance for success, and this more especially if it happens, as it did in mine and my friend's case, and may have done since, that the person appointed to decide all controversies of propriety as well as for the trial of criminals, who should be taken out of the most knowing and wise of his profession, is by the recommendation of a great favourite, or court-mistress, chosen out of the sect before mentioned, and so, having been under a strange bias all his life against equity and fair dealing, lies as it were under a fatal necessity of favouring shifting, double-dealing and oppression, and besides through age, infirmity, and distempers grown lazy, unactive, and inattentive, and thereby almost incapacitated from doing anything becoming the nature of his employment and the duty of his office. In such cases, the decisions and determinations of men so bred, and so qualified, may with reason be expected on the wrong side of the cause, since those who can take harangue and noise (if pursued with warmth and drawn out into a

length) for reasoning, are not much to be wondered at, if they infer the weight of the argument from the heaviness of the pleading.

It is a maxim among these men, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made, even those which have through ignorance or corruption contradicted the rules of common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities, and thereby endeavour to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and they are so lucky in this practice, that it rarely fails of decrees answerable to their intent and expectation.

In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary had to my cow, but whether the said cow were red or black, her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square, whether she was milked at home or abroad, what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

It is likewise to be observed that this society hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have gone near to confound the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it may take thirty years to decide whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state the method is much more short and commendable: for if those in power, who know well how to choose instruments fit for their purpose, take care to recommend and promote out of this clan a proper person, his method of education and practice makes it easy to him, when his patron's disposition is understood, without difficulty or study either to condemn or acquit the criminal, and at the same time strictly preserve all due forms of law.

Here my master interposing said it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind as these advocates by the description I gave of them must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which I assured his honour that the business and study of their own calling and profession so took up all their thoughts and engrossed all their time, that they minded nothing else, and that therefore, in all points out of their own trade, many of them were of so great ignorance and stupidity, that it was hard to pick out of any profession a generation of men more despicable in common conversation, or who were so much looked upon as avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, being equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own calling.

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England, so well governed by a Queen as to need no first minister. The character of such an one in some European courts.

MY master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to, the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend or to save, as they found themselves inclined from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice. That the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former. That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully. I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose: but his honour was still to seek: for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them. Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink, as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him, that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round, before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in. He said, that must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was how such vast tracts of grounds as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food, more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, from whence in return we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging,

gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations: every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries, to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses; diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes, and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases, which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities and conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of an hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having upon some occasions informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. He could easily conceive that a Houyhnhnm grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb. But that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought it impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil. I told him we fed on a thousand things which operated the one contrary to each other; that we eat when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion. That prostitute female Yahoos acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this and many other diseases were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers come into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint; in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to them, to remedy which there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession or pretence of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty I would in gratitude to his honour let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

Their fundamental is that all diseases arise from repletion, from whence they conclude that a great evacuation of the body is necessary either through the natural passage or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition for smell and taste the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable they can

possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing; and this they call a vomit, or else from the same storehouse, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels, which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it, and this they call a purge, or a glyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat; therefore, to replace her in it the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

But besides real diseases we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them, and with these our female Yahoos are always infested.

One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power when recovery is not; and, therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world by a seasonable dose.

They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives, who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.

I had formerly upon occasion discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me some time after to inform him what species of Yahoos I particularly meant by that application.

I told him that our she-governor or queen having no ambition to gratify, no inclination to satisfy of extending her power to the injury of her neighbours, or the prejudice of her own subjects, was therefore so far from needing a corrupt ministry to carry on or cover any sinister designs, that she not only directs her own actions to the good of her people, conducts them by the direction, and restrains them within the limitation of the laws of her own country; but submits the behaviour and acts of those she intrusts with the administration of her affairs to the examination of her great council, and subjects them to the penalties of the law; and therefore never puts any such confidence in any of her subjects as to entrust them with the whole and entire administration of her affairs; but I added that, in some former reigns here, and in many other courts of Europe now, where princes grew indolent and careless of their own affairs through a constant love and pursuit of pleasure, they made use of such an administrator as I had mentioned under the title of first or chief minister of state, the description of which, as far as it may be collected not only from their actions, but from the letters, memoirs, and writings published by themselves, the truth of which has

not yet been disputed, may be allowed to be as follows : that he is a person wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger ; at least makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles ; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind ; that he never tells a truth, but with an intent that you should take it for a lie ; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth ; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way to preferment ; and whenever he begins to praise you to others or to yourself you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath, after which every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister ; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor ; and the third is by a furious zeal in public assemblies against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council ; and at last by an act of indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him) they secured themselves from after reckonings, and retired from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade : the pages, lackeys, and porter, by imitating their master become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank, and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence arrive through several gradations to be successors to their lord.

He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.

One day in discourse, my master having heard me mention the nobility of my country was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve : that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour and cleanliness all the Yahoos of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes, and besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason to a degree, that with all his acquaintance I passed for a prodigy.

He made me observe that, among the Houyhnhnms, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-grey were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-grey, and the black ; nor born with equal talents of the mind, or a capacity to improve them ; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural.

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good

opinion he was pleased to conceive of me; but assured him at the same time that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education. That nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution merely for the sake of money, whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, ricketty or deformed children, by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father among her neighbours or acquaintance in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion are no uncommon marks of a great man; and a healthy, robust appearance is so far disgraceful in a man of quality that the world is apt to conclude his real father to have been one of the inferiors of the family, especially when it is seen that the imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body and are little else than a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

CHAPTER VII.

The author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the author, with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species among a race of mortals who were already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind from that entire congruity betwixt me and their Yahoos. But I must freely confess that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlightened my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which among us would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned from his example an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise, and truth appeared so amiable to me that I determined upon sacrificing everything to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable Houyhnhnms in the contemplation and

practice of every virtue; where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect that in what I said of my countrymen I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have indeed for brevity sake omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanding me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me), he said he had been very seriously considering my whole story as far as it related both to myself and my country. That he looked upon us a sort of animals to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use than by its assistance to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones which Nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions. That, as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common Yahoo, that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather. Lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren (as he called them) the Yahoos in this country.

That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and, by consequence, in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was therefore a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people, although he manifestly perceived that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often *said the thing which was not.*

He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because he observed that, as I agreed in every feature of my body with other Yahoos, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds. He said the Yahoos were known to hate one another more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to *cover* our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our own deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mis-

taken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if (said he) you throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident before a Houyhnhnm could secure it for his own Yahoos, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times the like battles have been fought between the Yahoos of several neighbourhoods without any visible cause, those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next before they are prepared. But if they find their project hath miscarried, they return home, and for want of enemies engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the Yahoos are violently fond, and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happeneth, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out, then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice, which I had ascribed to mankind; that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his Yahoos had buried it, whereupon, the sordid animal missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place; there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which when his Yahoo had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and hath ever since been a very serviceable brute.

My master farther assured me, which I also observed myself, that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring Yahoos.

He said it was common when two Yahoos discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both; which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law, wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him, since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us, because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing besides the stone they contended for, whereas our courts of equity would seldom have dismissed the cause while either of them had anything left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said there was nothing that rendered the Yahoos more odious than their undistinguishing appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together. And it was peculiar in their temper that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth at a greater distance than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out they would eat till they were ready to burst, after which Nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the Yahoos sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; and it produced the same effects that wine hath upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl and grin, and chatter, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the dirt.

I did indeed observe that the Yahoos were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called Hnea-Yahoo or the Yahoo's-evil, and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine forcibly put down the Yahoo's throat. This I have since often taken myself, and do freely recommend it to my countrymen for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like, my master confessed he could find little or no resemblance between the Yahoos of that country and those in ours, for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard indeed some curious Houyhnhnms observe that in most herds there was a sort of ruling Yahoo (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park) who was always more deformed in body and mischievous in disposition than any of the rest. That this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female Yahoos to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore to protect himself keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the Yahoos in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine.

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me there were some qualities remarkable in the Yahoos, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very

slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind; he said, those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she Yahoo would admit the male while she was pregnant, and that the hes would quarrel and fight with females as fiercely as with each other. Both which practices were such degrees of brutality that no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

Another thing he wondered at in the Yahoos was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt, whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals. As to the two former accusations I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon this article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there were not), which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a Yahoo, cannot I humbly conceive in justice pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said a fancy would sometimes take a Yahoo to retire into a corner to lie down and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor could the servants imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself. To this I was silent out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizeth on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had farther observed that a female Yahoo would often stand behind a bank or a bush to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain.

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others: however, I could not reflect without some amazement and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the Yahoos of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature it seems hath not been so expert a schoolmistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason, on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

AS I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the Yahoos to myself and my countrymen, and I believed I could yet make farther discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his favour to let me go among the herds of Yahoos in the neighbourhood, to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore those brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard, without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by those odious animals upon my first arrival. And I afterwards failed very narrowly three or four times of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself, by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breast in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred, as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings, is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy; however, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured by all marks of tenderness to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling and scratching and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go, and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about at the noise; but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran), and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon, if it were wholly omitted), that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance, all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence, until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals, their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burthens. Yet I am of opinion this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition. For they are cunning, malicious, treacherous and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red-haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The Houyhnhnms keep the Yahoos for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad in certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and scratch about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and luhimuhs (a sort of wild rat) which they greedily devour. Nature hath taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves, only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female Yahoo standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frighted; the nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner; I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp, with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny, that I was a real Yahoo, in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me as one of their own species: neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular), but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of the kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble Houyhnhnms are endowed by Nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of a question; but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable; because Reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the Houyhnhnms. In like manner, when I used to explain to

him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh that a creature pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things, where that knowledge, if it were certain, would be of no use. Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such a doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths to fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the Houyhnhnms, and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race. For a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it that Nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron Houyhnhnms have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens: but in such a case they meet again, or when the like accident befals a person, whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again till the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being overburthened with numbers. But the race of inferior Houyhnhnms bred up to be servants is not so strictly limited upon this article; these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female, not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness. Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts; or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends: it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a rational being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship, and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species, who come in their way; without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as long in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the

servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes. And my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world: and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the Houyhnhnms train up their youth to strength, speed and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard and stony grounds, and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or a river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running, and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song made in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of Yahoos into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk for a repast to the Houyhnhnms; after which, these brutes were immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts, whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows or Yahoos? And wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as, for instance, if a Houyhnhnm hath two males, he changeth one of them with another that hath two females; and when a child hath been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the Houyhnhmns, and how it was determined. The learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defectiveness of their language.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed, the only debate that ever happened in that country; whereof my master after his return gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated, was, whether the Yahoos should be exterminated from the face of the earth? One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, that as the Yahoos were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animal which Nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious. They would privately suck the teats of the Houyhnhnms' cows, kill and devour their cats, trample

down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies. He took notice of a general tradition, that Yahoos had not been always in that country; but, that many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze or froth of the sea, was never known. That these Yahoos engendered, and their brood in a short time grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation. That the Houyhnhnms, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd, and destroying the old ones, every Houyhnhnm kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal so savage by nature can be capable of acquiring; using them for draught and carriage. That there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be Ylnhniamshy (or aborigines of the land) because of the violent hatred the Houyhnhnms, as well as all other animals, bore them; which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree, if they had been aborigines, or else they would have long since been rooted out. That the inhabitants taking a fancy to use the service of the Yahoos, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which were a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the Yahoos.

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed that the two Yahoos said to be first seen among them had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became, in process of time, much more savage than those of their own species in the country from whence these two originals came. The reason of his assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful Yahoo (meaning myself), which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me, that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals: that I had a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs: that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither: that when he saw me without my covering I was an exact Yahoo in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him that in my own and other countries the Yahoos acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the Houyhnhnms in servitude: that he observed in me all the qualities of a Yahoo, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the Houyhnhnm race as the Yahoos of their country were to me: that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating Houyhnhnms when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and

safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word Lyhannh, although it be a much larger fowl). That this invention might be practised upon the younger Yahoos here, which, besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species without destroying life. That, in the mean time, the Houyhnhnms should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.

This was all my master thought fit to tell me at that time of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and from whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The Houyhnhnms have no letters, and consequently, their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burthening their memory. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness, as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races, and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm; they grow very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the Houyhnhnms know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles betwixt them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The Houyhnhnms use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-feet, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of

these flints they likewise cut their hay and reap their oats, which there groweth naturally in several fields : the Yahoos draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in several covered huts, to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure : nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours ; I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance ; on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late ; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to shnuwnh. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English, it signifies, to retire to his first mother. Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid ; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest, and died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore : some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by Yahoos, which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And, therefore, when the dying Houyhnhnms return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the Houyhnhnms have no word in their language to express anything that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the Yahoos. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cut their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of Yahoo, for instance, hhnm Yahoo, Whnaholm Yahoo, Ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo, and an ill contrived house, Ynholmhnnrohlnw Yahoo.

I could with great pleasure enlarge farther upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people ; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither. And in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The author's economy and happy life among the Houyhnhnms. His great improvement in virtue, by conversing with them. Their conversations. The author has notice given him by his master that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon for grief, but submits. He contrives and finishes a canoe, by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea at a venture.

I HAD settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room for me after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush mats of my own contriving; I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking: this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of Yahoos' hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called Nnuhnoh, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper leather, and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of Yahoos dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or eat with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, that Nature is very easily satisfied; and, that Necessity is the mother of invention. I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not find the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pick-pockets, highwaymen, house-breakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetic tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos, no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples: no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories: no cheating shop-keepers or mechanics: no pride, vanity or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes: no ranting, lewd, expensive wives: no stupid, proud pedants: no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions: no scoundrels, raised from the dust for the sake of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues: no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several Houyhnhnms, who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to

a question, and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted, with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words: where the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence doth much improve conversation. This I found to be true, for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in the thoughts, which very much enlivened their discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy, sometimes upon the visible operations of Nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue, upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations, to be taken at the next great assembly; and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said: only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of Yahoos in all countries, much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a Yahoo of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, how vile as well as miserable such a creature must be.

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues in such amiable persons produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the Yahoos and all other animals bear towards them, but it grew upon me by degrees—much sooner than I imagined—and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, and my countrymen, or human race in general, I considered them as they really were—Yahoos in shape and disposition—only a little civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech, but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices, whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that Nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common Yahoo, than of my own person. By conversing with the Houyhnhnms, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into an habit, and my friends

often tell me, in a blunt way, that I trot like a horse; which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the Houyhnhnms, and hear myself ridiculed on that account without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning, a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, he did not know how I would take what he was going to say; that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the Yahoos was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a Yahoo (meaning myself) in his family more like a Houyhnhnm, than a brute animal. That he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or Nature, nor a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him, either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place from whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the Houyhnhnms, who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged that, because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared, I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the Houyhnhnms' cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour.

My master added, that he was daily pressed by the Houyhnhnms of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea, in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours. He concluded, that for his own part he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the Houyhnhnms.

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country, is expressed by the word Hnhloayn, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised, or exhorted, because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse, and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet; when I came to myself, he told me that he concluded I had been dead. (For these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature.) I answered, in a faint voice, that death would have been too great an happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends; yet in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have

been less rigorous. That I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above an hundred; that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country, which, however, I would attempt in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction. That the certain prospect of unnatural death, was the least of my evils; for, supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think, with temper, of passing my days among Yahoos, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue. That I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise Houyhnhnms were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable Yahoo, and therefore after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servant's assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and, if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned Houyhnhnms, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply, allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant, (for so at this distance I may presume to call him), to follow my instructions, because I told my master that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me.

In his company my first business was to go to that part of the coast, where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island, towards the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it about five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for, as he had no conception of any country besides his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no farther; but resolved, it should, if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks' time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of Yahoos, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animals; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick, and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with Yahoos' tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight. And when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by Yahoos to the seaside, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day come for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family, mine eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island, to which I intended to steer my course. I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. For my detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgot, how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the Houyhnhnms in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The author arrives at England.

I BEGAN this desperate voyage on February 15, 171$\frac{4}{5}$, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles, but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail: and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, *Hnuy illa nyha majah Yahoo*, Take care of thyself, gentle Yahoo.

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by my labour to furnish me with the necessities of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society and under the government of Yahoos. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable Houyhnhnms, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin. How I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took, and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, that they knew not in what part of the world we were. However, I did then believe us to be about ten degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were but little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west Coast of New Holland, and, perhaps, some such island as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues, when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing up a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he hath rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and eat them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets to save my own provisions, and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced towards me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages observing me retreat ran after me; and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee. (I shall carry the mark to my grave.) I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day) I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle; for the wind though very gentle was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt, whether I should wait for them or no, but at last my detestation of the Yahoo race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek from

whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European Yahoos. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by a little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent out her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place it seems was very well known), but I did not observe it till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well-armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress, my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; from whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen in Portuguese bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language, very well, and getting upon my feet, said, I was a poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms, and desired they would please to let me depart. They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be an European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by Yahoos and Houyhnhnms, and at the same time fell a laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred: I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold on me, desiring to know, what country I was of? whence I came? with many other questions. I told them I was born in England, from whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor Yahoo, seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, as a Yahoo in Houyhnhnm-land. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said they were sure their captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, from whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction; and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went loaden with vessels of water, returned with the captain's commands to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty: but all was in vain, and the men having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, from whence I was taken into the ship, and from thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez, he was a very courteous and generous person; he entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said I should be used as well as himself, and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a Yahoo. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among Yahoos. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me he only meant to do me all the service he was able, and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal that had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage, of the conspiracy against me by my own men, of the country where they set me on shore, and of my three years' residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to Yahoos in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing that was not? I assured him I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in Houyhnhnmland, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or no; but however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity, and the rather because he confessed, he met with a Dutch skipper, who pretended to have landed with five others of his crew upon a certain island or continent south of New Holland, where they went for fresh water, and observed a horse driving before him several animals exactly resembling those I described under the name of Yahoos, with some other particulars, which the captain said he had forgot; because he then concluded them all to be lies. But he added, that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word of honour to bear him company in this voyage without attempting anything against my life, or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon. I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested that I would suffer the greatest hardships rather than return to live among Yahoos.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy to human kind, although it often broke

out, which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a Yahoo. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house, and at my earnest request, he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the Houyhnhnms, because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made, but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals, and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, from whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me as a matter of honour and conscience, that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children. He told me, there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased.

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During the last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men, but pretending I was sick kept close in my cabin. On the fifth of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhithe.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because

they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess, the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt, and the more by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez; yet my memory and imaginations were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I became a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me, at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell in a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence, the very smell of them was intolerable, much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses which I keep in a good stable, and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle, they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

The author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who swerve from the truth. The author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies. His native country commended. The right of the crown to those countries described by the author is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The author takes his last leave of the reader: proposeth his manner of living for the future, gives good advice, and concludes.

THUS, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months, wherein I have not been so studious of ornament as truth. I could perhaps like others have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact in the simplest manner and style, because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land. Whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad as well as good example of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the Lord High Chancellor that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would

no longer be deceived as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it hath given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself as a maxim, never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth; neither, indeed, can I be ever under the least temptations to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious Houyhnhnms, of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

——Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget.

I know very well how little reputation is to be got by writings which require neither genius nor learning, nor, indeed, any other talent, except a good memory, or an exact Journal. I know, likewise, the writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come after, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, justle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that I was ever an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification if I wrote for fame: but, as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious Houyhnhnms, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those remote nations where Yahoos preside, amongst which the least corrupted are the Brobdingnagians, whose wise maxims in morality and government it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting farther, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and applications.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer who relates only plain facts that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest with respect either to trade or negociations? I have carefully avoided every fault with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man or number of men whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind, over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished Houyhnhnms. I write without any view towards profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may

with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless, against whom the tribes of answerers, considerers, observers, reflectors, detectors, remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess, it was whispered to me, that I was bound in duty as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because whatever lands are discovered by a subject, belong to the crown. But I doubt whether our conquests in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The Lilliputians I think are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them, and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the Brobdingnagians. Or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the flying island over their heads. The Houyhnhnms, indeed, appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible jerks from their hinder hoofs. For they would well deserve the character given to Augustus; *recalcitrat undique tutus*. But instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity or disposition to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in some modern as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discovery. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the top-mast, and they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see an harmless people, are entertained with kindness, they give the country a new name, they take formal possession of it for their king, they set up a rotten plank or a stone for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more by force for a sample, return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion, acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity, the natives driven out or destroyed, their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free license given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants. And this execrable crew of butchers employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people.

But this description, I confess, doth by no means affect the British

nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But, as those countries which I have described, do not appear to have a desire of being conquered, and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies, nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it may concern, think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit these countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed; unless a dispute may arise about the two Yahoos, said to have been seen many ages ago on a mountain in Houyhnhnmland, from whence the opinion is that the race of those brutes hath descended; and these, for anything I know, may have been English, which indeed I was apt to suspect from the lineaments of their posterity's countenances, although very much defaced. But, how far that will go to make out a title, I leave to the learned in colony-law.

But as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet as my affairs then stood, I should, perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return, to enjoy my own speculations, in my little garden at Reddriff, to apply those excellent lessons of virtue, which I learned among the Houyhnhnms, to instruct the Yahoos of my own family as far as I shall find them docible animals, to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality of Houyhnhnms in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole Houyhnhnm race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table, and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet the smell of a Yahoo continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes in some time to suffer a neighbour Yahoo in my company without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconcilement to the Yahoo-kind in general might not be so diffi-

cult if they would be content with those vices and follies only, which Nature hath entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whore-master, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like: this is all according to the due course of things; but when I behold a lump of deformity, and diseases both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together. The wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language, which hath no terms to express anything that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their Yahoos, among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it sheweth itself in other countries, where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild Yahoos.

But the Houyhnhnms, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm, which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of an English Yahoo by any means not insupportable, and therefore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.

FINIS.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE

UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

BETWEEN

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

Basima eacabasa eanaa irraurista, diarba da caeotaba fobor camelanthi.
Iren. Lib. i. *C.* 18.

———Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ.—*Lucret.*

Treatises writ by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the Present Set of Wits in this Island.

A Panegyrical Essay upon the Number Three.

A Dissertation upon the Principal Productions of Grub Street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, Histori-theo-physiologically considered.

A General History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in Terra Australis incognita, translated from the original.

A Critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, Philosophically, physically, and Musically considered.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

My Lord,

THOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to ; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers ; and, I being wholly free from that slavery, which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors ; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults and their merits ; for as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter ; and, though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition : neither would I desire any other help, to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty ; but, chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract, to be applied to your lordship ; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters, the two following words, *detur dignissimo* ; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But, it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language). I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus, "Let it be given to the worthiest;" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean ; he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred ; but by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at ; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis*, towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess ;

"Why then," said he, "it must be I, or my Lord Sommers." From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe they imposed upon my ignorance, because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore, I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loss: but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me, plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphysics, and the oriental tongues: but to ply the word with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics, I confess I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.

'Tis true, I should be very loth the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that as

dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though, perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes, to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this, especially when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years since these Papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were writ: for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after; so that, whether the work received his last hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant, or jargon of the trade. I, therefore, gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts: First because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because, I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyère and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing, to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY, TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I HERE present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues in so few years make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission: Fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours: but in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person (it seems) to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have assurance in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you; and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long experience, he has professed and still continues a peculiar malice.

'Tis not unlikely, that when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your highness, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? 'tis certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity: therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of——. But that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who

is to be the author of this universal ruin, I besecch you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth : consider his baneful abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting. And then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh, that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping Maître de Palais, of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors du page.*

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction,which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of : unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed before they have so much as learnt their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die ; some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets, from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate, but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death, and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess immortality to be a great and powerful goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. 'Tis true indeed that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and delude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets ; but returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places; I inquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I inquired in vain, the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found ; and I was laughed to scorn, for a clown and a pedant devoid of all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness,

that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an ass, a third to the westward with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would be all changed in figure and position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor, perhaps, may still insist, and put the question: What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these, also, be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your highness and me to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness in the integrity of my heart that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal I can by no means warrant; however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. B--tl--y, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your highness that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William W-tt-n, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite that he is a worthy yoke-mate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my cotemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a cha-

racter of the present set of wits in our nation; their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction; nor do I doubt in the least but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements as other young princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of

December, 1697. Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems, the grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing by new levies of wits all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity that some present expedient be thought on till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer; that seamen have a custom when they meet a whale to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologized. The whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all other schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation; this is the Leviathan, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype the Commonwealth. But how to analyze the tub was a matter of difficulty, when after long inquiry and debate the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed that, in order to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the Commonwealth (which of itself is too apt to fluctuate) they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an interim of some months to employ those unquiet

spirits till the perfecting of that great work, into the secret of which it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which by modest computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed, to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pederastick school, with French and Italian masters. There is, also, the spelling school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salivation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops; the school of spleen; the school of gaming, with many others too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return. I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient. This was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.** When I went through that necessary and noble† course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting, because I have remarked that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What d'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning, any of which by the smallest transposal or misapplication is utterly annihilate. Thus, Wit has its walks and purlieux, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this Mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is that will not pass out of Covent-Garden; and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-Park Corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must need subscribe to the justice of this proceeding, because I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of

* Hor. † Reading prefaces, &c.

the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit, calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime throughout this treatise, I hold it fit to lay down this general maxim. Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method than by putting himself into the circumstances and posture of life that the writer was in upon every important passage as it flowed from his pen, for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret. At other times (for a reason best known to myself) I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and in general the whole work was begun, continued, and ended under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless upon the several difficulties emergent he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal postulatum.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complains. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them:

One begins thus: "For a man to set up for a writer when the press swarms with," &c.

Another: "The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers who daily pester," &c.

Another: "When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists," &c.

Another: "To observe what trash the press swarms with," &c.

Another: "SIR—It is merely in obedience to your commands that I venture into the public, for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers," &c.

Now I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding, because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat, unwieldly fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray,

good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together. Z——ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow. At last a weaver that stood next him could hold no longer: A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven; and who (in the devil's name) I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider (with a pox) that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass (and be d——n'd), and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof I hope there will be no reason to doubt; particularly that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath. And again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority, for it is here to be noted that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple, since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is that, when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words: "I speak without vanity;" which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise the form aforesaid is implied, which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

'Tis a great ease to my conscience that I have writ so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed, which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline: first expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction, for there is not through all nature another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake that, because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers, for it is well known among mythologists that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought

among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound; may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author why dedications and other bundles of flattery run all upon stale, musty topics without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but (if not suddenly prevented) to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island, whereas, there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind, but I think with a great deal of injustice, the solution being easy and natural. For the materials of panegyric being very few in number, have been long since exhausted, for as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions, so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind are to be counted upon a few fingers, but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round; but the reader quickly finds it is all pork*, with a little variety of sauce, for there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when ideas are exhausted terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For this being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing; but satire being levelled at all is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough and able to bear it. To this purpose I have sometimes reflected upon the difference

* Plutarch.

between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic* commonwealth, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name any person they please, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes; but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doeth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa; with any other commonplaces equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.† And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else; against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery at Whitehall; you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of Court Chapel; and in a city pulpit be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far as to drop but a single hint in public; how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest; how such a one from a true principle of love and honour pays no debt but for wenches and play; how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loath to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose. Whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been for some years preparing materials towards "A Panegyric upon the World;" to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, "A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages." Both these I had thoughts to publish by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule

* Vid. Xenoph. † Hor.

ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small ; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch ; and having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

A TALE OF A TUB, &c.

SECT. I.—THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a crowd must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb with indefatigable pains till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that, over their heads there is room enough ; but how to reach it is the difficult point, it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell :

——Evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air ; but whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in—not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation—I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, that the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, that the materials being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on, whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep ; but, in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned for the repose of old and gouty limbs : *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked whilst others slept, so now they may sleep as long whilst others talk

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the

bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me, in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number three is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press (and will be published next term) a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number, wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals seven and nine.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the Sylva Caledonia, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, 'tis the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by-and-by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover (for by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: 'tis observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in their early publication of these speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage-itinerant, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.* It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest that for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested, of any I have yet met with, is this, that air being a heavy body, and, therefore (according to the system of

Epicurus*) continually descending, must needs be more so, when laden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

> Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
> Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.—*Lucr.* Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation; that in the several assemblies of these orators, Nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence (whether it be lead or gold) may fall plum into the jaws of certain critics (as I think they are called), which stand ready open to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies, because that large portion of wit laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physicological scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery, being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood, and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to light in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms: which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction because * * * * * * *

* *Lucret*, Lib. 2.

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* * † Of poetry, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because climbing up by slow degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of meum and tuum.

Under the stage-itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as "Sixpennyworth of Wit," "Westminster Drolleries," "Delightful Tales," "Complete Jesters," and the like; by which the writers of and for Grub Street have in these later ages so nobly triumphed over time; clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. It is under this classis, I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub Street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham and of Will's, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of ours. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For, how can it be forgot by the world or themselves (to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point) that they both are seminaries, not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which (with licence from our president), I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,‡ including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second. Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge, but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it shall be left to decide which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adver-

† Hiatus in MS.
‡ *Viz.* About moving the earth.

saries by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which I think from the present course* of their studies they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received, next to the transitory state of all sublunary things, hath been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: 'Tis a cheese, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best. 'Tis a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly, 'tis a nut, which unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the Grubean sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt; that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider, the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society, which besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the "History of Reynard the Fox," but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in

* Virtuoso experiments and modern comedies.

so useful an attempt, which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received; nor, do I think, any of the learned will dispute, that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the Revelation, or rather the Apocalypse of all State Arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of "Tom Thumb," whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is "Dr. Faustus," penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an adeptus; he published it in the nine hundred and eighty-fourth* year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida:* and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

"Whittington and his Cat" is the work of that mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the Gemara of the Jerusalem Misna, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

"The Hind and Panther." This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living,† intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmin.

"Tommy Potts." Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

"The Wise Men of Gotham, cum Appendice." This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and the ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea as well as a taste of what the whole work is likely to produce: wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life. This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in pros and cons upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs, and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes; and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend: from an understanding and a conscience, thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken

* He lived a thousand.
† *Viz.* in the year 1698.

in a hundred places, by the malignants of the opposite factions, and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who (as it afterwards appeared) were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher, having to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life, with a "conscience void of offence towards God and towards men."

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance, that they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style: for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it (I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town), is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles,* having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And, indeed, it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of Godfathers;† which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. 'Tis a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains, to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

* The title page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles which the author here speaks of.

† See Virgil translated, &c.

SECTION II.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the mid-wife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus.

"Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well, pray children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation: the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff: they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shop-keepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers downstairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's: they talked of the Drawing-room and never came there, dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess and spoke never a word: exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billet-doux of quality: came ever just from court and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the House, and loud in the coffee-house, where they nightly adjourn to

chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town: but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible: to clear up which difficulty, I must with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For, about this time it happened, a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house on an altar erected about three foot. He was shown in the posture of a Persian Emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and the needle, whether as the god of seamen or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux. Observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings. As to his body, there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes, worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtourt, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both.

These postulata being admitted, it will follow, in due course of reasoning, that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals, or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures or men. For is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament——, coffee——, play——, bawdy-houses? 'Tis true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord mayor. If certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge, and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin, we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses: the natural and the celestial suit, which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by Scripture, because "in them we live and move and have our being," as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless, unsavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue, as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery, all which required abundance of finesse and delicatesse to manage with advantage as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems, either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story: that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application again and again whatever I have written upon this matter. And so, leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For on the one side the three ladies they addressed themselves to (whom we have named already) were ever at the very top of the fashion,

and abhorred all that were below it, but the breadth of a hair. On the other side their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread without a positive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them were, 'tis true, of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sown you would swear they were all of a piece, but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament. And it happened that, before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up; straight, all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' ruelles without the quota of shoulder-knots. "That fellow," cries one, "has no soul: where is his shoulder-knot?" Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the doorkeeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler;" if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale;" if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with, "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. "'Tis true," said he, "there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots, but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusivè* or *totidem syllabis*." This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine the will. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there is yet hope, for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*." This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother (for whom we shall hereafter find a name), now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. "'Tis true," said he, "the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C.* been sometimes writ with a K, but erroneously, for in the best copies it is ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell 'knot' with a K, but that from henceforward he would take care it should be writ with a C." Upon this, all farther difficulty vanished: shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those

* Quibusdam Veteribus Codicibus.

days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a ——, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots. Upon recourse to the will nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read "Aristotelis Dialectica," and especially that wonderful piece "de Interpretatione," which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers," said he, "you are to be informed that, of wills, *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory and scriptory, that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *concceditur;* but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur;* for, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say that he heard my father say that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it." "By G—— that is very true," cries the other; "I remember it perfectly well," said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin for linings, and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. "An please your worships," (said he), "My Lord C—— and Sir J. W—— had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pincushion by to-morrow morning at ten a'clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father's in the will to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; and being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar; "I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously; I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal (as good luck would have it) of this

very flame-coloured satin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the Corporation of Fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe, and according to the laudable custom gave rise to that fashion. Upon which, the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; item, "I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats," &c., with a penalty in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe, does also signify a broom-stick; and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet, silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broom-stick: but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which, doubtless, was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here they had no occasion to examine the will. They remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in that sense, as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But, fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy (I have forgot which), and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver: upon

which the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*, that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'Tis true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis* from the letter of the will, or else, *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and, therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother so often mentioned was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch, as having run something behind-hand with the world, he obtained the favour from a certain lord, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs: upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECTION III.

A digression concerning critics.

THOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing, laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way, not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure; or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in it, or tasting it: but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and

acquit ; and, that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again ; by the word critic, have been meant, the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct ; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third, and noblest sort, is that of the true critic, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcetera the elder, who begat B—tly, and Rym—r, and W—ton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcetera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued ; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves : as Hercules most generously did, and hath upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient altitude, and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation was performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, 'tis easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient, genuine critic ; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings ; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them : to drag out the lurking errors like Cacus from his den ; to multiply them like hydra's heads ; and rake them together like Augea's dung. Or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those Stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic ; that he is a discoverer and collector of writers' faults. Which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration : that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant, and taken up with the faults and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers ; and let the subject

treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own : by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors ; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern ; and, consequently, that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection from the silence of authors will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error ; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns, whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country. These have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.* Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens, and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made of art or of nature have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age, which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to ; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured from some passages in their works to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader by satire or panegyric upon the true critics in imitation of their masters the moderns. Now, in the common places of both these, I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues ; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that, although they all entered upon occasion into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes, yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye

* See Wotton of Ancient and Modern Learning.

and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which I am very confident will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story according to their affections or their wit. For, first, Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, "They were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books, which the learned, at length observing, took warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works." But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: "that the Nauplians in Argia learned the art of pruning their vines by observing that when an ass had browsed upon one of them it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit." But Herodotus,* holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice, telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Libya there were asses with horns, upon which relation Ctesias† yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, "That whereas all other asses wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness."

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible, as the critics of those ages were, whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus‡ tells us expressly in another place how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ass. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those of our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely in describing the true critics of their several ages were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof that were more cautious and mystical; so Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that "in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell it." Lucretius gives exactly the same relation,—

> "Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
> Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare." Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder

* Lib. 4. † Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium. ‡ Lib. 4.

He had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India he hath set down these remarkable words: "Among the rest," says he, "there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite, but if its vomit (to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice, whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains flies out of his nostrils."

There was also among the ancients a sort of critic, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet because of their differing employments they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed both among ancients and moderns that a true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth, like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention under the name of *Malevoli*.

Now, 'tis certain the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning, for all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company: one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics, and withal an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor, and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose. That it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Much may be said in answer to these invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood; for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is

worth, so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind, which, perhaps, for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,* whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics "that their writings are the mirrors of learning." This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been and must be for ever the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and when it is skilfully burnished will cast reflections from its own superficies without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is a-horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company, and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics, and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide* Bentley's "Dissertation," &c.

SECTION IV.

I HAVE now with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him, insomuch that, unless the gentle reader out of his great candour will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him, his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. Peter; and then he must be styled, Father Peter, and, sometimes, My Lord Peter. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better fonde than what he was born to, after much thought he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them without considering much the order they came out in, because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may, without vanity, affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in Terra Australis Incognita. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage, upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights; as soon as he went to bed he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering office for the public good, and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the cholic; as, likewise, of all eaves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-councillors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily, with his mouth, accost either of the animal's ears; which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows.....and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original, though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and rarec-shows, the great usefulness whereof being so generally known I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery for which he was much renowned was his famous universal pickle; for, having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings (and has been often that way applied with great success), but for its many sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels: if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scald heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rareties he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste, because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchos are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, 'tis

certain that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the Bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas,
and
Atrum desinit in piscem.

For these had fishes' tails, yet, upon occasion, could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs: sometimes he would set them a roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount—and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it—an *appetitus sensibilis*, deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece; they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then *Pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who, to this very day, usually call sprites and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bulldogs, and baited them so terribly that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money, which, when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:

"To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jailors, Constables, Bailiffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A B remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: And if you fail hereof, G—d d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

"Your most humble man's man,

"EMPEROR PETER."

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti* may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs where certain arcana are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And, I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an innuendo.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world, though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor; and therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But alas, he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride), he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes Monarch of the Universe. I have seen him (says my author), take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three storey high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling rod in his hand. In which guise whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot, and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by, without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime, his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time, where his first boutade was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too, and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept in default of a sirloin to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained *inclusivè* the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown

loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt with great submission there may be some mistake." "What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with." "None in the world, my lord; but unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart." "How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all——." Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business right; "My lord," said he, "my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship hath promised us to dinner." "Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you, either you are both mad or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another, though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder." "What then, my lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while." "Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "By G——, my lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word; "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf." "Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—— it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall Market; and G—— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration—" "Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason." "Very well," said Peter. "Here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren much delighted to see him so readily appeased returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. "That you shall," said Peter, "I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable; wine moderately taken is a cordial; here is a glass apiece for you; 'tis true natural juice from the grape; none of your damned vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as

he pleased ; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death than allow himself to be once in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions, and swearing, not only to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches, and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough on it to build sixteen large men-of-war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains—"Z—nds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G——, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never told a lie in his life ; and at every word, "By G——, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth ; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him ; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused ; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance ; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines and send for their wives. Whilst all this was in agitation there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client, and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king,

In the midst of all this clutter and revolution in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force, very fairly kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECTION V.

A Digression in the Modern Kind.

WE whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary,—

——— Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another like a nest of boxes, I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved in my said several readings (which, perhaps, the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and, accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree that our choice town wits of most refined accomplishments are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or no; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. B——tly:—I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an universal system in a small portable volume, of all

things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile. The method he proposed was by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which after his untimely death I found among his papers, and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

"You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf's skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S. together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your Catholic Treatise, taking every morning, fasting (first shaking the vial), three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilega's, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper."

I must needs own it was by the assistance of this *Arcanum* that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before but by a certain author called Homer, in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas, we are assured, he designed his Work for a* complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic, it is manifest he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *Opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either *Sendivogius*, *Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica*. He is also quite mistaken about the *Sphæra Pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and (if the reader will admit so severe a censure), *vix crederem autorem hunc, unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a Save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might have yet wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England. A defect, indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr.

* *Homerus omnes res humanas Poematis complexus est.*—Xenoph. in Conviv.

W—tt—on, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings for which he is not altogether so accountable. For, whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gun-powder, and the circulation of the blood; but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete Account of the Spleen. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of Political Wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long Dissertation upon Tea? and as to his Method of Salivation without Mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my New Help of Smatterers, or the Art of being Deep-learned, and Shallow-read; A curious Invention about Mouse Traps; An Universal Rule of Reason, or Every Man his own Carver; together with a most useful Engine for catching of Owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing, because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which

title I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a threepence, for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric: "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to-the-readers's. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers in our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number are known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort, and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume, a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked, by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION VI.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren, both for ever discarded from his house and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to—which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this, the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence, by gradual steps, raises him to a

throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together, where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats, in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called Martin, and the other took the appellation of Jack. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do, men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same; but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject; because, memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned, in our illustrious age, have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least, by collision, from each other; upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion, never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen, but an in-

finite quantity of lace, and ribands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points (I mean only those tagged with silver, for the rest fell off). Now, this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points, and with a second pull stript away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred awhile. He knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already very narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children, against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe. These, with much dexterity and application, were after a while quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit; for the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him that any regards after his father's commands, since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is, perhaps, the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a Histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having already had such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What!" said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions with a pox?—a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence, in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For (courteous reader) you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery; for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper, impatient, with all, beholding millions of stitches, that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continuing his career. "Ah! good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rent, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother of all love, not to damage his coat by any means, for he never would get such another; desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them; and therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose, both of body and mind (the true ultimate end of ethics): but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And, as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances

the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam; so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places which had scaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of exchange-women; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the Mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin's in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas, was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the Bald; sometimes, Jack with a Lanthorn; sometimes, Dutch Jack; sometimes, French Hugh; sometimes, Tom the Beggar; and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the North. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations (which I leave the learned reader to determine) that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned Jack for their author and founder. Of whose originals, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

——Mellæo contingens cuncta lepore.

SECTION VII.

A digression in praise of digressions.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted,

I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassées and ragoûts.

'Tis true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations: and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Further, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a State, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, 'tis manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. 'Tis acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed, and clothed by invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge, it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients; and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the Index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore, men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the backdoor. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind.

Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules' oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the numbers of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not, at this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This, perhaps, may be objected against, by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, hath borne the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the genitals of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient* typical description of the Indian pigmies; whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open: like the Scythians, who had a custom and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk;† yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new fund of wit should, if

* Ctesiæ fragm. apud Photium. † Herodot. L. 4.

possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums; quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the sieves and boulters of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and, consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what stayed behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full; and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can out-vie all its brethren in the field. A happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence* had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, that in the regions, far to the north, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

* Herodot. L. 4.

SECTION VIII.

THE learned Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out.

Quod procul à nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *Adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world: or examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For, whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima;* what are all these, but several appellations for wind? which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Further, what is life itself, but as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *Turgidus* and *Inflatus*, applied either to the emittent or recipient organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts deducible from it are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight: that since wind had the master share as well as operation in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and, therefore, man is in highest perfection of all created things, as having by the great bounty of philosophers been endued with three distinct *anima's* or winds, to which the sage Æolists with much liberality have added a fourth of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in the four corners of the world, which gave occasion to that renowned Cabbalist, Bumbastus, of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia* extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists, affirm the gift of belching to be the noblest act of a rational creature; to cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests

amongst them in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue for the public good a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed or confessed that learning puffeth men up; and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: "words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at which junctures all their belches were received for sacred—the sourer the better—and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more complete—because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils—therefore, the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these to whom they performed the adoration of Latria was the almighty North,—an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewise in highest reverence.* *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant.* This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *Cælum Empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original, from whence in every age the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. 'Tis

* Pausan, L. 8.

well known among the learned that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, though I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated, and who in honour of their founder's memory have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which issuing *ex adytis* and *penetralibus* is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea: first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples, of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as with due management hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual ecstasy. And to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted that this custom of female priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the Sibyls.

And, whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil, his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing he falls down plump into the lowest bottom of things, like one who travels from the east into the west, or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse, or whether reason reflecting upon the sum of things can, like

the sun, serve only to enlighten one-half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity, under shade and darkness, or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshort, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls like a dead bird of paradise to the ground ;—or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason—the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance is altogether true, that, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a God or Supreme Power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough ; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so ; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the usual method of mankind to single out some being either in act or in vision which was in most antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the cameleon, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge, terrible monster, called *Moulin-à-vent*, who with four strong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with gods as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are beyond all doubt a most authentic branch ; of whom I, therefore, cannot without injustice here omit to make honourable mention, since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest as well as inclinations with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions as well as practices have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of humane actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light ; which I therefore boldly undertake without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION IX.

A digression concerning the original, the use and improvement of madness in a Commonwealth.

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or frenzy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world, under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions—we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life; for great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man, is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crop they produce differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns, in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy. Others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and setting up the reformed religion which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent

him into Asia to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? What secret wheel, what hidden spring could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *Corpora quæque;* For,

> Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore;
> Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coïre.—Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and enflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles and victories.

> ———Cunnus teterrima belli
> Causa———

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere, in a very ancient author, of a mighty King, who for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre, subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. 'Tis recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last the vapour or spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*, and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits which in their superior progress would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head, to advance new systems with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their

adversaries, and indeed by all except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits, having generally proceeded in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason: agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Descartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would in this, our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy and whips, and chains, and dark chambers and straw. For what man in the natural state, or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power, to reduce the notions of all mankind, exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual jostlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, rapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and their distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name, besides that of madness or phrenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance, lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days, were as arrant rascals as they are now) has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.** For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher.

* Epist. ad fam. Trebatio.

Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable innuendo.

This indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend Mr. W-tt-n; a person, in appearance ordained for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents misapplied to vain philosophy been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current; of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would happily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Descartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in, it strains my faculties to their highest stretch; and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpensity, for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain*

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And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the moderns mean by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons or his visions; and

* Hic multa desiderantur.

the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes, is himself, and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For, cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, 'tis manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth, and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived; and so the question is only this—whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory, which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion. How shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of Nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies, and then comes Reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate

that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting Nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these, Reason is certainly in the right, and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in; whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a beau to be stripped in my presence, when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart and his spleen, but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk, from all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to sodder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem of widening and exposing them (like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic); and he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things, such a man truly wise creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called, the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain, that according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as some kinds of frenzy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain; now, it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which for want of business, either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes, over-hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the seasons of it, by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a Commonwealth. Thus one man choosing a proper juncture leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the Saver of his country; another achieves the same enterprise, but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory; upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love, that of Empedocles, with

hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour, long misapplied, called by the Latins *Ingenium par negotiis** or to translate it (as nearly as I can), a sort of frenzy never in its right element, till you take it up in business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for—of recommending it as a very noble undertaking, to Sir E———d S———r, Sir C———r M———ve, Sir J———n B———ls, J———n H———, Esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent, who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a State * * * * * * * * civil and military, proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high esteem I have ever borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators' faces? Let the Right Worshipful the Commissioners of Inspection, give him a regiment of dragoons and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence† in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster Hall. You will find a third, gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel, a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *Ecce cornuta erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times and taxes, and the Whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden of his cell constantly at eight aclock; dreams of fire and shop-lifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures, his countenance chequered with business and design, sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory. A man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing. A huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination, so ready to give his word to everybody that he never keeps it. One that has forgot the common mean-

* *Tacit.* † A lawyer's coach hire.

ing of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound ; extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals—"Sir," says he, "give me a penny and I will sing you a song, but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application ! Accost the hole of another kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination ; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath ; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now is it not amazing to think the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the ante-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which, at present, I shall not farther enlarge. . . . . Hark in your ear. . . . . I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation ; but what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the Commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied,—it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds, which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance, that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience to be a very light rider, and easily shook off, upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind, which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION X.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgments to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to His Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament; to the Lords of the King's most honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the Judges; to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry of this land: but in a more especial manner to my worthy Brethren and Friends at Will's Coffee-house, and Gresham College, and Warwick Lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland Yard, and Westminster Hall, and Guildhall; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this Divine Treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and to the utmost of my poor capacity shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that Fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece hath succeded; Why, truly he thanks his stars the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain; and yet, by G——, he writ it in a week at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs, as, it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you, and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: "He blesses his God the thing takes wonderful, he is just printing a second edition, and has but three left in his shop." You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please: "And, pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning; but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion hear the words of the famous Troglodite philosopher: "'Tis certain," said he, "some grains of folly are, of course, annexed, as part in the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us whether we please to wear them inlaid

or embossed ; and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous Island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to ; he deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called Second Parts, and usually passes under the name of "The Author of the First." I easily foresee that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Bl—re, L—ge, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles and lover of mankind, Dr. B—tly, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration ; and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a Second Part, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to his own house till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal, and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat may be given to the poor, and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones ; this I understand for a more generous proceeding than to turn the company's stomachs by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions, and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned ; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter, which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to stare, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every Prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly

deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majesties please) with all convenient speed ; because, I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have got into our graves. Whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth ; or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a carcass ; or, whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

'Tis true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For, Night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark ; and therefore, the true illuminated* (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them ; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the Rosy Cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section, they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigê, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Acamoth : *a cujus lachrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitiâ solida, et à timore mobilis*, wherein Eugenius Philalethes † hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECTION XI.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beauti-

* A name of the Rosicrucians.
† *Vid. Anima Magica Abscondita.*

ful prospect appears within sight of my way ; whereof, though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling : if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there), if his horse be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty ; but, then surely, we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best ; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step : all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end ; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight, when his purse is full, and the day before him, he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient ; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can ; but upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both ; and if they chance to refuse out of stupidity or weariness ; let them jog on by themselves, and be d——n'd ; he'll overtake them at the next town ; at which arriving, he rides furiously through, the men, women, and children run out to gaze, a hundred noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge ; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels (nor is any ground lost by the blow), which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack ; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be from two of the foregoing to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading, and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types ; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun, and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy ; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For, although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties, in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occations of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny, they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short, upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the backside, he chose rather as the more prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again, because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat, nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night, like the scull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy hath conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel (as he seldom missed either to do one or both) he would tell the gibing prentices, who looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff, and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. "It was ordained," said he, "some few days before the

creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and, therefore, providence thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him! Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way, and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert, like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But, further, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. 'Tis true, I have broke my nose against this post, because Providence either forgot or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides, miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction; but, alas, that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall, a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant, Laurcalco,* who was Lord of the Silver Bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights which conduct men through dirt and darkness till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog."

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new Deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury Plain; famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When we had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would of a sudden, with one hand, out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other, all to bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapt himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government he would make his court for the

* Vide Don Quixote.

office of Hangman General ; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other vizard than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtle, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying ; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and arrected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula ; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster Hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a State coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and upon that account bore a cruel aversion to painters, insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having from his manner of living frequent occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears ; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps." To another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse;" "Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands ?" "Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours, over these poor shoulders." And when he had by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke," said he, showing his bare shoulders, "a plaguy Janissary gave it me this very morning at seven aclock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk." "Neighbours mine, this broken head deserves a plaister ; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing, the singular effects of that aversion, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other. Peter had lately done some

rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for the frenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention, which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes; so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.*

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The old Sclavonian proverb said well, "That it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at

* *Desunt nonnulla.*

their ears." Yet I think we may affirm, and it hath been verified by repeated experience, that

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good therefore to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons ; for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them ; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherwise, when in these latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For if the only slitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers and our own have been of late so much exposed? 'Tis true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior. And therefore in that truly pious age the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view and the regions about them ; because Hippocrates tells us* that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut a man becomes a eunuch; and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them. Whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescencies, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been cloven tongues ; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude ; which upon that account he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people ; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of "holding forth."

Such was the progress of the Saints, for advancing the size of that member ; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if in process of time a cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard : upon which some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig : some were slit, others

* *Lib. de aëre locis et aquis.*

cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this, more hereafter, in my "General History of Ears;" which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears, in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that, whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles, whereof the six senses* afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last curiosity is one, and of all others affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which, as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto beyond expectation maintained by the aforesaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains, to that natural *oscitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore, calculated in all due points to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas, with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's Bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a sponging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter: upon which how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse, and eat custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions, but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy, I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and, therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

* Including Scaliger's.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit,* who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble notion, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanack upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the bulk, and the subject; and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said, "I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse) or a small treatise upon the ————, it would run like wild-fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. B—tl—y, which, I am sure, will turn to account."

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive, therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and, that often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called the ghost of wit, delight-

* Père d'Orléans.

ing to walk after the death of its body. And, to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has writ out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part: so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud if by all my labours I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece,* there were the same temples built and consecrated, to Sleep and the Muses, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to critic his gait and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lacqueys. The cause of this distribution was from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasion, where I could be neither wise nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common-places, I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now this disappointment (to discover a secret) I must own gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem,

* Trœzenii, Pausan, l. 2.

after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my observanda begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause awhile, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

A FULL AND TRUE

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former—I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject, which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris, for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before-mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery), to which Mr. Boyle replied at large, with great learning and wit, and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the books in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by

that name, but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet; and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke; for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection into the "Annual Records of Time,"* will find it remarked that "War is the child of Pride," and "Pride the daughter of Riches;" the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for Pride is nearly related to Beggary and Want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both. And to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough: invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty upon plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice, which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the Republic of Dogs (which in its original seems to be an institution of the many), that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war of every citizen against every citizen; till some one, of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heartburning and envy and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we

* "Riches produceth pride," "Pride is war's ground," &c.—Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. Edit.

look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each, and that poverty or want, in some degree or other (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at: for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood) about a small spot of ground lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the Ancients, and the other was held by the Moderns. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance—how the height of that part of Parnassus, quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative—either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summity, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else, that the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted out of their own free grace to so near a neighbourhood. That as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it; and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not, know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the Moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients, to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now it must here be understood that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a

sort of engine, called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas, by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war); so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause, a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names, as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives,* for passengers to gaze at; from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior while he is alive, and after his death his soul transmigrates there to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but, I believe, it is with libraries as with other cemeteries, where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it, which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later; and therefore books of controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest, and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: when the works of Scotus first came out they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his Master Aristotle, and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead; but to maintain quiet for the future it was decreed that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war abovementioned between the learned about the higher summity of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I

* Their title-pages.

remember to have said upon occasion to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken, and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that like the blending of contrary poisons their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor, for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the ancient and modern books in the King's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns, and in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the Ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre, a quality to which those of the Modern party are extremely subject; for being light-headed, they have in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount, but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients, which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the Books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever Book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened upon the least displeasure to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library, for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen and swallow them fresh and fasting, whereof some fell upon his spleen and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Descartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile those Books that were advocates for the Moderns chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries, whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad;

their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart ; however, some few by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reasons that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits towards the Moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the Moderns were much the more* ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "'Tis true," said they, "we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you ; but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an example that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses are of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight, mentioned awhile ago ; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way, swore by G—, he believed them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients, who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive ; upon which several of the moderns flew over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple having been educated, and long conversed among the Ancients, was of all the Moderns their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palissadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, —when it was the pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered

* According to the modern paradox.

itself; and in he went, where expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that Nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile, the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d——n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?" "Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you will spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet, methinks, you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your better." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? Born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings, and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice, for then, it seems, I am

obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden, but whatever I collect from thence enriches myself without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough, but by woful experience for us both 'tis too plain the materials are nought, and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself—that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast—and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt, you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; Whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb, or that which by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of Books in arms below stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue, which was not long undetermined; for the bee grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses without looking for a reply; and left the spider like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the Regent's humanity, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a Modern, by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument pro and con. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the

conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For, pray gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you, his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee as an advocate, retained by us the Ancients, thinks fit to answer, that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the Moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please, yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect, unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us, the Ancients, we are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice—that is to say, our flights and our language; for the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature. The difference is that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are Sweetness and Light."

'Tis wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the Books upon the close of this long descant of Æsop. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately, the two main bodies withdrew under their several ensigns to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The Moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders, and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes, whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows behind the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander into meteors, or like the cannon-ball into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhœtia. There came a vast body of dragoons of different nations under the leading of Harvey, their great Aga, part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part, shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guiccardine, Davila, Polydore Vergil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden,

and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine, of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of Calones, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number. Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy, the foot; Hippocrates, the dragoons. The allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below. (For among the gods she always tells truth.) Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the Milk-way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures called Books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections, when Jupiter commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double-gilt; the covers of celestial Turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter; these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley-slaves by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet in receiving or delivering a message they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men Accidents or Events; but the gods call them Second Causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up

in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness, and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat: her head, and ears, and voice resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of Spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? Who then, hereafter, will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction, while I make factions among the gods and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himself stayed not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentments. Up she rose in a rage, and as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. "'Tis I," said she, "who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents. By me beaux become politicians; and school-boys, judges of philosophy. By me sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language. By me strip-plings spend their judgment as they do their estate before it comes into their hands. 'Tis I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare to oppose me?—— But come, my aged parents, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister, let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length, she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden? And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan, unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now deserted, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosos, she stayed awhile to observe the posture of both armies.

But here, the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son W-tt-n; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread. W-tt-n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race, begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children, and she resolved to go

and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape ; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and over-charge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass : her body grew white, and arid, and split in pieces with dryness ; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children, artfully strowed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters : her head, and voice, and spleen kept their primitive form, and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In which guise, she marched on towards the Moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine B-ntl-y, W-tt-n's dearest friend. " Brave W-tt-n," said the goddess, " why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of the day ? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth ; which flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began, whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths and hands, and pens ; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history ; who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his shield the point breaking in the second fold.* . . . .

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They bore the wounded Aga, on their shields to his chariot.†

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Then, Aristotle observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant Modern, and went hissing over his head ; but Descartes it hit : the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece ; it pierced the leather and the paste-board, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex‡ . . . .

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when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach ; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert, advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or

* Hic pauca desunt. † Desunt nonnulla. ‡ Ingens hiatus hic in MS.

alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer* of his armour; madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star, but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew W-sl-y with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body; he was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise, for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden in a long harangue soothed up the good Ancient, called him father, and by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron.* However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then, they agreed to exchange horses; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.†

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Lucan appeared on a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list, over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Bl-ckm-re a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries) strenuously opposed himself, and darted a javelin, with a strong hand, which falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. "Brave Modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you, for never did

* Vid. Homer. † Alter hiatus in MS.

my arm so deceive me before; but, what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Bl-ckm-re gave Lucan a bridle.* . . . . . .

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Creech; but, the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogilby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew———, and———, and Oldham, and———and Afra the Amazon light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords, but the Modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, "God-like Pindar," said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms; besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." "Dog," said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." With that he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow, and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horse's feet, the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus took, and washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amarant; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.† . . . . . .

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Day being far spent and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy armed foot, a captain, whose name was B-ntl-y, in person the most deformed of all the Moderns, tall, but without shape or comeliness,

* Pauca desunt. † Hiatus valdè deflendus in MS.

large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it as he marched was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizard was brass, which tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus, completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing, which kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of B-ntl-y, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d-mn-d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the Ancients, would long before this, have been beaten out of the field.* "You," said he, "sit here idle, but when I, or any other valiant Modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me that, whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." B-ntl-y having spoke thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater," said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman, thy converse amongst poets more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilising others render thee rude and untractable, courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond, I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own, though I hope that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms."

B-ntl-y durst not reply, but half-choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved W-tt-n, resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends, then to the right of their own forces, then wheeled northward till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's

* Vide Homer. de Thersite.

out-guards, looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they with tails depressed and lolling tongues creep soft and slow; meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the t'other scouts the plain, if haply to discover at distance from the flock some carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to B-ntl-y. On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep: B-ntl-y would fain have despatched them both, and stealing close aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then, the goddess Affright interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream; for Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his Bull. And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling, and kicking, and dunging in their faces, B-ntl-y leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W-tt-n.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice, with profane hands, he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain so that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain head W-tt-n discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. W-tt-n, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: "Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown

should I purchase among the chiefs! But to issue out against him, man for man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what Modern of us dare?* For he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But oh, mother, if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph laden with his spoils." The first part of his prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus, but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then W-tt-n grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddess, his mother, at the same time adding strength to his aim. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him nor heard it fall, and W-tt-n might have escaped to his army with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple. He pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains or Araby Desart, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar: if, chance, a wild ass, with brayings importune affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest and hunts the noisy, long-eared animal. So W-tt-n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W-tt-n, heavy-armed and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover, B-ntl-y, appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded, rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after W-tt-n, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both, but both now fled different ways,† and as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning, if chance her geese be scattered over the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud and flutter o'er the champain. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends, finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themselves in phalanx. First, B-ntl-y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen and in the air took off the point and clapped on one of lead, which after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time,

* Vide Homer.

† Vide Homer.

took a lance of wondrous length and sharpness, and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right and with unusual force darted the weapon. B-ntl-y saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant W-tt-n, who going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, presses the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs, so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths, so closely joined that Charon will mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind, and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now . . . . . .

. . . . . *Desunt cætera.*

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse came into my hands perfect and entire. But there being several things in it which the present age would not very well hear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine; to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A FRAGMENT

For T. H. Esquire, at his chambers in the Academy of the *Beaux Esprits* in New Holland.

SIR,—

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end I have three days been coursing through Westminster Hall, and St. Paul's Churchyard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue as that of "A Letter to a Friend." Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles

addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as "A neighbour at next door," "A mortal enemy," "A perfect stranger," or "A person of quality in the clouds;" and these upon subjects in appearance the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, long schemes in philosophy; dark and wonderful mysteries of state; laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, sir, to proceed after the method in present wear. (For let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter as soon as ever it comes to your hands.) I desire you will be my witness to the world how careless and sudden a scribble it has been. That it was but yesterday when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois Virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them I shall send an account of those phenomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the *Literati* of *Tobinambou* these three last ordinaries.

And now, sir, having despatched what I had to say of forms or of business, let me entreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject, and to pardon me if I make no further use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

SECTION I.

'TIS recorded of Mahomet that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with very good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith; it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease; yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations. And therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs, concerning this our fellow-creature, I do

never fail to set it down, by way of common-place ; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence or knowledge ; I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent, of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already ; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in. This is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the rider and the ass ; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But because I am resolved by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henceforward instead of the term "ass," we shall make use of "gifted" or "enlightened teacher ;" and the word "rider" we will exchange for that of "fanatic auditory," or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is to examine by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts or spirit, or light ; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person ; but to calculate them for universal nature and mankind in general. And of such Catholic use I esteem this present disquisition ; for I do not remember any other temper of body or quality of mind wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a fanatic strain or tincture of enthusiasm ; which improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in History ; as will soon appear to those who know anything of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Further, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science which has not annexed to it some fanatic branch. Such are the Philosopher's Stone ; * The Grand Elixir ; The Planetary Worlds ; The Squaring of the Circle ; The Summum Bonum ; Utopian Commonwealths ; with some others of less or subordinate note, which all serve for nothing else but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon holy ground. Wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

each other. The word in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul or its faculties above matter. This description will hold good in general; but I am only to understand it as applied to religion, wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed possession. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few persons, it long wanted these advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is, therefore, upon this mechanical operation of the spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing as near as I can the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us that among our ancestors, the Scythians, there was a nation called Longheads,* which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants, by which means Nature shut out at one passage was forced to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Longheads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers there arose a generation of men in this island called Roundheads, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms, yet in its beginning was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually that Nature at last took the hint and did it of herself; so that a Roundhead has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a Longhead among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from Art into Nature,

* Macrocephali.

and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly natural and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental: That the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit, because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used either to divert, bind up, stupefy, fluster, and amuse the senses, or else to jostle them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters and performs its part.

Now the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed; for it is positively denied by certain critics that the spirit can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints, the disparity being so great in many material circumstances between the primitive way of inspiration and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, that "the Apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place;" by which is meant an universal agreement in opinion and form of worship —a harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the spirit instructed the Apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words or phrases in their own. Lastly (say these objectors), the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering by covering themselves so close and so industriously atop. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles' heads while their hats were on.

Now the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word spirit, which, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity to cover their heads as close as they can in order to prevent perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther show in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phenomenon of spiritual mechanism,

it is here to be noted that, in forming and working up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share as well as the preacher. The method of this arcanum is as follows: they violently strain their eyeballs inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice, in any part of it, so singular or improbable as not to be traced in distant regions from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis,* or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian ancestors,† where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted that this noble nation hath, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company, each preserving the smoke in his mouth till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh; at the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct as occasion requires, and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Meanwhile you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but after a short pause a small glimmering light begins to appear and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Meanwhile the preacher is also at work. He begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The interstitia are duly filled up by the preacher to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit, with relation to that part which is borne by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

* Bernier, Mem. de Mogol. † Guagnini, Hist. Sarmat.

SECTION II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us lies in this: that we worship God and they worship the Devil. But there are certain critics who will by no means admit of this distinction, rather believing that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest goodness and ability to help them, which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us that those idolaters adore two principles—the principle of good and that of evil; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion, that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this: that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires; that the former set them a-praying, and us a-cursing. What I applaud them for is their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God to cross or interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess; after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes,—I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieux, whether they are in the verge of God or the Devil, seriously debating whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil Spirit or the good.

> "Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
> Discernunt avidi ———"

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration, and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole

universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel, unseen, descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the Devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who that sees a little paltry mortal droning and dreaming and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction and mastered by equal practice and application as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.*

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Here it may not be amiss, to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use; these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration, and by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers her still with a wet clout, for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For, it is the opinion of choice virtuosi, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore, cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal. That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm, and that what we vulgarly call rheums and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under. Further, that nothing less than a violent heat can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the person whose nerve is so affected shall be disposed to write upon the politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the spirit;

* Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.

for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word and syllable and letter to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For, it is to be understood, that in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason, in the language of men; because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words, according to the art of grammar, hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense, before he can make it music. For this reason it hath been held by some that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by ignorance: which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage, are of opinion, the word in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*; but in so nice a case, I shall not take upon me to decide: the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent share of inward light: that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from Holy Writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this light, resembling lanthorns, compact of leaves from old Geneva bibles; which invention, Sir H-mphry Edw-n, during his mayoralty of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming, the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, "Thy word is a lanthorn to my feet, and a light to my paths."

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice, to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience, with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but agreeable to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of Saints to sob to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the excrements of his brain with the same reverence, as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetoric, are the flowers and figures and ornaments of his. For, the spirit being the same in all it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art, within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my "Critical Essay upon the art of canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered."

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice hath

borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which under the denomination of snuffling hath passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark ; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance, but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since with great lustre. All agree that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bag-pipes, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not ; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward : an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For, some think, that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both ; and sometimes, the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit; adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully head-strong, and hard-mouthed. However, it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part (a very natural effect of strong inspiration) ; and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected ; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head ; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit ; so the disease repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself ; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses, an idiosyncrasy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears ; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the spirit : for in a short time no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight every pastor copied after this original ; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another ; and both stratagems were performed

by the same art; for we read how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before.*

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm, some real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance, of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without; as lanterns which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit, possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here, very briefly, deduce the history of fanaticism from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point wherein the chief possessors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites, known in Greece by the names of Orgya, Panegyres, and Dionysia, whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present; nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future.† These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysos, and is the same with Bacchus, which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors who have too literal an understanding; and because antiquity is to be traced backwards do, therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the index, as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping in his breech. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries,‡ there was not

* Herodot. † Diod. Sic. l. 1. Plut. de Iside et Osiride. ‡ Herod. l. 2.

one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress not only to the Egyptian Osiris,* but to the Grecian Bacchus, who in their famous expedition carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk; for it is recorded of him that he was the first inventor of the mitre,† which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of Bacchanals did) to prevent vapours and the headache after hard drinking. And for this reason (say some) the Scarlet Whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bacchanalian ceremonies were so many types and symbols.‡ From which account it is manifest that the fanatic rites of these Bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions an entire mixture and confusion of sexes: they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis* with its appurtenances, which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity§ stript of all its types was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in coveys, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to|| communicate his orgies to them; which others explained by telling us he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with of any eminence were the numerous sects of heretics appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularities of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere even in their wildest ravings, so there is one fundamental point wherein they are sure to meet as lines in a centre, and that is the community of

* Diod. Sic. l. 1 & 3. † Id. l. 4. ‡ See the particulars in Diod. Sic. l. 1 & 3.
§ Dionysia Brauronia. || Vid. Photium in excerptis è Conone.

women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note were those which started up in Germany, a little after the Reformation of Luther, springing as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters apiece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation, and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics in all ages (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about), to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the Family of Love, Sweet Singers of Israel, and the like, and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have so unanimously agreed, I am apt to imagine that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature; for the profounder chemists inform us that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below. And thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians that nothing affects the head so much as a tentiginous humour repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me that when the quakers first appeared he seldom was without some female patients among them, for the *furor* * * * Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are in their complexion of all others the most amorous. For zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called ogling; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug or a hum, a sigh or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These, I take, to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity than by the saints? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class that, in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise it has been frequent with them . . . . . ; immediately after which they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their outward men; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal

regards at all. But I have reason to think the sex hath certain characteristics by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others: they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time let go its hold and fall into matter. Lovers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude.

Sir, yours, &c.

Pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery; and masters themselves allow that if a servant comes when he is called it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person: this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception, in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family, who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing. The butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman: and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company (which, with submission to our masters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice), it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse: in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude that whenever he chides you afterward on other occasions he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour. Therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden complain as if you were injured.

It often happens that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires—perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation, to be sure, was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return the

master storms, the lady scolds : stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions : for instance, your uncle came four-score miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow ; a brother servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland ; you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes ; your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night ; you were taking leave of a dear cousin who is to be hanged next Saturday ; you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop before you could stir a step ; some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned and the smell went off ; you were pressed for the sea-service and carried before a justice of the peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado ; a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house ; you were told your master had gone to a tavern and come to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you inquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Temple Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy anything, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour, and may be some shillings in your pocket ; and you are to consider, if your master has paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready— "An' please your honour, I don't understand horses ;" if a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he does not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them ; but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors ; therefore the best and shortest and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out as will shake the whole room and make every-thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning ; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them than anybody else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself ; that service is no in-heritance ; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master has any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter rather then let you go ; but if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he has prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall to show your learning.

If you are a young sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek, or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face: this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times, for none but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come—for "Who's there" is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking-vessels below stairs (which is usually done in a week), the copper pot will do as well: it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or in case of necessity serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them and make use of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table in the servants' hall or the kitchen shall have above three legs, which has been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons—first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there has been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires—I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord. But mistake me not: you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner: whoever, out of malice to a fellow-

servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen ; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted ; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber ; there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes homes drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick ; upon which your lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes ; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself ; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say you came no sooner because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and downstairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard ; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one ; and who can remember names ? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady : and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. And when they ask any of you why you never acquainted them before ? the answer is, " Sir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry ; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants ; the only remedy is to bribe them with goody goodies, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vails, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave ; so that he must of necessity pass between you ; and he

must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother-servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies, who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in or go out into the back-yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants, whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning; but ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner, that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscoat, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, a horn can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an ink-horn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady; whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lapdog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child, or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to anybody else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the firebrush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out; when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber-pot; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the housemaid may put out her candle by running it against the looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale; against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in everything. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery, or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the housemaid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself; in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour than the kitchen-maid does in a week.

CHAPTER I.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BUTLER.

IN my Directions to Servants I find from my long observation that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the sideboard take all possible care to save your own trouble and your master's drinking-glasses, therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he has called for it thrice at least, by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle to see whether anything be in it, then taste it to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken, and lastly wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand to show your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master and the company (which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants), it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest, and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small beer toward the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses and salvers into one, but turn your back to the company for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale toward the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard cup topful, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle, therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there has not been above a glass drunk out of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not

run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the faucet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth; or take out the vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want, but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small beer at the sideboard; for instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale and drinks but half; another calls for small beer, you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small beer, and so backward and forward as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three ends. First, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and lastly, by this method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner, and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and tablecloths used that day, for it is but one washing, and besides, it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers, and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for nightcaps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears than in the management of candles, whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you, being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning daylight, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for ever so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to show they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to the right size in the fire, and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money; this may be contrived several ways, especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles, and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them; therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it; you may likewise stick the candle so loose that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour, for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them as a lawful perquisite to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business; then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side and serve it up.

When you dress up your sideboard, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can, by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure, and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half-a-dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

Wash the glasses with your own water to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done fold up the tablecloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the saltseller to serve next day; but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, saltcellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat all together, in the tablecloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window, among the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors in the bottles; to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master has many musty, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next alehouse for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key ; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hogshead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get ; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle: as to your bottles, choose the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master ; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less ; and if your master has his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing : some, out of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with the same wine ; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle ; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it ; and it will be a good perquisite either to sell, or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogshead too low ; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hogshead, and carry a glass of it to your master ; who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place: you may tilt the hogshead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and show it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogshead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin ; but, be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hogshead.

This is the time that in honour to your master you ought to show your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook ; for what signifies a few flagons out of a whole hogshead ? But make them be drunk in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged : but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed, and leave word they are sick : which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hogshead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time ; that the merchant cheated him with a hogshead below the common measure ?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner (which in many families is part of your office), to save firing and to make more haste, pour it into the teakettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or picktooth-case on the table after dinner, and goes away, look upon it as part of your vails, for so it is allowed by servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master; to which in all your actions you must have a special regard, as being the best judge: for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-posset, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and as you have opportunity, look full in his face; perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman has lain there a night, get the cook, the housemaid, the stableman, the scullion, and gardener to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him: if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour, and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling has no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method: hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning toward the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spigot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spigot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which, being of a slimy consistence, will make it stick faster in the faucet: if any tallow drops into the vessel you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case, to supply the want of a screw, after the stump has torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and

when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to show him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory; if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he ask for wine, let him stay awhile, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: by these, and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by, when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever; moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week; and in such a family I would rather choose to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward; it is all ready money, and got without labour, unless your lady happens to be one of those, who either obliges you to find wax candles, or forces you to divide it with some favourite servants; but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling them to coffee-houses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second hand: when you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters; which those who have ill luck will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook, that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family; and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles, in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer; but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broke at a general bottling, and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning; it consists only in a small present made by the glassman, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices for your trouble and skill in choosing them. If your master has a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants; and the other half broken by accident, and a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge; which will have this advantage that, when gentlemen find them blunt on one side, they may try the other; and to show you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This does credit to your master, for it shows good housekeeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spigot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket; let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome, if anybody should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

CHAPTER II.

DIRECTIONS TO THE COOK.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant that it has been a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation, yet, because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs. Cook, as a woman: however, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex; and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed; you can junket together at nights upon your own prog when the rest of the house are abed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions, which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country; for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper, while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused for running away with it; but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the tablecloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate; which, besides, is but justice; for nobody can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent and little done: such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing indeed if a spit, which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef should not be able to turn a lark; however, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheatears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in marketing, do not accept a treat of a beef steak and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money, if you do not go in trust; or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bedchamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days, which will save your clothes, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit do her justice; and rather than let a good fire be wanting enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts, which will serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours, seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping; but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak to save your clothes.

Get three or four charwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of soot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter, when it is melted, tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable: if you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in anything that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your salad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loses no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that has vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's housekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals: thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper: therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies till nine or ten at night. But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler, for it is both your interests to be united; the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he has great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweetheart the butler loves a sweetbread; therefore set it aside till evening; you can say the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be overdone, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teased by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries; besides Friday and Childermas-day are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser, just ready for your hand.

To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shows there has been constant good housekeeping, and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, "This spoon owes my master no service."

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck; only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAPTER III.

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment, being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master and mistress, or of the young masters and misses; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune, perhaps your master's daughter, and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics. You have no professed enemy except the rabble and my lady's waiting woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling: to prevent which always retain a black guard boy to carry your loads; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the

chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair, will allow it: others for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their thumb reaches to the middle of the hollow; which however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore in that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockster, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so, as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment ready warmed to any guest within your reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if at any time during your waiting you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either upon the dishes or the ladies' dress; you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or a handkerchief, yet a plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for, when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on, with one hand, to show the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor; by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care, that at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourself some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your

master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: there is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, beside the trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner, as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled: or if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to show your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and nobody observes you, you have a chance of coming home without being missed, and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say, you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking: this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchenstuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backward, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to fettle about the room, and if he chides, say, you thought he

rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab, or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges: thus you can do it gradually without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, show your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left; then the guest, who has more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who has called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, sir, or madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your clothes and the trouble of walking; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be daggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it; besides, it shows your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern and burned it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned toward one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the solder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was, after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces: at last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals, and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load; therefore I advise, that the door may be always left ajar, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, beside a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step, but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and if possible out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the alehouse and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done

your errand, but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chambermaid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishclout, carry up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say: upon this you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome, and out of affection for your lady you ought to give it her as weak as possible, and upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a part of the powder on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good-will.

If your master sends you with a small trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring; therefore, if the present be only half-a-dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will show your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes, and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling; so when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity, for brother servants should assist one another, since it is all for their master's honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out, for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates and press them down with other plates over them, so as nobody can touch them, and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire, because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides, by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger; I advise you therefore to take the smallest bottle you can find; but, however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen for demanding too much when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less; it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she uses her coach, do not walk by the coach side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof, and when it wants snuffing dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the alehouse, or over a beefsteak and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids, and indeed poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table, because as most ladies like the smell of young men's toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against vapours.

Choose a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing; green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible, for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end you have made great dispatch, and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happen to walk the streets, keep on one side and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing will either think you do not belong to them or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no further than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted, and there stand bawling Coach, Coach, for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren who was footman to a court lady; she had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tripped before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances, and one day taking

the air in her coach with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side; but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and Tom is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity, and when he was worth £50,000 he dunned the Duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service; and I could instance many more, particularly another whose son had one of the chief employments at court, and it is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family, and value not now and then a kicking or a caning, for your insolence will at last turn to good account, and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chambermaid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tripped you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bedchamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door for the public good of all the servants, and enjoin all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: you have heard that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up beforehand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired laced ruffles, beside a swinging debt to the alewife and the brandy shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, threadbare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place; and sneak to every house where you had an old acquaintance to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place; I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world; take one of them as your dependant to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the alehouse: slip him out privately now and then a slice of bread, and a bit of cold meat;

your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable, or the coach-house, or under the back stairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman, is the highest of all indignities: therefore when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter; I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you: there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which either for robbing your master, for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot. and is owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community: deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecation: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the court: let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate: mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell: you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

CHAPTER IV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained, that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring alehouse to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that rain doesthem hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives so

well as when he is drunk; and then show your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice; and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price, persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church door on Sundays, that you and your brother coachman may be merry together at the alehouse, while your master and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good; and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not: in one case it will turn to your honest profit; and in the other, it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably, the coachmaker will consider you too.

CHAPTER V.

DIRECTIONS TO THE GROOM.

YOU are the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodges at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raises his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your master's generosity: thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy, in his worship's pocket? And although he should be in the number of those who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expense to him; or, if he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill between you and the tapster.

Therefore as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond; then call for a pot of ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable: thus both he and they are left in the properest hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer till the weather clears up, for you are afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add that you never saw civiller servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed for fear he should want you, and to show your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses' heels every night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your master's health, and rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horses' fore shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe to make him halt; and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, Whether you are apt to be drunk, own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master has a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand that the horses want bleeding or purging; that his own pad has got a surfeit; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended: this you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master; and at the same time shows the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither: it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself he wrongs you; and to teach him his duty be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts; and if the horses thrive with it the fault is yours.

Hay and oats in the management of a skilful groom will make excellent ale as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do, when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes; for brother servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honour, because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses; carry two quarts full to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl; and if they will not drink it you and the ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn; for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park or the fields, give them to a horseboy, or one of the blackguards, who, being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms; but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honour of your horses and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself, although perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat; consider, they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down there is no loss, for it will make litter and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he has lain a night, then consider his honour; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes who expect vails; and give them their cue to attend in two lines as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler for fear he should cheat the rest; this will force your master to be more generous: and then you may take occasion to tell your master that squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much apiece to the common servants, and so much to the housekeeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them; this will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to allege in his own behalf, because you hazard nobody's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself as to come off with only a strain or a shoulderslip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out to preserve the outside from wet and dirt; thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it gets more hurt than yours he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful as to alight and take it up; then ride with all speed you can with the shoe in your hand (that every traveller may observe your care) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous hunks that gentleman was, that you got nothing but butter-milk or water to drink; this will make your master out of pity allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn; but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone; that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at secondhand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or has a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who is gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouse, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket; and on your return come home by the street door with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; if you were not missed, all is well; but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

CHAPTER VI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSE STEWARD AND LAND STEWARD.

LORD PETERBOROUGH'S steward, that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them and sell woods. Lend my lord his own money. Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.

CHAPTER VII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PORTER.

IF your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHAMBERMAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve, and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families: so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the best business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the housemaid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-clothes, will make the prettiest observations in the world, which whispered about will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary vessels for the fellows to see, but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils: and do not scour the chamberpot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens that a looking-glass is broken by the same means, while you are looking another way, as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman, and I will relate the particulars to show the ingenuity of the poor chambermaid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass of great value with a stroke of her brush; she had not considered long, when by a prodigious presence of mind she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pounds weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth just under the looking-glass, then broke a pane in the sash window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door and went about her other affairs. Two hours after the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed, from all which circumstances she concluded, just as the maid could have wished, that some

idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out servants, had through malice, accident or carelessness, flung in the stone and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger; but it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady naturally told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with a mop or brush a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces, or you may allege, that observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground; or as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent: for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fireshovel up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bedchamber at nights, leave open the sashes to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pincushions, teaspoons, ribbands, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will

be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into three halves; and here I must inform you, as well as all your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it does no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault; as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup, it is certain you did not break it on purpose, and the thing is possible that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like: as they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there by misfortune it sticks; this was no fault of yours. Young women are curious by nature, you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless nobody saw you, and then you are as innocent as any one in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice to show your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch; try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

DIRECTIONS TO THE WAITING-MAID.

TWO accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old clothes for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patchwork for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is, the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live; for, by this means, you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves, but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstance of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt,

when your mistress gives you so just a provocation by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce; but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand unless he puts a guinea into it; so by degrees make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money; five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers; the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misses a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he has no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son; if you are dexterous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you and make you a lady; if he be a common rake (and he must be one or t'other) avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother, than my lord does of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will get nothing from him but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and after a very bad night is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she does, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message, receive her answer and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get five or six hundred pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she has liberty to choose wherever she pleases, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign; and that if you had forty thousand pounds it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St James's Park; the fine fellows will soon

discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you; when you come home drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber, she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember, that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleases. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady, who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage; three things are necessary. First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal; yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it has grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound: and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that assistance which my brother footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEMAID.

IF your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bedchamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return: thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious implement; sometimes in the bedchamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities: and you are the usual carriers away of the pan; which makes not only the chamber, but even their clothes, offensive to all who come near. Now to cure them of this odious practice, let me advise you, on whom the office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly down the great stairs, and in the presence of the footmen; and if anybody knocks, to open the street door while you have the vessel filled in your hands; this, if any thing can, will make your lady take the pains of evacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men-servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water with a mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamberpot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back-stairs, that they may not be seen: and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamberpots until they are quite full: if that happens in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden; for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from the garret and upper rooms down to the backside; but never wash them in any other liquor except their own: what cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folk's urine? and besides, the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapours; which a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the rooms and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work: observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors, to show you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamberpot in her bedchamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's

chamber; they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, the smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman, who got you with child, to marry you before you are six months gone: and if your lady asks you why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your answer be, That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamberpot under it; but in such a manner as to thrust the valance along with it, that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she has occasion to use it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet so as to make such a noise all over the house as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms toward the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water lights might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers, breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it in the sink, you have an easy remedy: when you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen; by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady, that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps; besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people on their noses or backsides before your door, when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble hearths and chimney pieces with a clout dipped in grease; nothing makes them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

CHAPTER XI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE DAIRYMAID.

FATIGUE of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAPTER XII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHILDREN'S MAID.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor: for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physic out of the window: the child

will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for anything in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress comes to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits, when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the children, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE NURSE.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service, when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing:

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them is on young fruit trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

CHAPTER XV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a titbit together.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE TUTORESS, OR GOVERNESS.

SAY the children have sore eyes; Miss Betty won't take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, all the comedies writ in King Charles II. and King William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION,

ACCORDING TO

THE MOST POLITE MODE AND METHOD

NOW USED AT

COURT, AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES OF ENGLAND.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY SIMON WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

AS my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noon, or evenings.

I have passed, perhaps, more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question, one gentleman is happy at a reply, another excels in a rejoinder;

one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence, another is more dexterous in seconding, a third can fill up the gap with laughing or commending what has been said : thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But, alas ! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at public visiting days, at great men's levées, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel ! This is what we all ought to lament, and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty king William the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons and six evenings every week in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty, only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government ; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day, except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large tablebook in my pocket, and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit ; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged ; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method, for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them : and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world ; for I am convinced, by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them. I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic ; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection, from whence I conclude that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will

please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester Head in St. James's-street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England, are summed up in it; nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want, especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms, and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter; but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite, obliging, behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and sound judgment; I did, therefore, once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English, markwells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh; but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation; for as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air; however, I hope it will be considered that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and, therefore, in justice ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes, both male and female, the levées of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues, which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature assisted by genius may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished that certain male and female instructors perfectly versed in this science would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman of that species commonly known by the name of gipsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended Isaac, the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner it were much to be desired that some expert gentlewoman gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But, above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the

hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness both in writing and reading to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion by all gentlemen and ladies when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added, which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of King Charles the Second. And those have so often varied that hardly one of them of above a year's standing is now intelligible; nor anywhere to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies, and other fantastic writings of that age.

The honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise toward the end of the same reign invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single words; whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has anyway contributed toward politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houses in this town to invent a new one equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shows either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which, however, should have been printed in a different character that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public), and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments; for, as the great Bishop Burnet of Salisbury informs us in the preface to his admirable History of his own Times, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine), so it has been my constant business for some years past to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching according to my custom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing; for the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea, whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine does not inspire politeness, or that

our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because, indeed, beside the smartness of the wit and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations; which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female; but principally to the maids of honour; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and free-thinking: not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but, however, no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of freethinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or freethinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of sprites. I must, however, except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain, that there is no such place as Hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of freethinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or freethinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality; who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it: but first brought in by the fanatic faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers, with very good reason; because they knew, that king Charles the Second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth;

and perhaps these principles were further cultivated in him by the French Huguenots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres:* because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of Polite Conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer, and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be applied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

> For nowadays men change their oaths,
> As often as they change their clothes.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I my-

self can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir John Perrot was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to be a natural son of Henry the Eighth, who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity; but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary; whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here upon this article of swearing most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot consistently with true politeness, he repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means; on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families, not insisting upon fractions, there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected that the publication of my book, may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skilful ear,

some knowledge in music, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or secondhand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice and genius, before it arrives at perfection, and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences, and I hope it will have the same success, for who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the House of Lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me, which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness; nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levées, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *didn't*, *couldn't*, *wouldn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; beside several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but

now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templars, such as *jommetry*, for *geometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined—as *pozz* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog.* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo* for *hyphochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers, because all the persons throughout the several subjects of conversation strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds, but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company; but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called; and even for some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levées, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free, because when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second, beside a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment; but, if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope that such hypercritical readers will

please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this I think may be easily accounted for by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play, the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us, the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one, sprightly, I confess, but single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question and a single answer; especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns, for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire Knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nati-

vity; but my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with those of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. James's. At the same time I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays and all the miscellany poems, that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's Works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others.

Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and Captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea, will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between daylight and candle-light. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man, who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life, for the public emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly entreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who has by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility

and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean stupid writers as the Craftsman, and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day** (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, "Must is for the king;" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems:

> I am no scollard, but I am polite:
> Therefore be sure I'm no Jacobite.

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureate Mr. Colley Cibber:

> Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
> Will never loyal be to George our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. Whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute toward propagating the science contained in the following sheets through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court and most judicious senate are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy as to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the Tories and their abettors, who, being all Jacobites, and consequently Papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book; choosing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company among the principal geniuses of both sexes

* This word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia;* but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.—H.

throughout the kingdom than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance had been irrecoverably lost for ever; if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo; I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both Houses of Parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories? where are the fruits of them at this day? or of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the Polish King, or the Czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he has acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say without breach of modesty that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after ages with Charles the Twelfth, late King of Sweden.

And yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about that one Isaac Newton, an insrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-fields, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjuror, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil; which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber,

who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he has often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me that if my treatise was shaped into a comedy the representation performed to advantage on our theatre might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good; but I cannot agree to his proposal, for Mr. Cibber himself allowed that, the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. Whence it will follow that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long but necessary introduction with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that, while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says." "My Lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they or their posterity shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory after my decease for ever.

A

COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

POLITE AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION.

IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

THE MEN.	THE LADIES.
Lord Sparkish.	Lady Smart.
Lord Smart.	Miss Notable.
Sir John Linger.	Lady Answerall.
Mr. Neverout.	
Colonel Atwit.	

ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkish and Colonel Atwit meet in the morning upon the Mall; Mr. Neverout joins them; they all go to breakfast at Lady Smart's. Their conversation over their tea, after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner; after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but in some time go to the ladies and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

St. James's Park.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. WELL met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse ; but pray where's your manners ? Don't you see my Lord Sparkish ?

Neverout. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees ? What wind blew you hither ?

Neverout. Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good ; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must ! Why, Colonel, must's for the King.

[*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends ?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree ; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What ! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl ?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there ; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kissed her cow.

LORD SMART'S HOUSE ; *they knock at the door ; the Porter comes out.*

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter ?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home ?

Porter. She was at home just now ; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

LADY SMART'S ANTECHAMBER.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall at the tea table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late ; I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O, Colonel, are you here ?

Col. As sure as you're there, madam.

Lady Smart. O, Mr. Neverout ! What such a man alive !

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout ?

Neverout. Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave ; I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or not.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to pushpin.

Miss. [*To Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. Oh, miss, you must needs be very good humoured, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*To Lord Sparkish.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you: how has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's paved.

How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam ; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh ! colonel, I understand you. Betty, bring the canister : I have but very little of this tea left ; but I don't love to make two wants of one ; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*

Lady Answ. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run, girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left ; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss : for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld. Sparkish. [*To the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush ! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody ; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning ; how came you by that scratch upon your nose ; have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*to Miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Neverout. Yes ; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but Miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, did you walk through the park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he he. [*Laugh.*

Col. It rained and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah ! madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine : Prithee, Tom, sit a little farther ; I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say, 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines; no wonder the cat winked, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear Lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. Oh! miss, you must give your vardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for, they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, miss, you are in lobs pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss—

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't ; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh ! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel, you must know that I never take snuff, but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child ; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she prayed me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my lady Smart, what kin are you to lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl ; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, Colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit ; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace ! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face

Neverout. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay ! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What ! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes ; if I had but the wit to show it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you ; I'm just going to fill one for myself ; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel ; well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side box last Tuesday?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, Miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warned you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea; I protest the last I took was no more than water bewitched.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etui?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, Colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that Sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yes, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honester folks; but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man killed the devil.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are in a brown study; what's the matter? methinks you look like mumchance, that was hanged for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well, my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry mapsticks, madam; no offence I hope.

Lady Smart breaks a teacup.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it.

Neverout. Come then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout, beside all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, nought's never in danger; I warrant miss will spit in her hand and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love everything that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, Colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness to take off the tea-kettle?

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose because they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*]

Neverout plays with a teacup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss; I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say anything but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss, it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was going to say that.

Lady Smart Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss; pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear, I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleased to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be saved, there's nothing in it.

Lady Answ. Touch a galled horse, and he'll wince; love will creep where it dare not go; I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady. Answ. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam; I vow, Colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon—

Goes to salute her: she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him: but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of nought; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my Lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new clothes?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, Colonel; only to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh often repeated.*

Col. My Lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the King.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I am as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My Lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promised. But, is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, Colonel, as sure as you're alive—

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. There— [*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl. [*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets falls her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

Col. [*to Lady Sparkish.*] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? it is called "Love in a Hollow Tree."

Lady Sparkish. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then, your Ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Ld Sparkish. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall [*speaking together.*] If he be hanged he'll come hopping, and if he be drowned he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you will make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well, I see one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? It will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly; come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well, but, miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well, but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well, but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay, when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well, to-morrow's a new day; but I suppose you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh! 'tis the prettiest thing, I assure you; there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never asked me, and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, Colonel; pray, what will you take for your mouthpiece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, Colonel; but pray, madam, was my Lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes that think so

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty and a bit to spare.

Col. Why, they say she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well, I wouldn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; but I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my Lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Lady Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did, but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well, but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it that Miss Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord, promises and piecrust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a furmety kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to-day!

Col. Oh, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that; what if you were as far out as she's in?—

Miss. Well, I promised to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Nought's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you, and then I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned.

Neverout. Thank you, Colonel, for your good word; but 'faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. Oh! madam, let'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout [*to Lady Answ*]. Pray, madam, do you tell me? for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well, I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and a t it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, Colonel: well I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you; Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea is very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forced to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they prayed me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopped hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss [*to Lady Smart*]. What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well miss: tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, Miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Smart*]. Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoiled in the making; she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there ; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt : and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times ; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean? you'll spoil the Colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. 'Faith, miss, depend upon't, I'll give you as good as you bring : what! if you give a jest you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling ; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate ; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say ; if people will be rude, I have done ; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt : I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must; for I promised to squire the Countess to her box.

Miss. The Countess of Puddledock, I suppose?

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well ; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that ; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come sit down on my lap ; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go ; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, miss ; you are very light ; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself ; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You wouldn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping ; my rents are coming in ; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my Lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danced.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my Lady Answerall and I was walking in the park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kicked my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forced to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*

Col. O! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you! if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why then, the deuce take you!

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also: where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wouldn't stay a day in England: but you know, far fetched and dear bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence halfpenny.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promised to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelors' fare; bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has Captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin german quite removed.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to choose, my Lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss. Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

Neverout. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock,

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!——what have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but—

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get anything these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that cold?

Lady Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the Colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why, then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart [*imitating her*]. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter? whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains, you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey, what a clattering is here! one would think Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopped hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it, miss; for they say possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters' hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Lady Sparkish. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman (*to Col*). An' please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunched up in a hackney coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad, that I screamed every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid that pride would have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extolled to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why Colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fallen away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fallen from a horseload to a cartload.

Col. Why, my lord, egad, I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the Colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-bodied man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg; god-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won or lost.

Col. Why you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and pease porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone*]. Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle——more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hanged and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Gill.

Miss. Oh! Mr. Neverout, everybody knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Lady Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or Lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.*

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba.

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little countess has just littered; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horseflesh, that would choose a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

* St. Anthony, having been originally a swineherd, was always painted with a pig following him. Hence, as St. Anthony was never seen without his pig, "To follow like a Tantiny pig," became a common saying, to express a person constantly attending at the heels of another.—*Ed.*

Col. The fellow's well enough if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss? for they say of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, there goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart*]. Will your ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Ld. Sparkish. What then, madam! they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like Lady Fruzz?

Neverout. Pox on her! she's as old as Poles.*

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hanged when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the headache to-day.

Col. O! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miss [*to Lady Answerall*]. Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Deuce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl! [*giving her a chuck*] take that: they say a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight, young gentleman as you, don't get some rich widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Straight! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. 'Faith, madam, if it rained rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. Neverout: I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

* For St. Paul's church.—

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, now-a-days.

Col. Tom, 'faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. 'Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I loved, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed, and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman; however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss [*shuddering*]. Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, Lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hanged, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss [*looking gravely*]. Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear everything.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudding has two, up-up-on me-my-my word [*stutters*].

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Smart*]. Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she looked at me as the devil looked over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*to Neverout*]. Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Anything for a quiet life: my nose itched, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudding, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill-doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout. 'Faith, miss, you have mended, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is mightily altered since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake; I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. O, madam, if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout [*to Lady Smart*]. Madam, have you heard that Lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse incog.?

Lady Smart. What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! do you say it upon rep.?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz; and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hips.

Neverout. I smoked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind

of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle—

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*he fastens it with a pin*]. Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and, egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why Dick Lubber said to her t'other day: "Madam, you can't cry Bo to a goose." "Yes, but I can," said she, and egad, cried Bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance; and prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he looked for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay! bachelors' wives and maids' children are finely tutored.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master, and I'll give you a sugar-plum Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him, but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick. Said he: "You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools."

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pocket for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. Oh, miss, have a care, for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, if I ever be married it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands, and it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.

Neverout. 'Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow, run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six to play at quadrille; d'ye hear, if you fall by the way don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls downstairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down; well, but I hope the poor fellow has not saved the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain, for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money and you have none.

Lady Smart. But colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. O, madam, Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honeymoon is over; but they say a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. Oh, but colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember that you had a mother, and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talked of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman sucked a sow.

Col. Oh, madam, there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say he was cursed in his mother's belly that was killed by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose the colonel was crossed in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ache.

Col. Oh, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay, but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel, for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men, for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but 'faith you'll never lead apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance, Mrs. Cloudy? you and she are two I hear.

Miss. See her; marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again! God bless my eyesight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugged the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Come, Sir Thomas, when the King pleases, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Neverout. Yes, 'faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ah! marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say, something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. 'Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. Oh, but my lord, you should always except my Lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr, Neverout!

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! Why hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. 'Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer; I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid; make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart? Is your garter slipping down?

Miss Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lie—

Miss. Did you ever hear anything so rude?

Neverout. I mean you lie—under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss tries to snatch Mr. Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you missed your mother's blessing.

She tries again and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye; I asssure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miss, be quiet, and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet-door and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black: I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir; I thank God I never saw anything worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message? You are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave: come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company: there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies; for everybody knows I hate a crowd; I would rather want victuals than elbow-room; we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another footman comes back.

Lady Smart. O! you are the t'other fellow I sent; well, have you been with my Lady Club? You are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Lord Smart. I'M sorry I was not at home this morning when you all did us the honour to call here; but I went to the levée to-day.

Ld. Sparkish. O! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. O! madam, your ladyship is pleased to say so; but I never saw anything so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you she is very good-humoured.

Neverout. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleased.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it. But, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low: for I vow he said this before; pray, Colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord, it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. 'Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, 'faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart [*takes an oyster*]. He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. 'Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set if we be but as well served. Come, Colonel, handle your arms. Shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please: and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice, for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray, why is it called a sirloin?

Ld. Smart. Why, you must know that our King James the First, who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Lady Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ*]. What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel, thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse. Hah! said I well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss [*to Lady Answ*]. Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

Ld. Smart [*to Neverout*]. Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me?), then it should swim in butter, and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman [*to Ld. Smart*]. My lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! you are at it! why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. 'Faith, Sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, Sir John, we are upon a business of life and death. Come, will you do as we do? You are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, Sir John, we stayed for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help Sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat: you see your dinner. I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town? You have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover Square? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John. Sir John, fall to; you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest, I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beef-steak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, 'faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last. Come, you have kept a corner in your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, Sir John, you may go further and fare worse.

Miss [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam: one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [*to Neverout*]. Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs and rump and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose?

Neverout. No, really, miss, I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last. What! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, Colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha! [*He laughs.*

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say, cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love everything that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker when you are at home.

Sir John. No, 'faith, Colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why, then, Sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, Sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudding; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My Lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider: will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat.

[*Here a loud laugh.*

Miss. Odd so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it: pray, which finger? (God bless the mark!)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant, you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why, then, that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Neverout. 'Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, Colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir John. 'Faith, Colonel, come and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudding is too much boiled.

Lady Answ. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison when it is too much boiled.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offered before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soup.

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup?

Col. O, my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well I'll have a bigger.

Miss [*to Col.*]. Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I sha'n't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. O, now I have nicked it. [*Gives it to Ld. Sparkish.*

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, Colonel, they say there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*]. Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. O! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce.

Lady Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, Colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, cheer up; my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart [*putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black pudding: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudding, and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No thank ye, Colonel; for they say those that eat black pudding will dream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the venison pasty: here, take the soup away.

Ld. Smart [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison*]. 'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a bit, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother! she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry, too?

Miss. Because you were not hanged the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good

breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily peppered; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight: therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish [*drinks to Neverout*]. Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout [*drinks to Lady Smart*]. Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No madam: for perhaps it will make me hare-brained.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss [*with a glass in her hand*]. Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all victuals drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good.

Miss. This almond pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss, cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler*]. John, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*]

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall, of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld. Smart. Why he used to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. 'Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, Colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten, it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, Sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o'Sundays.

Neverout overturns the salt-cellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturned the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know—

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there is so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them; I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. 'Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Answ. I hope your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glass of cider filled: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, miss ; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish ! well in life there was never anything so teasing : I had rather shed it in my shoes : I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'nt tasted my cider yet.

Neverout. No, my lord ; I have been just eating soup ; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wished it was in your guts ; let her have her wish for once : ladies can't abide to have their inclinations crossed.

Lady Smart [to Sir John]. I think, Sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam ; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boiled in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as Lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken ; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate : they say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly ?

Miss [giving it to him]. You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What ? you don't know your own mind ; you are neither well, full nor fasting : I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughs ; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes ; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout (to Lady Answ). Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor diet, doctor quiet, and doctor merryman.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well filled ?

Sir John. And a little land well tilled ?

Col. Ay ; and a little wife well willed ?

Neverout. My Lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What ! will you never have done stuffing ?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw ; well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; 'faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is non-plussed: he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady Answ. O, miss, the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O, my lord, I know that: why brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit, for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest a-bed to-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay abed till the cows came home; but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

Neverout [*whispering miss*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss [*aloud, pushing him from her*]. What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good: but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon: but they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart [*to the butler*]. Here, bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

Col. [*drinking to miss*]. Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand*]. I remember a farmer in our country—

Ld. Smart [*interrupting him*]. Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon, here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damned.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout [*whispers Lady Smart*]. Was ever such a dunce! How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fireships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam, I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our October to Sir John? I believe they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, Sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld. Smart*]. My Lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and I hope you won't make fish of one and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Lady Smart. Well, Sir John, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say 'tis well hopped.

Sir John. Hopped! why, if it had hopped a little further, it would have hopped into the river. Oh, my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. 'Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, 'faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers: and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. Oh, madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast: and 'faith one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of October?

Neverout. No, 'faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart [*carving a partridge*]. Well: one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does anybody here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint: so somebody said, "Pray take away the cheese:" "No," said I, "pray, take away the fool:" said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. 'Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough: and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests everything but itself.

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Ld. Smart. O! Sir John; I would I had something to brost you withal.

Lady Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Ld. Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse; in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*]. Smoke, miss; 'faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady Smart. Well, but, miss (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout), shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, Sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, 'faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Answ.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer, I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well, it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hanged that left his liquor behind him; and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come, then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this; madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash; though, really, you have all eaten so little that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But prithee, Sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, Sir John, had not you better set out to-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land or by water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel, thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John [*to Neverout*]. What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, Sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so, my gentleman turned away his head. So, said I, What, sir, do you never smoke? so, he answered as you do, Colonel; No, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it. So, said I, pray, sir, can you make a pipe? So he said, no. So, said I, Why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so we all laughed.

Ld. Smart. Well, but Sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's October.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John, since you are married, you have forswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam, I never forswore anything but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well, but Sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, Sir John, I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, Sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs; but pray stay, Sir John: you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, Sir John, if you must needs go, while you stay make use of your time. Here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire. Come, sit down: let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. 'Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, Sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, Colonel; but a man may love his house very well without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave and goes away.

Ld. Smart, Well, miss, how do you like Sir John?

Miss. Why, I think he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. 'Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. 'Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet after all I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come, a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snored so hard that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. 'Faith he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question.

Miss. Well, but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, against you are disposed: here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my Lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my Lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well; but pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a potecary; why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul, we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea?

All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forced to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout [*giving Miss a pinch*]. Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.

Miss [*screaming*]. Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout [*takes Miss by the hand*]. Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teasing; you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie it is much.

Neverout. Well, I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think everything is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay, what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well, but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay, do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. 'Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, 'faith, madam, I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the Park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and *Miss.* My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. Neverout, pray is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do think of your friend, Sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. Oh, madam, I am told she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. Oh! the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it looked like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, Lady Singular, the Countess of Talkham (I should have named her first), Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a grey head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds: she has a town-house and country-house: would the woman have her a—hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another. Pray how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refused to make one. Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. Oh, miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bed-fellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend Mistress Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that!

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl, then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know I'm old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart [*mistakes the tea-tongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall (pray forgive me), I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold; but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O, madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turned out for a wrangler?

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hanged.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turned; one turn more would have turned you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest; besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.*

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion, no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of

* *Vide* infrà, p. 400, for the origin of this.—ED.

late? why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? on my conscience, Colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My Lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace; but if women had been the law-makers it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir, it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial-plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone, beside the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty-shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel, all that I can say to comfort you is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth when you can't bite; well, thus it must be if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another; come box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, Colonel?

Neverout. Oh, my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss, they say a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. 'Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you; only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's clothes by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue; besides I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn daylight.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn daylight, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Neverout. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore, pray bring in candles; they say women and linen show best by candle-light; come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down and be a stander by.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes, I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay, and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart ; kiss my wife and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss, go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards ; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies ?

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be abed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it ; I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you ?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you ; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs and go off.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

(1699.)

NOT to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.

Not to be fond of children.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowance for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those that desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein ; and reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladies, &c.

Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman ; *et eos qui hæreditatem captant, odisse ac vitare.*

Not to be positive or opiniative.

Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

MORAL AND DIVERTING.

WE have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c., we enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned, for things so transitory ; look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circumstances, to make conjectures, and form conclusions , but the smallest accident intervening (and in the course of affairs it is impossible to foresee all) does often produce such turns and changes, that at last he is just as much in doubt of events, as the most ignorant and unexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the lost things, which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that, and time, ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit any thing, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glass-house, the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves: it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life, are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance; as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company, to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This

renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven, upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story, lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, This critical age, as divines say, This sinful age.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity: whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian-name.

It is in disputes, as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notion of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and among the rest for one which perhaps is not often considered, that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend, by rules of art, to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff, or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the same words of Telemachus more than once; and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

What they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those mares mentioned by Xenophon, who, while their manes were on, that is, while they were in their beauty, would never admit the embraces of an ass?

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants, by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet, when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterward continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a whore.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding, as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henley's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I'll take care it shall never get in again."

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame: there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain, is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told, whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of Providence I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them; but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon, in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God has left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he has placed things in a state of imper-

fection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils, governed by foolish servants:

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces:

I have known men of great valour, cowards to their wives:

I have known men of the greatest cunning, perpetually cheated:

I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accompts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places. I have known a prince, more than once, choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned, and excused the matter, from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands: I wish they had as long ears.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, and so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry; for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools; and, therefore, we read that of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, "what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures?" He said, "it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes."

There is a story in Pausanius of a plot for betraying a city discovered by the braying of an ass, the cackling of geese saved the Capitol; and Catiline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history as evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are in imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a lucky name, foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth, when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind dying before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole; which, the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round, shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a standerby would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month at the expense of their health and reason.

A man would have but few spectators if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a redhot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.

Query, Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead?

Harry Killegrew said to Lord Wharton, "You would not swear at that rate if you thought you were doing God honour."

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shown to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired: but when printed and published is like a common whore, whom anybody may purchase for half a crown.

Louis the XIVth of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the empire of Augustus, as the Socinians; and even the Epicureans, too, did in England toward the end of King Charles the Second's reign; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop some time ago I saw a book with this title: "Poems by the author of the Choice."* Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as "Don Quixote" usually did from his last. This arises from that great importance which everybody supposes himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called "the critic," who had writ a threepenny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and

* John Pomfret. Dr. Johnson, however, asserted that "perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's *Choice*."—Ed.

hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, "they need not wonder at his haste, for the King of France having got intelligence where he was had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him."

Dr. Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person and change his name as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met "that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the Inquisition." He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr. Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the doctor by maliciously discovering the secret; and offering to engage body for body that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very same turn of thought: when talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said, "I hear it is all over London already that I am going to leave my lady"; and so had a footman, who being newly married desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister that people were discontented, "Pho," said he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffee house, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe, from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find anything able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve when she covered herself, and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which, by ill management, makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Eloquence, smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Boling-

broke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp pen-knife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think, he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to everybody; and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of which Dr. Echard, of Cambridge, who writ "The Contempt of the Clergy," was a great instance.

One top of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony has many children: Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are: always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said he was like a washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, Aph. 32, sect. 6., observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because, when a dream is true, Virgil says it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame, and therefore we say beauty is attractive; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady, who had gallantries and several children, told her husband he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver; they have lately been sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good hand.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

My Lord Cromarty, after fourscore, went to his country house in

Scotland with a resolution to stay six years there and live thriftily, in order to save up money that he might spend in London.

It is said of the horses in the vision, that "their power was in their mouths and in their tails." What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than life; but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her? Is it not that she may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money: therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is), who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof, the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, "for it would be better if those were out too."

At Windsor, I was observing to my Lord Bolingbroke, "that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handsome) was much frequented with crows." My lord said, "it was because they smelt carrion."

A TREATISE
ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.

GOOD manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law, so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but, because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules upon common behaviour, best suited to their general customs or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy, and many, for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law has not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings, so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else; insomuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are nowhere better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to; unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner, to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days against his will at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, beside all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb, running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birthday at court, a great lady was rendered utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall

by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next to her. Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order, to every person in company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences: and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the overrating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c., to be greater pedants than Lipsius, or the elder Scaliger. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman porter: who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners; which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices: and, as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness and insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth; for if they were, those people, who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For, as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentleman ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my Lord Bolingbroke told me; that going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said, he was much concerned that he could not see her majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentleman ushers; among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good breeding is of a much larger extent; for, beside an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners, without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject, than to point out some particulars, wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which does very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, A necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason; yet the greatest minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it: by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador, and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation: if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners; because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man, who travels, must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and, perhaps at his return, as much a stranger in his own; and after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more predominant than the rest; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous on all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them; so that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company, is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD Manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

What passes for good manners in the world, generally produces quite contrary effects.

Many persons of both sexes, whom I have known, and who passed for well-bred in their own and the world's opinion, are the most troublesome in company to others and themselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

Flattery is the worst and falsest way of showing our esteem.

Where the company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them, who endeavours to be most distinguished for their good manners.

A man of sense would rather fast till night, than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good manners; uneasiness, pressing to eat, teasing with civility; less practised in England than here.

Courts are the worst of all schools to teach good manners.

A courtly bow, or gait, or dress, are no part of good manners; and therefore every man of good understanding is capable of being well-bred upon any occasion.

To speak in such a manner as may possibly offend any reasonable person in company, is the highest instance of ill manners. Good manners chiefly consist in actions, not in words. Modesty and humility the chief ingredients.

I have known the court of England under four reigns, the two last but for a short time; and whatever good manners or politeness I observed in any of them, was not of the court growth, but imported; for a courtier by trade, as gentlemen ushers, bedchamber-women, maids of honour, * * * * * * * *

Of Good Manners as to Conversation.

Men of wit and good understanding, as well as breeding, are sometimes deceived, and give offence, by conceiving a better opinion of those with whom they converse than they ought to do. Thus I have often known the most innocent raillery, and even of that kind which was meant for praise, to be mistaken for abuse and reflection.

Of gibing, and how gibers ought to suffer.

Of arguers, perpetual contradictors, long talkers, those who are absent in company, interrupters, not listeners, loud laughers.

Of those men and women whose face is ever in a smile, talk ever with a smile, condole with a smile, &c.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation, as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen, and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit, a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character: it generally fails: it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade, or business, or faculty, is a great breach of good manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness. A poet conceives that the whole kingdom * * * * * *

CHARACTER OF DR. SHERIDAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1738.

DOCTOR THOMAS SHERIDAN died at Rathfarnam, the tenth of October, 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diseases were a dropsy and asthma. He was doubtless the best instructor of youth in these kingdoms, or perhaps in Europe; and as great a master of the Greek and Roman languages. He had a very fruitful invention, and a talent for poetry. His English verses were full of wit and humour, but neither his prose nor verse sufficiently correct: however, he would readily submit to any friend who had a true taste in prose or verse. He has left behind him a very great collection, in several volumes, of stories, humorous, witty, wise, or some way useful, gathered from a vast number of Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, French, and English writers. I believe I may have seen about thirty, large enough to make as many moderate books in octavo. But among these extracts, there were many not worth regard; for five or six, at least, were of little use or entertainment. He was (as it is frequently the case in men of wit and learning) what the French call a *dupe*, and in a very high degree. The greatest dunce of a tradesman could impose upon him, for he was altogether ignorant in worldly management. His chief shining quality was that of a schoolmaster: here he shone in his proper element. He had so much skill and practice in the physiognomy of boys, that he rarely mistook at the first view. His scholars loved and feared him. He often rather chose to shame the stupid, but punish the idle, and expose them to all the lads, which was more severe than lashing. Among the gentlemen in this kingdom who have any share of education, the scholars of Dr. Sheridan infinitely excel, in number and knowledge, all their brethren sent from other schools.

To look on the doctor in some other lights, he was in many things very indiscreet, to say no worse. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haste to be married when very young; and from hence proceeded all the miseries of his life. The portion he got proved to be just the reverse of £500, for he was poorer by a thousand: so many incumbrances of a mother-in-law, and poor relations, whom he was forced to support for many years. Instead of breeding up his daughters to housewifery and plain clothes, he got them, at a great expense, to be clad like ladies who had plentiful fortunes; made them only learn to

sing and dance, to draw and design, to give them rich silks, and other fopperies; and his two eldest were married, without his consent, to young lads who had nothing to settle on them. However, he had one son, whom the doctor sent to Westminster school, although he could ill afford it. The boy was th re immediately taken notice of, upon examination: although a mere stranger, he was by pure merit elected a king's scholar. It is true their maintenance falls something short: the doctor was then so poor, that he could not add fourteen pounds, to enable the boy to finish the year; which if he had done, he would have been removed to a higher class, and, in another year, would have been *sped off* (that is the phrase) to a fellowship in Oxford or Cambridge: but the doctor was forced to recall him to Dublin, and had friends in our university to send him there, where he has been chosen of the foundation; and, I think, has gotten an exhibition, and designs to stand for a fellowship.

The Doctor had a good church living, in the south parts of Ireland, given him by Lord Carteret; who, being very learned himself, encourages it in others. A friend of the Doctor's prevailed on his excellency to grant it. The living was well worth £150 per annum. He changed it very soon for that of Dunboyn; which, by the knavery of the farmers, and power of the gentlemen, fell so very low, that he could never get £80. He then changed that living for the free school of Cavan, where he might have lived well, in so cheap a country, on £80 salary per annum, beside his scholars: but the air, he said, was too moist and unwholesome, and he could not bear the company of some persons in that neighbourhood. Upon this he sold the school for about £400, spent the money, grew into disease, and died.

It would be very honourable, as well as just, in those many persons of quality and fortune, who had the advantage of being educated under Dr. Sheridan, if they would please to erect some decent monument over his body, in the church where it is deposited.

THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND SOLOMON*, 1729.

HE became acquainted with a person distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions, and he became familiar in this person's house†. In three months' time Solomon, without the least provocation, writ a long poem, describing that person's Muse to be dead, and making a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, &c., and gave the copy among all his acquaintance.

Solomon became acquainted with a most deserving lady, an intimate friend of the above person,‡ who entertained him also as she would a brother; and, upon giving him a little good advice in the most decent manner, with relation to his wife, he told her, "She was like other women, as bad as she was; and that they were all alike."

* Dr. Sheridan. † Dean Swift. ‡ Stella.

Solomon has no ill design upon any person but himself, and he is the greatest deceiver of himself on all occasions.

His thoughts are sudden, and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost; and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts, and then asks advice, but never once before.

The person above mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the lord lieutenant;* upon going down to take possession, Solomon preached at Cork, a sermon on King George's birthday, on this text, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Solomon having been famous for a high tory, and suspected as a jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get anything for him: but that person, being an old friend of Lord Carteret, prevailed against all Solomon's enemies, and got him made likewise one of his excellency's chaplains. But, upon this sermon, he was struck out of the list, and forbid the Castle, until that same person brought him again to the lieutenant and made them friends.

A fancy sprung in Solomon's head, that a house near Dublin would be commodious for him and his boarders, to lodge in on Saturdays and Sundays; immediately, without consulting with any creature, he takes a lease of a rotten house at Rathfarnam, the worst air in Ireland, for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, at twelve pounds a year; the land which was only a strip of ground, not being worth twenty shillings a year. When the same person whom he lampooned heard the thing, he begged Solomon to get a clause to surrender, and at last prevailed to have it done after twenty-one years; because it was a madness to pay eleven pounds a year, for a thousand years, for a house that could not last twenty. But Solomon made an agreement with his landlady, that he should be at liberty to surrender his lease in seven years; and if he did not do it at that time, should be obliged to keep it for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. In the mean time, he expends about one hundred pounds on the house and garden-wall; and in less than three years, contracts such a hatred to the house, that he lets it run to ruin: so that, when the seven years were expired, he must either take it for the remainder of the nine hundred and ninety-nine years, or be sued for waste, and lose all the money he laid out: and now he pays twelve pounds a year for a place he never sees.

Solomon has as estate of about thirty-five pounds *per annum*, in the county of Cavan; upon which, instead of ever receiving one penny rent, he hath expended above thirty pounds *per annum* in buildings and plantations, which are all gone to ruin.

Solomon is under-tenant to a bishop's lease; he is bound by articles to his lordship to renew and pay a fine, whenever the bishop renews with his landlord, and to raise his rent as the landlord shall raise it to the bishop. Seven years expire: Solomon's landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays; then asks for a lease: the landlord says, "He may have it at any time." He never gets it. Another seven years elapse: Solomon's landlord demands another fine, and an additional rent: Solomon pays both, asks to have his lease renewed, the steward

* Lord Carteret.

answers, "He will speak to his master." Seventeen years have elapsed: the landlord sends Solomon word, "That his lease is forfeited, because he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles," and now they are at law upon this admirable case.

It is Solomon's great happiness, that when he acts in the common concerns of life against common sense and reason, he values himself thereupon, as if it were the mark of great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to descend into the knowledge of vulgar management; and you cannot make him a greater compliment than by telling instances to the company, before his face, how careless he was in any affair that related to his interest and fortune.

He is extremely proud and captious, apt to resent as an affront and indignity what was never intended for either.

He is allured as easily by every new acquaintance, especially among women, as a child is by a new play-thing; and is led at will by them to suspect and quarrel with his best friends, of whom he hath lost the greatest part, for want of that indulgence which they ought to allow for his failings.

He is a generous, honest, good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and discretion makes him act as if he were neither generous, honest, nor good-natured.

The person above mentioned, whom he lampooned, and to whom he owes preferment, being in the country and out of order; Solomon had appointed to come for him with a chaise, and bring him to town. Solomon sent him word that he was to set out on Monday, and did accordingly, but to another part of the kingdom, thirty miles wide of the place appointed, in compliment to a lady who was going that way; there stayed, with her and her family, a month; then sent the chaise, in the midst of winter, to bring the said person where Solomon would meet him, declaring he could not venture himself for fear of the frost: and, upon the said person's refusing to go in the chaise alone, or to trust to Solomon's appointment, and being in ill health, Solomon fell into a formal quarrel with that person, and foully misrepresented the whole affair, to justify himself.

Solomon had published a humorous ballad, called "Ballyspellin," whither he had gone to drink the waters, with a new favourite lady. The ballad was in the manner of Mr. Gay's on Molly Mogg, pretending to contain all the rhymes of Ballyspellin. His friend, the person so often mentioned, being at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and merry over Solomon's ballad, they agreed to make another, in dispraise of Ballyspellin-wells, which Solomon had celebrated, and with all new rhymes not made use of in Solomon's. The thing was done, and all in a mere jest and innocent merriment. Yet Solomon was prevailed upon, by the lady he went with, to resent this as an affront on her and himself; which he did accordingly, against all the rules of reason, taste, good nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners.

He will invite six or more people of condition to dine with him on a certain day, some of them living five or six miles from town. On the day appointed, he will be absent, and know nothing of the matter, and

they all go back disappointed; when he is told of this, he is pleased, because it shows him to be a genius and a man of learning.

Having lain many years under the obloquy of a high Tory and Jacobite, upon the present queen's birthday he writ a song, to be performed before the government and those who attended them, in praise of the queen and king, on the common topics of her beauty, wit, family, love of *England*, and all other virtues, wherein the king and the royal children were sharers. It was very hard to avoid the common topics. A young collegian, who had done the same job the year before, got some reputation on account of his wit. Solomon would needs vie with him, by which he lost all the esteem of his old friends the Tories, and got not the least interest with the Whigs, for they are now too strong to want advocates of that kind; and therefore one of the lords justices, reading the verses in some company, said: "Ah, Doctor! this shall not do." His name was at length in the title-page; and he did this without the knowledge or advice of one living soul, as he himself confesseth.

His full conviction of having acted wrong in an hundred instances, leaves him as positive in the next instance as if he had never been mistaken in his life; and if you go to him the next day, and find him convinced in the last, he hath another instance ready, wherein he is as positive as he was the day before.

OF MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES

MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

Of those who have made great figures in some particular action or circumstance of their lives.

ALEXANDER the Great, after his victory (at the Straits of Mount Taurus), when he entered the tent, where the queen and the princesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison until the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment, the people through every place he passed meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, although he knew he must be put to a cruel death for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that Commonwealth.

Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the senate to make him dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

The Earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purrose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon was struck with so much awe and veneration, that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said that one of his family ever quitted their post.

Of those who have made a mean contemptible figure in some action or circumstance of their lives.

Anthony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph,

Richard II. of England, after he was deposed.

The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muscovites.

King James II. of England, when the prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London,

King William III, of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador,

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery,

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience,

King Charles II, of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II. of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles V., when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles I. of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Anthony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, until he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage he was run into his breast, which he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity, but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Bussy-Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland when he turned Papist in the time of King James II. and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted.

Pope Clement VII., when he was taken prisoner at Rome, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth's forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as an excuse for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope to be held as a fief to the See of Rome.

A TRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

TO ———

SIR,—Being so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose, you would be very much obliged with anything that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses for running into stale topics and threadbare quotations, and not handling their subject fully and closely, all which errors I have carefully avoided in the following essay, which I have proposed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and observations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the subject of mighty importance, and treated with much order and perspicuity, it

has cost me a great deal of time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost effort of my genius.

PHILOSOPHERS say, that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if this be so, how can the epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum teneatis amici?* This false opinion must needs create many more: it is like an error in the first concoction, which cannot be corrected in the second; the foundation is weak, and whatever superstructure you raise upon it, must of necessity fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one error to another, until with Ixion they embrace a cloud instead of Juno; or like the dog in the fable lose the substance in gaping at the shadow. For such opinions cannot cohere; but like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, must separate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, that Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, which he needed not have done, if the fortuitous concourse of atoms could create one; but this is an opinion, fitter for that many-headed beast the vulgar to entertain, than for so wise a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his sect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the chestnut out of the fire.

However, the first step to the cure is to know the disease; and though truth may be difficult to find, because, as the philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open daylight. I hope I may be allowed, among so many far more learned men, to offer my mite, since a stander-by may sometimes, perhaps, see more of the game than he that plays it. But I do not think a philosopher obliged to account for every phenomenon in nature, or drown himself with Aristotle, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the tide, in that fatal sentence he passed upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuser and executioner. Socrates, on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this digression; I think it as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that Nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret recesses, we should find that the smallest blade of grass, or most contemptible weed, has its particular use; but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions, the least and most contemptible insect most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it, though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art, and as the poet observes,

> "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret."
> HOR. Lib. I. Epist. X. 24.

But the various opinions of philosophers have scattered though the

world as many plagues of the mind, as Pandora's box did those of the body, only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if truth be not fled with Astræa, she is certainly as hidden as the source of the Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on those wise sages, which would be a sort of ingratitude ; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of,

"Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis."

But, what I blame the philosophers for (though some may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride, nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your faith on their sleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for aught I know, as much pride under his rags as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the cynic only answered, "Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the light ;" which was almost as extravagant as the philosopher that flung his money into the sea, with this remarkable saying—

How different was this man from the usurer, who being told his son would spend all he had got, replied, "He cannot take more pleasure in spending, than I did in getting it." These men could see the faults of each other, but not their own ; those they flung into the bag behind ; *non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo est.* I may, perhaps, be censured for my free opinions by those carping Momuses whom authors worship, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds as the men in the almanac ; but I value it not, and perhaps like flies, they may buzz so often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They must pardon me if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand : it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment :

"Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Tormentum majus—" HOR. Lib. I. Epist. II. 58.

I must be so bold to tell my critics and witlings, that they can no more judge of this than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of colours. I have always observed, that your empty vessels sound loudest : I value their lashes as little as the sea did those of Xerxes, when he whipped it. The utmost favour a man can expect from them, is that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he would devour him the last ; they think to subdue a writer, as Cæsar did his enemy, with a *Veni, vidi, vici.* I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W———k ; but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the philosophers about a vacuum may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critic's head. They are at best but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey and will not work themselves, and a writer need no more regard them than the moon does the barking of a little senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin.

But to return to our discourse: Demosthenes being asked what was the first part of an orator, replied, Action; what was the second, Action; what was the third, Action; and so on *ad infinitum*. This may be true in oratory, but contemplation in other things exceeds action. And therefore a wise man is never less alone than when he is alone, *Nunquam minus solus, quam cùm solus.*

And Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was so intent upon his problems, that he never minded the soldiers who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract from the just praise which belongs to orators, they ought to consider that nature, which gave us two eyes to see, and two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to speak; wherein, however, some do so abound, that the virtuosi, who have been so long in search for the perpetual motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire republics, because orators flourish there most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Besides, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness,

"Ira furor brevis est."

HOR. Lib. I. Epist. II. 62.

After which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. But in oratory the greatest art is to hide art.

But this must be the work of time, we must lay hold on all opportunities, and let slip no occasion; else we shall be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the night what we spun in the day. And therefore I have observed, that Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once past there is no recalling it.

The mind of man is at first (if you will pardon the expression) like a *tabula rasa*, or like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression till time has hardened it. And at length death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none, from the sceptre to the spade: *Mors omnibus communis.*

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than a hundred years, they would be all dead. Anacreon was choked with a grapestone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy; yet Plato thought, that if Virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, unless it were, as he did to Danaë, in a golden shower; for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting:

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expose myself to censure, in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject, must be left to the judgment of my learned reader; however, I cannot but hope, that my attempting of it, may be encouragement for some able pen, to perform it with more success.

A
MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

In the "Posthumous Works of the Author of Hudibras," 1759, vol. i. p. 404. is a satirical imitation of Boyle's style, under the title of "An Occasional Reflection on Dr. Carleton's feeling a Dog's Pulse at Gresham College, by R. B. Esq., to Lyndamore;" a performance in which there appeared so striking a resemblance to the present one, as to induce the Editor of those volumes to imagine Swift must have either seen or heard of this piece by his witty predecessor. But, as few writers are so little liable to the charge of plagiarism as the Dean, it may not be improper to set down what the abovementioned Editor has said upon the subject: "It is a great pity but Mr. Boyle's merit, which, it must be owned, was very great both in his learned and moral capacity, had pleaded his excuse for any little defects in his manner of writing; but, as my Lord Orrery observes, the sword of Wit, like the scythe of Time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way." However, in justice to the wit of our Satirist, we must acknowledge that he has hit upon the weak side of Boyle's character as an Author, since his greatest admirers must confess that his style is rather too copious, diffusive, and circumstantial, and that his reasoning and reflections are sometimes too puerile and trifling. Whoever will take the pains to examine his writings with this view, will find that Butler has very archly imitated him, both in the flimsy long-winded turn of the sentences, and in the too pompous manner of moralizing upon every occasion that offers.

"It is something very singular that Dean Swift should have attempted the same thing, in the very same manner too, in his 'Meditation upon a Broomstick.' Butler and Swift were indeed geniuses pretty much of the same turn, and might possibly be led by that into the same vein of thinking and writing; but I think it more probable that Swift took the hint from having either seen or heard of this performance of Butler's. What led me into this conjecture is the certain information I have received that these manuscripts were communicated to Bishop Atterbury, whose well-known intimacy with Swift would give him opportunities of mentioning the nature and subjects of them."—Nichols.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on

the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, *Surely man is a broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man, but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Ipse per omnes.
Ibit personas, et turbam reddet in unam.

THE players having now almost done with the comedy called the Beggar's Opera for the season, it may be no unpleasant speculation to reflect a little upon this dramatic piece, so singular in the subject and manner, so much an original, and which has frequently given so very agreeable an entertainment.

Although an evil taste be very apt to prevail, both here and in London; yet there is a point, which whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleasing a very great majority; so great, that the dislikers out of dulness or affectation will be silent, and forced to fall in with the herd: the point I mean is, what we call humour; which, in its perfection, is allowed to be much preferable to wit; if it be not rather the most useful and agreeable species of it.

I agree with Sir William Temple, that the word is peculiar to our English tongue; but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing

itself is peculiar to the English nation, because the contrary may be found in many Spanish, Italian, and French productions: and particularly, whoever has a tast for true humour, will find a hundred instances of it in those volumes printed in France under the name of Le Théâtre Italien; to say nothing of Rabelais, Cervantes, and many others.

Now I take the comedy, or farce, (or whatever name the critics will allow it) called the Beggar's Opera, to excel in this article of humour; and upon that merit to have met with such prodigious success, both here and in England.

As to poetry, eloquence, and music, which are said to have most power over the minds of men, it is certain that very few have a taste or judgment of the excellencies of the two former; and if a man succeed in either, it is upon the authority of those few judges that lend their taste to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good judges in music, and that among those who crowd the operas, nine in ten go thither merely out of curiosity, fashion, or affectation.

But a taste for humour is in some manner fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar: except upon subjects too refined, and superior to their understanding.

And, as this taste of humour is purely natural, so is humour itself; neither is it a talent confined to men of wit or learning; for we observe it sometimes among common servants, and the meanest of the people, while the very owners are often ignorant of the gift they possess.

I know very well that this happy talent is contemptibly treated by critics, under the name of low humour, or low comedy; but I know likewise that the Spaniards and Italians, who are allowed to have the most wit of any nation in Europe, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the climate, this endowment is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for philosophers to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient toward that kind of satire which is most useful, and gives the least offence; which, instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies and vices; and is the character that gives Horace the preference to Juvenal.

And, although some things are too serious, solemn, or sacred to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not; since it is allowed that corruptions in religion, politics, and law may be proper topics for this kind of satire.

There are two ends that men propose in writing satire; one of them less noble than the other; as regarding nothing farther than the private satisfaction and pleasure of the writer; but without any view toward personal malice: the other is a public spirit, prompting men of genius and virtue to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both these ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former, I demand, whether I have not as good a title to laugh, as men have to be ridiculous; and to expose vice, as another has to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a court, a ministry, or a senate, are they not amply paid by pensions, titles, and power, while I expect and desire no other reward than that of laughing with a

few friends in a corner? yet, if those who take offence think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the scene with them whenever they please.

But, if my design be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty, at least, I am sure it is the interest of those very courts and ministers whose follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intention: for, if it be reckoned a high point of wisdom to get the laughers on our side, it is much more easy, as well as wise, to get those on our side who can make millions laugh when they please.

My reason for mentioning courts and ministers (whom I never think on but with the most profound veneration), is, because an opinion obtains, that in the Beggar's Opera there appears to be some reflection upon courtiers and statesmen, whereof I am by no means a judge.

It is true indeed, that Mr. Gay, the author of this piece, has been somewhat singular in the course of his fortunes; for it has happened, that after fourteen years attending the court, with a large stock of real merit, a modest and agreeable conversation, a hundred promises, and five hundred friends, he has failed of preferment; and upon a very weighty reason. He lay under the suspicion of having written a libel, or lampoon, against a great minister.* It is true, that great minister was demonstratively convinced, and publicly owned his conviction, that Mr. Gay was not the author; but having lain under the suspicion, it seemed very just that he should suffer the punishment; because, in this most reformed age, the virtues of a prime minister are no more to be suspected than the chastity of Cæsar's wife.

It must be allowed, that the Beggar's Opera is not the first of Mr. Gay's works wherein he has been faulty with regard to courtiers and statesmen. For, to omit his other pieces, even in his fables, published within two years past, and dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, for which he was promised a reward, he has been thought somewhat too bold upon the courtiers. And although it be highly probable he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily, by not considering that the malignity of some people might misinterpret what he said to the disadvantage of present persons and affairs.

But I have now done with Mr. Gay, as a politician, and shall consider him henceforward only as author of the Beggar's Opera, wherein he has, by a turn of humour entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the strongest and most odious light; and thereby done eminent service both to religion and morality. This appears from the unparalleled success he has met with; all ranks, parties, and denominations of men, either crowding to see his opera, or reading it with delight in their closets; even ministers of state, whom he is thought to have most offended (next to those whom the actors represent), appearing frequently at the theatre, from a consciousness of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjust a parallel, malice, envy, and disaffection to the government have made.

I am assured that several worthy clergymen in this city went privately to see the Beggar's Opera represented; and that the fleering

* Sir Robert Walpole.

coxcombs in the pit amused themselves with making discoveries, and spreading the names of those gentlemen round the audience.

I shall not pretend to vindicate a clergyman, who would appear openly in his habit at the theatre, with such a vicious crew as might probably stand round him, at such comedies and profane tragedies as are often represented. Besides, I know very well, that persons of their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cause of offence. But when the Lords Chancellors, who are keepers of the king's conscience; when the judges of the land, whose title is reverend; when ladies, who are bound by the rules of their sex to the strictest decency, appear in the theatre without censure, I cannot understand why a young clergyman, who comes concealed out of curiosity to see an innocent and moral play, should be so highly condemned; nor do I much approve the rigour of a great prelate, who said "he hoped none of his clergy were there." I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections against that reverend body planted in this city, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak as to imitate a court chaplain* in England, who preached against the Beggar's Opera, which will probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so judicious, and so prostitute a divine.

In this happy performance of Mr. Gay's, all the characters are just, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It discovers the whole system of that commonwealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity established among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are secure, either in the highways or in public assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shows the miserable lives, and the constant fate, of those abandoned wretches; for how little they sell their lives and souls, betrayed by their whores, their comrades, and the receivers and purchasers of those thefts and robberies. This comedy contains likewise a satire, which, without inquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come; I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing the common robbers of the public, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several arts of politicians in times of corruption.

This comedy likewise exposes, with great justice, that unnatural taste for Italian music among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our northern climate, and the genius of the people, whereby we are overrun with Italian effeminacy and Italian nonsense. An old gentleman said to me, that many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew frequent in London, and many were prosecuted for it, he was sure it would be the forerunner of Italian operas and singers; and then we should want nothing but stabbing or poisoning to make us perfect Italians.

* This court chaplain was Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher at Lincoln's Inn. He was made Rector of Bletchingley in 1731, and the same year Dean of Rochester; was raised to the See of Bangor in 1737, translated to York in 1743, and to Canterbury in 1747. He died in 1757, at the age of 64. See a letter of Dr. Herring to Mr. Duncombe (who had written two letters in justification of the sermon against the Beggar's Opera) in preface to "Archbishop Herring's Seven Sermons on Public Occasions, 1763."—NICHOLS.

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but servile attachment to a party, affectation of singularity, lamentable dulness, mistaken zeal, or studied hypocrisy, can have the least reasonable objection against this excellent moral performance of the celebrated Mr. Gay.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly handled as this; and indeed I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection; but in conversation it is, or might be otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire, without any great genius or study. For, nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance, nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this

is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory, the whole company all this while in suspense, at length says it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dextrous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise; they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs have with him; and how little that is he is sensible enough.

Where company has met, I often have observed two persons discover by some accident that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demand audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way, then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation, which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers as much as to themselves to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expects to be informed or enter-

tained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And indeed the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life, was that at Will's Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble: that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means, the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine: and it is the same vice in women when they are over-copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company: against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel when in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart: just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous: sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dextrous at this art singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on

his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid : nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blamable : I mean an impatience to interrupt others ; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves ; which, whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of those two errors ; because when any man speaks in company it is to be supposed he does it for his hearer's sake, and not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you ; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory ; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people by practising among their intimates have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour ; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars ; and considering all things were turned upside down it was reasonable and judicious, although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies ; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent ; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted,

so that whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory; and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endowed have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing, is of all others most insupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation, than the character of being wits; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse: for whoever labours under any of these possessions is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding, such as lewd or profane talk: but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes; and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which, we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity; which under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign; and from

what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dextrous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, that leave room for answers and replies.

A LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

TOGETHER WITH A PROPOSAL FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF POETRY IN IRELAND.

"Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit."——

HOR. DE ART. POET. 400.

SIR, *Dec.* 1, 1720.

AS I have always professed a friendship for you, and have therefore been more inquisitive into your conduct and studies than is usually agreeable to young men; so I must own I am not a little

pleased to find, by your last account, that you have entirely bent your thoughts to English poetry, with design to make it your profession and business. Two reasons incline me to encourage you in this study, one, the narrowness of your present circumstances; the other, the great use of poetry to mankind and society, and in every employment of life. Upon these views, I cannot but commend your wise resolution to withdraw so early from other unprofitable and severe studies, and betake yourself to that, which, if you have good luck, will advance your fortune and make you an ornament to your friends and your country. It may be your justification, and farther encouragement, to consider, that history, ancient or modern, cannot furnish you an instance of one person, eminent in any station, who was not in some measure versed in poetry, or at least a well-wisher to the professors of it; neither would I despair to prove, if legally called thereto, that it is impossible to be a good soldier, divine, or lawyer, or even so much as an eminent bellman, or ballad-singer, without some taste of poetry, and a competent skill in versification; but I say the less of this, because the renowned Sir P. Sidney has exhausted the subject before me, in his Defence of Poesie, on which I shall make no other remark but this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

For my own part, having never made one verse since I was at school, where I suffered too much for my blunders in poetry to have any love to it ever since, I am not able, from any experience of my own, to give you those instructions you desire; neither will I declare (for I love to conceal my passions) how much I lament my neglect of poetry in those periods of my life which were properest for improvements in that ornamental part of learning; besides, my age and infirmities might well excuse me to you, as being unqualified to be your writing-master, with spectacles on, and a shaking hand. However, that I may not be altogether wanting to you in an affair of so much importance to your credit and happiness, I shall here give you some scattered thoughts upon the subject, such as I have gathered by reading and observation.

There is a certain little instrument, the first of those in use with scholars, and the meanest, considering the materials of it, whether it be a joint of wheaten straw (the old Arcadian pipe) or just three inches of slender wire, or a stripped feather, or a corking pin. Furthermore, this same diminutive tool, for the posture of it, usually reclines its head on the thumb of the right hand, sustains the foremost finger upon its breast, and is itself supported by the second. This is commonly known by the name of a fescue; I shall here therefore condescend to be this little elementary guide, and point out some particulars, which may be of use to you in your hornbook of poetry.

In the first place, I am not yet convinced, that it is at all necessary for a modern poet to believe in God, or have any serious sense of religion; and in this article you must give me leave to suspect your capacity: because, religion being what your mother taught you, you will hardly find it possible, at least not easy, all at once to get over those early prejudices, so far as to think it better to be a great wit than a good Christian, though herein the general practice is against you; so that if, upon inquiry, you find in yourself any such softnesses, owing to the nature of your education, my advice is, that you forthwith lay down

your pen, as having no farther business with it in the way of poetry; unless you will be content to pass for an insipid, or will submit to be hooted at by your fraternity, or can disguise your religion, as well-bred men do their learning in complaisance to company.

For, poetry, as it has been managed for some years past, by such as make a business of it (and of such only I speak here, for I do not call him a poet that writes for his diversion, any more than that gentleman a fiddler who amuses himself with a violin), I say, our poetry of late has been altogether disengaged from the narrow notions of virtue and piety, because it has been found, by experience of our professors, that the smallest quantity of religion, like a single drop of malt liquor in claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest poetical genius.

Religion supposes heaven and hell, the Word of God, and sacraments, and twenty other circumstances, which, taken seriously, are a wonderful check to wit and humour, and such as a true poet cannot possibly give into, with a saving to his poetical license; but yet it is necessary for him, that others should believe those things seriously, that his wit may be exercised on their wisdom for so doing; for though a wit need not have religion, religion is necessary to a wit, as an instrument is to the hand that plays upon it; and for this, the moderns plead the example of their great idol Lucretius, who had not been by half so eminent a poet (as he truly was) but that he stood tiptoe on religion, *Religio pedibus subjecta*, and, by that rising ground had the advantage of all the poets of his own or following times who were not mounted on the same pedestal.

Besides, it is further to be observed, that Petronius, another of their favourites, speaking of the qualifications of a good poet, insists chiefly on the *liber spiritus*; by which I have been ignorant enough heretofore to suppose he meant, a good invention or great compass of thought, or a sprightly imagination: but I have learned a better construction, from the opinions and practice of the moderns; and, taking it literally for a free spirit, *i. e.* a spirit, or mind, free or disengaged from all prejudices concerning God, religion, and another world, it is to me a plain account why our present set of poets are, and hold themselves obliged to be, freethinkers.

But although I cannot recommend religion upon the practice of some of our most eminent English poets, yet I can justly advise you, from their example, to be conversant in the Scriptures, and, if possible, to make yourself entirely master of them: in which, however, I intend nothing less than imposing upon you a task of piety. Far be it from me to desire you to believe them, or lay any great stress upon their authority; in that you may do as you think fit; but to read them as a piece of necessary furniture for a wit and a poet; which is a very different view from that of a Christian. For I have made it my observation, that the greatest wits have been the best textuaries: our modern poets are all to a man almost as well read in the Scriptures as some of our divines, and often abound more with the phrase. They have read them historically, critically, musically, comically, poetically, and every other way except religiously, and have found their account in doing so. For the Scriptures are undoubtedly a fund of wit, and a subject for wit. You may, according to the modern practice, be witty

upon them, or out of them ; and, to speak the truth, but for them, I know not what our playwrights would do for images, allusions, similitudes, examples, or even language itself. Shut up the Sacred Books, and I would be bound our wit would run down like an alarum, or fall as the stocks did, and ruin half the poets in these kingdoms. And if that were the case, how would most of that tribe (all, I think, but the immortal Addison, who made a better use of his Bible, and a few more) who dealt so freely in that fund, rejoice that they had drawn out in time, and left the present generation of poets to be the bubbles.

But here I must enter one caution, and desire you to take notice, that in this advice of reading the Scriptures, I had not the least thought concerning your qualification that way for poetical orders ; which I mention because I find a notion of that kind advanced by one of our English poets ; and is, I suppose, maintained by the rest. He says to Spenser, in a pretended vision,

> "———With hands laid on, ordain me fit
> For the great cure and ministry of wit."

Which passage is, in my opinion, a notable allusion to the Scriptures ; and making but reasonable allowances for the small circumstance of profaneness, bordering close upon blasphemy, is inimitably fine ; beside some useful discoveries made in it, as, that there are bishops in poetry, that these bishops must ordain young poets, and with laying on hands ; and that poetry is a cure of souls ; and, consequently speaking, those who have such cures ought to be poets, and too often are so : and indeed, as of old, poets and priests were one and the same function, the alliance of those ministerial offices is to this day happily maintained in the same persons ; and this I take to be the only justifiable reason for that appellation which they so much affect, I mean the modest title of divine poets. However, having never been present at the ceremony of ordaining to the priesthood of poetry, I own I have no notion of the thing, and shall say the less of it here.

The Scriptures then being generally both the fountain and subject of modern wit, I could do no less than give them the preference in your reading. After a thorough acquaintance with them, I would advise you to turn your thoughts to human literature, which yet I say more in compliance with vulgar opinions, than according to my own sentiments.

For, indeed, nothing has surprised me more than to see the prejudices of mankind as to this matter of human learning, who have generally thought it is necessary to be a good scholar in order to be a good poet ; than which nothing is falser in fact, or more contrary to practice and experience. Neither will I dispute the matter if any man will undertake to show me one professed poet now in being, who is anything of what may be justly called a scholar ; or is the worse poet for that, but perhaps the better, for being so little encumbered with the pedantry of learning ; it is true the contrary was the opinion of our forefathers, which we of this age have devotion enough to receive from them on their own terms, and unexamined, but not sense enough

to perceive it was a gross mistake in them. So Horace has told us :—

> "Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,
> Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ."
> HOR. DE ART. POET, 309.

But, to see the different casts of men's heads, some, not inferior to that poet in understanding (if you will take their own word for it), do see no consequence in this rule, and are not ashamed to declare themselves of a contrary opinion. Do not many men write well in common account, who have nothing of that principle? Many are too wise to be poets, and others too much poets to be wise. Must a man, forsooth, be no less than a philosopher to be a poet, when it is plain that some of the greatest idiots of the age are our prettiest performers that way? And for this I appeal to the judgment and observation of mankind. Sir Philip Sidney's notable remark upon this nation may not be improper to mention here. He says, "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where true learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence;" which shows, that learning is no way necessary either to the making of a poet, or judging of him. And farther, to see the fate of things, notwithstanding our learning here is as bare as ever, yet are our poets not held, as formerly, in devout reverence; but are, perhaps, the most contemptible race of mortals now in this kingdom, which is no less to be wondered at than lamented.

Some of the old philosophers were poets, as, according to the forementioned author, Socrates and Plato were: which, however, is what I did not know before; but that does not say that all poets are, or that any need be, philosophers, otherwise than as those are so called who are a little out at the elbows. In which sense the great Shakespeare might have been a philosopher; but was no scholar, yet was an excellent poet. Neither do I think a late most judicious critic so much mistaken, as others do, in advancing this opinion, that "Shakespeare had been a worse poet had he been a better scholar:" and Sir W. Davenant is another instance in the same kind. Nor must it be forgotten that Plato was an avowed enemy to poets; which is, perhaps, the reason why poets have been always at enmity with his profession; and have rejected all learning and philosophy, for the sake of that one philosopher. As I take the matter, neither philosophy, nor any part of learning, is more necessary to poetry (which, if you will believe the same author, is "the sum of all learning") than to know the theory of light, and the several proportions and diversifications of it in particular colours, is to a good painter.

Whereas, therefore, a certain author, called Petronius Arbiter, going upon the same mistake, has confidently declared, that one ingredient of a good poet, is "*mens ingenti literarum flumine inundata*;" I do on the contrary declare, that this his assertion (to speak of it in the softest terms) is no better than an invidious and unhandsome reflection on all the gentlemen poets of these times; for with his good leave, much less than a flood, or inundation, will serve the turn; and, to my certain knowledge, some of our greatest wits in your poetical way, have

not as much real learning as would cover a sixpence in the bottom of a basin; nor do I think the worse of them; for, to speak my private opinion, I am for every man's working upon his own materials, and producing only what he can find within himself, which is commonly a better stock than the owner knows it to be. I think flowers of wit ought to spring, as those in a garden do, from their own root and stem, without foreign assistance. I would have a man's wit rather like a fountain, that feeds itself invisibly, than a river, that is supplied by several streams from abroad.

Or, if it be necessary, as the case is with some barren wits, to take in the thoughts of others in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them; in that necessity I would recommend some of the approved standard authors of antiquity for your perusal, as a poet and a wit; because, maggots being what you look for, as monkeys do for vermin in their keepers' heads, you will find they abound in good old authors, as in rich old cheese, not in the new; and for that reason you must have the classics, especially the most worm-eaten of them, often in your hands.

But with this caution, that you are not to use those ancients as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own; which is an effect of great judgment, and, though difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching; for I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own.

Possibly you may think it a very severe task, to arrive at a competent knowledge of so many of the ancients as excel in their way; and indeed it would be really so, but for the short and easy method lately found out of abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., which are admirable expedients for being very learned with little or no reading; and have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination. And to this is nearly related that other modern device of consulting indexes, which is to read books hebraically, and begin where others usually end. And this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters: you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, *i.e.*, to steal) use to cut off the portmanteau from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner. Lastly, you are taught thus much in the very elements of philosophy; for one of the finest rules in logic is, *Finis est primus in intentione.*

The learned world is therefore most highly indebted to a late painful and judicious editor of the classics, who has laboured in that new way with exceeding felicity. Every author, by his management, sweats under himself, being overloaded with his own index, and carries, like a north-country pedlar, all his substance and furniture upon his back, and with as great variety of trifles. To him let all young students

make their compliments for so much time and pains saved in the pursuit of useful knowledge; for whoever shortens a road is a benefactor to the public, and to every particular person who has occasion to travel that way.

But to proceed. I have lamented nothing more in my time, than the disuse of some ingenious little plays, in fashion with young folks when I was a boy, and to which the great facility of that age above ours in composing, was certainly owing; and if anything has brought a damp upon the versification of these times, we have no farther than this to go for the cause of it. Now, could these sports be happily revived, I am of opinion your wisest course would be to apply your thoughts to them, and never fail to make a party when you can, in those profitable diversions. For example, crambo is of extraordinary use to good rhyming, and rhyming is what I have ever accounted the very essential of a good poet: and in that notion I am not singular: for the aforesaid Sir Philip Sidney has declared, "That the chief life of modern versifying consists in the like sounding of words, which we call rhyme;" which is an authority, either without exception, or above any reply. Wherefore, you are ever to try a good poem as you would sound a pipkin; and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it. Verse without rhyme, is a body without a soul (for the "chief life consisteth in the rhyme") or a bell without a clapper; which, in strictness, is no bell, as being neither of use nor delight. And the same ever honoured knight, with so musical an ear, had that veneration for the tuneableness and chiming of verse, that he speaks of a poet as one that has "the reverend title of a rhymer." Our celebrated Milton has done these nations great prejudice in this particular, having spoiled as many reverend rhymers, by his example, as he has made real poets.

For which reason, I am overjoyed to hear that a very ingenious youth of this town is now upon the useful design (for which he is never enough to be commended) of bestowing rhyme upon Milton's Paradise Lost, which will make the poem, in that only defective, more heroic and sonorous than it hitherto has been. I wish the gentleman success in the performance; and, as it is a work in which a young man could not be more happily employed, or appear in with greater advantage to his character, so I am concerned that it did not fall out to be your province.

With much the same view, I would recommend to you the witty play of pictures and mottoes, which will furnish your imagination with great store of images and suitable devices. We of these kingdoms have found our account in this diversion, as little as we consider or acknowledge it; for to this we owe our eminent felicity in posies of rings, mottoes of snuff-boxes, the humours of sign-posts with their elegant inscriptions, &c., in which kind of productions not any nation in the world, no, not the Dutch themselves, will presume to rival us.

For much the same reason, it may be proper for you to have some insight into the play called "What is it like?" as of great use in common practice, to quicken slow capacities, and improve the quickest: but the chief end of it is, to supply the fancy with varieties of similes for all subjects. It will teach you to bring things to a likeness, which have

not the least imaginable conformity in nature, which is properly creation; and the very business of a poet, as his name implies: and let me tell you, a good poet can no more be without a stock of similes by him, than a shoemaker without his lasts. He should have them sized, and ranged, and hung up in order in his shop, ready for all customers, and shaped to the feet of all sorts of verse: and here I could more fully (and I long to do it) insist upon the wonderful harmony and resemblance between a poet and a shoemaker, in many circumstances common to both; such as the binding of their temples, the stuff they work upon, and the paring-knife they use, &c., but that I would not digress, nor seem to trifle in so serious a matter.

Now, I say, if you apply yourself to these diminutive sports (not to mention others of equal ingenuity, such as draw gloves, cross purposes, questions and commands, and the rest) it is not to be conceived what benefit (of nature) you will find by them, and how they will open the body of your invention. To these devote your spare hours, or rather spare all your hours to them, and then you will act as becomes a wise man, and make even diversions an improvement; like the inimitable management of the bee, which does the whole business of life at once, and at the same time both feeds, and works, and diverts itself.

Your own prudence will, I doubt not, direct you to take a place every evening among the ingenious, in the corner of a certain coffee-house in this town, where you will receive a turn equally right as to wit, religion, and politics; as likewise to be as frequent at the playhouse as you can afford, without selling your books. For, in our chaste theatre, even Cato himself might sit to the falling of the curtain; besides, you will sometimes meet with tolerable conversation among the players: they are such a kind of men as may pass, upon the same sort of capacities, for wits off the stage, as they do for fine gentlemen upon it. Besides, that I have known a factor deal in as good ware, and sell as cheap, as the merchant himself that employs him.

Add to this the expediency of furnishing out your shelves with a choice collection of modern miscellanies, in the gayest edition; and of reading all sorts of plays, especially the new, and above all, those of our own growth, printed by subscription;* in which article of Irish manufacture, I readily agree to the late proposal, and am altogether for "rejecting and renouncing everything that comes from England:" to what purpose should we go thither for coals or poetry, when we have a vein within ourselves equally good and more convenient? Lastly,

A commonplace book is what a provident poet cannot subsist without for this proverbial reason, that "great wits have short memories;" and, whereas, on the other hand, poets, being liars by profession, ought to have good memories; to reconcile these, a book of this sort is in the nature of a supplemental memory, or a record of what occurs remarkable in every day's reading or conversation. There you enter not only your own original thoughts (which a hundred to one, are few and insignificant), but such of other men as you think fit to make your own, by

* Alluding to the plays of Charles Shadwell, whose father Thomas was poet laureate, from the Revolution till his death.—ED.

entering them there. For, take this for a rule, when an author is in your books, you have the same demand upon him for his wit, as a merchant has for your money, when you are in his.

By these few and easy prescriptions (with the help of a good genius) it is possible you may, in a short time, arrive at the accomplishments of a poet, and shine in that character. As for your manner of composing, and choice of subjects, I cannot take upon me to be your director; but I will venture to give you some short hints, which you may enlarge upon at your leisure. Let me entreat you then, by no means to lay aside that notion peculiar to our modern refiners in poetry, which is, that a poet must never write or discourse as the ordinary part of mankind do, but in number and verse, as an oracle; which I mention the rather, because, upon this principle, I have known heroes brought into the pulpit, and a whole sermon composed and delivered in blank verse, to the vast credit of the preacher, no less than the real entertainment and great edification of the audience; the secret of which I take to be this: when the matter of such discourses is but mere clay, or as we usually call it, sad stuff, the preacher who can afford no better, wisely moulds, and polishes, and dries, and washes this piece of earthenware, and then bakes it with poetic fire; after which it will ring like any pancrock, and is a good dish to set before common guests, as every congregation is, that comes so often for entertainment to one place.

There was a good old custom in use, which our ancestors had, of invoking the muses at the entrance of their poems; I suppose, by way of craving a blessing: this the graceless moderns have in a great measure laid aside, but are not to be followed in that poetical impiety; for, although to nice ears such invocations may sound harsh and disagreeable (as tuning instruments is before a concert) they are equally necessary. Again, you must not fail to dress your muse in a forehead cloth of Greek or Latin, I mean, you are always to make use of a quaint motto to all your compositions; for, beside that this artifice bespeaks the reader's opinion of the writer's learning, it is otherwise useful and commendable. A bright passage in the front of a poem is a good mark, like a star in a horse's face; and the piece will certainly go off the better for it. The *os magna sonaturum*, which, if I remember right, Horace makes one qualification of a good poet, may teach you not to gag your muse, or stint yourself in words and epithets which cost you nothing, contrary to the practice of some few out-of-the-way writers, who use a natural and concise expression, and affect a style like unto a Shrewsbury cake, short and sweet upon the palate; they will not afford you a word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly, as it would be to set down no more meat than your company will be sure to eat up. Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion; *Verba non invita sequentur.*

Furthermore, when you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease and better distillation of wit to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better; for an author, like a limbeck, will yield the better for having a rag about him: besides, that I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree (which is the surtout of it) to make it bear well: and this is a natural account of the usual poverty

of poets, and is an argument why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surface of the earth.

As for your choice of subjects, I have only to give you this caution: that, as a handsome way of praising is certainly the most difficult point in writing or speaking, I would by no means advise any young man to make his first essay in panegyric, beside the danger of it; for a particular encomium is ever attended with more ill-will than any general invective, for which I need give no reasons; wherefore my counsel is, that you use the point of your pen, not the feather: let your first attempt be a *coup d'éclat* in the way of libel, lampoon, or satire. Knock down half a score reputations, and you will infallibly raise your own; and so it be with wit, no matter with how little justice; for fiction is your trade.

Every great genius seems to ride upon mankind like Pyrrhus on his elephant; and the way to have the absolute ascendant of your resty nag, and to keep your seat, is, at your first mounting, to afford him the whip and spurs plentifully; after which you may travel the rest of the day with great alacrity. Once kick the world, and the world and you will live together at a reasonable good understanding. You cannot but know that those of your profession have been called *genus irritabile vatum;* and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that waspish society by exerting your talent of satire upon the first occasion, and to abandon good nature, only to prove yourself a true poet, which you will allow to be a valuable consideration: in a word, a young robber is usually entered by a murder; a young hound is blooded when he comes first into the field; a young bully begins with killing his man; and a young poet must show his wit, as the other his courage, by cutting, and slashing, and laying about him, and banging mankind.

Lastly, it will be your wisdom to look out betimes for a good service for your muse, according to her skill and qualifications, whether in the nature of a dairymaid, a cook, or chairwoman: I mean to hire out your pen to a party, which will afford you both pay and protection; and when you have to do with the press (as you will long to be there) take care to bespeak an importunate friend, to extort your productions with an agreeable violence; and which, according to the cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci*: there is a decency in this; for it no more becomes an author, in modesty, to have a hand in publishing his own works than a woman in labour to lay herself.

I would be very loth to give the least umbrage or offence by what I have here said, as I may do, if I should be thought to insinuate that these circumstances of good writing have been unknown to, or not observed by, the poets of this kingdom. I will do my countrymen the justice to say, they have written by the foregoing rules with great exactness, and so far as hardly to come behind those of their profession in England in perfection of low writing. The sublime indeed is not so common with us; but ample amends is made for that want in great abundance of the admirable and amazing, which appears in all our compositions. Our very good friend (the knight aforesaid), speaking

of the force of poetry, mentions "rhyming to death, which (adds he) is said to be done in Ireland;" and, truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power, in a great measure, continues with us to this day.

I would now offer some poor thoughts of mine for the encouragement of poetry in this kingdom, if I could hope they would be agreeable. I have had many an aching heart for the ill plight of that noble profession here; and it has been my late and early study how to bring it into better circumstances. And surely, considering what monstrous wits in the poetic way do almost daily start up and surprise us in this town; what prodigious geniuses we have here (of which I could give instances without number), and withal of what great benefit it may be to our trade to encourage that science here, for it is plain our linen manufacture is advanced by the great waste of paper made by our present set of poets; not to mention other necessary uses of the same to shopkeepers, especially grocers, apothecaries, and pastry-cooks, and I might add, but for our writers, the nation would in a little time be utterly destitute of bum-fodder, and must of necessity import the same from England and Holland, where they have it in great abundance by the indefatigable labour of their own wits: I say, these things considered, I am humbly of opinion it would be worth the care of our governors to cherish gentlemen of the quill, and give them all proper encouragements here. And, since I am upon the subject, I shall speak my mind very freely, and, if I add saucily, it is no more than my birthright as a Briton.

Seriously, then, I have many years lamented the want of a Grub-street in this our large and polite city, unless the whole may be called one. And this I have accounted an unpardonable defect in our constitution, ever since I had any opinions I could call my own. Every one knows Grub-street is a market for small ware in wit, and as necessary, considering the usual purgings of the human brain, as the nose is upon a man's face: and for the same reason we have here a court, a college, a playhouse, and beautiful ladies, and fine gentlemen, and good claret, and abundance of pens, ink, and paper, clear of taxes, and every other circumstance to provoke wit; and yet those, whose province it is, have not thought fit to appoint a place for evacuations of it, which is a very hard case, as may be judged by comparisons.

And truly this defect has been attended with unspeakable inconveniences; for, not to mention the prejudice done to the commonwealth of letters, I am of opinion we suffer in our health by it. I believe our corrupted air, and frequent thick fogs, are in a great measure owing to the common exposal of our wit; and that, with good management, our poetical vapours might be carried off in a common drain, and fall into one quarter of the town without infecting the whole, as the case is at present, to the great offence of our nobility and gentry, and others of nice noses. When writers of all sizes, like freemen of the city, are at liberty to throw out their filth and excrementitious productions in every street as they please, what can the consequence be, but that the town must be poisoned, and become such another jakes, as, by report of great travellers, Edinburgh is at night, a thing well to be considered in these pestilential times.

I am not of the society for reformation of manners, but, without that

pragmatical title, I should be glad to see some amendment in the matter before us; wherefore, I humbly bespeak the favour of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and common council, together with the whole circle of arts in this town, and do recommend this affair to their most political consideration; and I persuade myself they will not be wanting in their best endeavours, when they can serve two such good ends at once, as both to keep the town sweet, and encourage poetry in it. Neither do I make any exceptions as to satirical poets and lampoon writers in consideration of their office; for though, indeed, their business is to rake into kennels, and gather up the filth of streets and families (in which respect they may be, for aught I know, as necessary to the town as scavengers or chimney-sweeps) yet I have observed they, too, have themselves, at the same time, very foul clothes, and, like dirty persons, leave more filth and nastiness than they sweep away.

In a word, what I would be at (for I love to be plain in matters of importance to my country) is, that some private street, or blind alley of this town, may be fitted up at the charge of the public as an apartment for the muses (like those at Rome and Amsterdam for their female relations), and be wholly consigned to the uses of our wits, furnished completely with all appurtenances, such as authors, supervisors, presses, printers, hawkers, shops, and warehouses, abundance of garrets, and every other implement and circumstance of wit; the benefit of which would obviously be this, viz., that we should then have a safe repository for our best productions, which at present are handed about in single sheets or manuscripts, and may be altogether lost (which were a pity), or at the best are subject, in that loose dress, like handsome women, to great abuse.

Another point that has cost me some melancholy reflections, is the present state of the playhouse; the encouragement of which has an immediate influence upon the poetry of the kingdom, as a good marke improves the tillage of the neighbouring country, and enriches the ploughman; neither do we of this town seem enough to know or consider the vast benefit of a playhouse to our city and nation: that single house is the fountain of all our love, wit, dress, and gallantry. It is the school of wisdom, for there we learn to know what's what; which, however, I cannot say is always in that place sound knowledge. There our young folks drop their childish mistakes, and come first to perceive their mothers' cheat of the parsley-bed; there, too, they get rid of natural prejudices, especially those of religion and modesty, which are great restraints to a free people. The same is a remedy for the spleen, and blushing, and several distempers occasioned by the stagnation of the blood. It is likewise a school of common swearing; my young master, who at first but minced an oath, is taught there to mouth it gracefully, and to swear, as he reads French, *ore rotundo*. Profaneness was before to him in the nature of his best suit, or holiday clothes; but, upon frequenting the playhouse, swearing, cursing, and lying, become like his every day coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Now, I say common swearing, a produce of this country as plentiful as our corn, thus cultivated by the playhouse might, with management, be of wonderful advantage to the nation, as a projector of the swearers' bank has proved at large. Lastly, the stage in great measure supports the

pulpit; for I know not what our divines could have to say there against the corruptions of the age, but for the playhouse, which is the seminary of them. From which it is plain, the public is a gainer by the playhouse, and consequently ought to countenance it; and were I worthy to put in my word, or prescribe to my betters, I could say in what manner.

I have heard that a certain gentleman has great design to serve the public, in the way of their diversion, with due encouragement; that is, if he can obtain some concordatum money, or yearly salary, and handsome contribution; and well he deserves the favours of the nation: for, to do him justice, he has an uncommon skill in pastimes, having altogether applied his studies that way, and travelled full many a league by sea and land, for this his profound knowledge. With that view alone he has visited all the courts and cities in Europe, and has been at more pains than I shall speak of, to take an exact draught of the playhouse at the Hague, as a model for a new one here. But what can a private man do by himself in so public an undertaking? It is not to be doubted but, by his care and industry, vast improvements may be made, not only in our playhouse (which is his immediate province), but in our gaming ordinaries, groom-porters, lotteries, bowling-greens, ninepin-alleys, bear-gardens, cock-pits, prizes, puppets, and rareeshows, and whatever else concerns the elegant divertisements of this town. He is truly an original genius; and I felicitate this our capital city on his residence here, where I wish him long to live and flourish, for the good of the commonwealth.

Once more: If any farther applications shall be made on the other side, to obtain a charter for a bank here, I presume to make a request, that poetry may be a sharer in that privilege, being a fund as real, and to the full as well grounded as our stocks; but I fear our neighbours, who envy our wit as much as they do our wealth or trade, will give no encouragement to either. I believe, also, it might be proper to erect a corporation of poets in this city. I have been idle enough in my time to make a computation of wits here; and do find we have three hundred performing poets and upward, in and about this town, reckoning six score to the hundred, and allowing for demies, like pint bottles; including also the several denominations of imitators, translators, and familiar letter writers, &c. One of these last has lately entertained the town with an original piece, and such a one as, I daresay, the late British Spectator, in his decline, would have called, "an excellent specimen of the true sublime:" or "a noble poem;" or "a fine copy of verses, on a subject perfectly new," the author himself; and had given it a place among his latest lucubrations.

But, as I was saying, so many poets, I am confident, are sufficient to furnish out a corporation in point of number. Then, for the several degrees of subordinate members requisite to such a body, there can be no want; for, although we have not one masterly poet, yet we abound with wardens and beadles; having a multitude of poetasters, poetitoes, parcel-poets, poet-apes and philo-poets, and many of inferior attainments in wit, but strong inclinations to it, which are by odds more than all the rest. Nor shall I ever be at ease till this project of mine (for which I am heartily thankful to myself) shall be reduced to practice.

I long to see the day when our poets will be a regular and distinct body, and wait upon the Lord Mayor on public days, like other good citizens, in gowns turned up with green instead of laurels; and when I myself, who make this proposal, shall be free of their company.

To conclude: what if our government had a poet laureate here, as in England? what if our university had a professor of poetry here, as in England? what if our lord mayor had a city bard here, as in England? and, to refine upon England, what if every corporation, parish, and ward in this town, had a poet in fee, as they have not in England? Lastly, what if every one, so qualified, were obliged to add one more than usual to the number of his domestics, and beside a fool and a chaplain (which are often united in one person) would retain a poet in his family; for, perhaps, a rhymer is as necessary among servants of a house as a Dobbin with his bells at the head of a team. But these things I leave to the wisdom of my superiors.

While I have been directing your pen, I should not forget to govern my own, which has already exceeded the bounds of a letter: I must therefore take my leave abruptly, and desire you, without farther ceremony, to believe that I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. S.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

COURT AND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.*

WRITTEN IN 1728.

REGOGE † was the thirty-fourth emperor of Japan, and began his reign in the year 341 of the Christian era, succeeding to Nena,‡ a princess who governed with great felicity.

There had been a revolution in that empire about twenty-six years before, which made some breaches in the hereditary line; and Regoge, successor to Nena, although of the royal family, was a distant relation.

There were two violent parties in the empire, which began in the time of the revolution above mentioned: and at the death of the empress Nena, were in the highest degree of animosity, each charging the other with a design of introducing new gods, and changing the

* Much as Swift seems to have been disposed to defend Queen Anne and her ministers, he seems to have been equally disposed to ridicule her successor and his family; and it is probable that the pieces in which he does it (this "Account of the Court of Japan," and the "Directions for making a Birthday Song,")were the occasion of most of the other posthumous articles having been so long withheld from the public.—BURKE.

† King George. ‡ Queen Anne.

civil constitution. The names of these two parties were Husiges and Yortes.* The latter were those whom Nena, the late empress, most favoured toward the end of her reign, and by whose advice she governed.

The Husige faction, enraged at their loss of power, made private applications to Regoge, during the life of the empress, which prevailed so far that, upon her death, the new emperor wholly disgraced the Yortes, and employed only the Husiges in all his affairs. The Japanese author highly blames his imperial majesty's proceeding in this affair; because it was allowed on all hands, that he had then a happy opportunity of reconciling parties for ever, by a moderating scheme. But he, on the contrary, began his reign by openly disgracing the principal and most popular Yortes, some of which had been chiefly instrumental in raising him to the throne. By this mistaken step he occasioned a rebellion: which, although it were soon quelled by some very surprising turns of fortune; yet the fear, whether real or pretended, of new attempts, engaged him in such immense charges, that instead of clearing any part of that prodigious debt, left on his kingdom by the former war, which might have been done, by any tolerable management, in twelve years of the most profound peace, he left his empire loaded with a vast addition to the old incumbrance.

This prince before he succeeded to the empire of Japan, was king of Tedsu, a dominion seated on the continent, to the west side of Japan. Tedsu was the place of his birth, and more beloved by him than his new empire; for there he spent some months almost every year, and thither was supposed to have conveyed great sums of money, saved out of his imperial revenues.

There were two maritime towns of great importance bordering upon Tedsu: of these he purchased a litigated title; and to support it, was forced not only to entrench deeply on his Japanese revenues, but to engage in alliances very dangerous to the Japanese empire.

Japan was at that time a limited monarchy, which, some authors are of opinion, was introduced there by a detachment from the numerous army of Brennus, who ravaged a great part of Asia; and those of them who fixed in Japan, left behind them that kind of military institution, which the northern people in ensuing ages carried through most parts of Europe; the generals becoming kings, the great officers a senate of nobles, with a representative from every centenary of private soldiers; and in the assent of the majority in these two bodies, confirmed by the general, the legislature consisted.

I need not farther explain a matter so universally known; but return to my subject.

The Husige faction, by a gross piece of negligence in the Yortes, had so far insinuated themselves and their opinions into the favour of Regoge, before he came to the empire, that this prince firmly believed them to be his only true friends, and the others his mortal enemies. By this opinion he governed all the actions of his reign.

The emperor died suddenly, in his journey to Tedsu; where, according to his usual custom, he was going to pass the summer.

* Whigs and Tories.

This prince, during his whole reign, continued an absolute stranger to the language, the manners, the laws, and the religion of Japan, and passing his whole time among old mistresses, or a few privadoes, left the whole management of the empire in the hands of a minister, upon the condition of being made easy in his personal revenues, and the management of parties in the senate. His last minister,* who governed in the most arbitrary manner for several years, he was thought to hate more than he did any other person in Japan, except his only son, the heir to the empire. The dislike he bore to the former was, because the minister, under pretence that he could not govern the senate without disposing of employments among them, would not suffer his master to oblige one single person, but disposed of all to his own relations and dependents. But, as to that continued and virulent hatred he bore to the prince his son, from the beginning of his reign to his death, the historian has not accounted for it, farther than by various conjectures, which do not deserve to be related.

The minister above mentioned was of a family not contemptible, had been early a senator, and from his youth a mortal enemy to the Yortes. He had been formerly disgraced in the senate for some frauds in the management of a public trust. He was perfectly skilled, by long practice, in the senatorial forms; and dextrous in the purchasing of votes, from those who could find their accounts better in complying with his measures, than they could probably lose by any tax that might be charged on the kingdom. He seemed to fail, in point of policy, by not concealing his gettings; never scrupling openly to lay out vast sums of money in paintings, buildings, and purchasing estates; when it was known that upon his first coming into business, upon the death of the empress Nena, his fortune was but inconsiderable. He had the most boldness, and the least magnanimity that ever any mortal was endowed with. By enriching his relations, friends, and dependents, in a most exorbitant manner, he was weak enough to imagine that he had provided a support against an evil day. He had the best among all false appearances of courage; which was, a most unlimited assurance, whereby he would swagger the boldest man into a dread of his power; but had not the smallest portion of magnanimity, growing jealous, and disgracing every man who was known to bear the least civility to those he disliked. He had some small smattering in books, but no manner of politeness: nor, in his whole life, was ever known to advance any one person, upon the score of wit, learning, or abilities for business. The whole system of his ministry was corruption; and he never gave bribe or pension without frankly telling the receivers what he expected from them, and threatening them to put an end to his bounty if they failed to comply in every circumstance.

A few months before the emperor's death, there was a design concerted between some eminent persons of both parties, whom the desperate state of the empire had united, to accuse the minister at the first meeting of a new-chosen senate, which was then to assemble according to the laws of that empire. And it was believed, that the vast expense he must be at, in choosing an assembly proper for his purpose, added

* Sir Robert Walpole.

to the low state of the treasury, the increasing number of pensioners, the great discontent of the people, and the personal hatred of the emperor, would, if well laid open in the senate, be of weight enough to sink the minister, when it should appear to his very pensioners and creatures, that he could not supply them much longer.

While this scheme was in agitation, an account came of the emperor's death; and the prince his son,* with universal joy, mounted the throne of Japan.

The new emperor had always lived a private life, during the reign of his father; who, in his annual absence, never trusted him more than once with the reins of government, which he held so evenly, that he became too popular to be confided in any more. He was thought not unfavourable to the Yortes, at least not altogether to approve the virulence, wherewith his father proceeded against them; and therefore, immediately upon his succession, the principal persons of that denomination came, in several bodies, to kiss the hem of his garment; whom he received with great courtesy, and some of them with particular marks of distinction.

The prince, during the reign of his father, having not been trusted with any public charge, employed his leisure in learning the language, the religion, the customs, and disposition of the Japanese, wherein he received great information, among others from Nomtoc,† master of his finances, and president of the Senate, who secretly hated Lelop-Aw, the minister; and likewise from Ramneh,‡ a most eminent senator, who, despairing to do any good with the father, had with great industry, skill and decency, used his endeavours to instil good principles into the young prince.

Upon the news of the former emperor's death, a grand council was summoned of course, where little passed beside directing the ceremony of proclaiming the successor. But, in some days after, the new emperor, having consulted with those persons in whom he could chiefly confide, and maturely considered in his own mind the present state of his affairs, as well as the disposition of his people, convoked another assembly of his council; wherein, after some time spent in general business, suitable to the present emergency, he directed Lelop-Aw to give him, in as short terms as he conveniently could, an account of the nation's debts, of his management in the senate and his negotiations with foreign courts: which that minister having delivered, according to his usual manner, with much assurance and little satisfaction, the emperor desired to be fully satisfied in the following particulars.

Whether the vast expense of choosing such members into the senate, as would be content to do the public business, were absolutely necessary?

Whether those members, thus chosen in, would cross and impede the necessary course of affairs, unless they were supplied with great sums of money and continued pensions?

Whether the same corruption and perverseness were to be expected from the nobles?

* King George II.

† Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the House of Commons.

‡ Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Whether the empire of Japan were in so low a condition, that the imperial envoys at foreign courts, must be forced to purchase alliances, or prevent a war, by immense bribes given to the ministers of all the neighbouring princes?

Why the debts of the empire were so prodigiously advanced, in a peace of twelve years at home and abroad?

Whether the Yortes were universally enemies to the religion and laws of the empire, and to the imperial family now reigning?

Whether those persons, whose revenues consist in lands, do not give surer pledges of fidelity to the public, and are more interested in the welfare of the empire, than others, whose fortunes consist only in money?

And because Lelop-Aw, for several years past, had engrossed the whole administration, the emperor signified, that from him alone he expected an answer.

This minister, who had sagacity enough to cultivate an interest in the young prince's family, during the emperor's life, received early intelligence from one of his emissaries, of what was intended at the council, and had sufficient time to frame as plausible an answer, as his cause and conduct would allow. However, having desired a few minutes to put his thoughts in order, he delivered them in the following manner:

"SIR,

"Upon this short unexpected warning, to answer your imperial majesty's queries, I should be wholly at a loss, in your majesty's august presence, and that of this most noble assembly, if I were armed with a weaker defence than my own loyalty and integrity, and the prosperous success of my endeavours.

"It is well known, that the death of the empress Nena happened in a most miraculous juncture: and that if she had lived two months longer, your illustrious family would have been deprived of your right; and we should have seen an usurper upon your throne, who would have wholly changed the constitution of this empire, both civil and sacred; and, although that empress died in a most opportune season, yet the peaceable entrance of your majesty's father was effected by a continual series of miracles. The truth of this appears, by that unnatural rebellion which the Yortes raised, without the least provocation, in the first year of the late emperor's reign; which may be sufficient to convince your majesty, that every soul of that denomination, was, is, and will be for ever, a favourer of the pretender, a mortal enemy to your illustrious family, and an introducer of new gods into the empire. Upon this foundation was built the whole conduct of our affairs: and since a great majority of the kingdom was at that time reckoned to favour the Yortes faction, who, in the regular course of elections, must certainly have been chosen members of the senate then to be convoked; it was necessary by the force of money, to influence elections in such a manner, that your majesty's father might have a sufficient number, to weigh down the scale on his side, and thereby carry on those measures, which could only secure him and his family in the possession of the empire. To support this original plan, I came into the service; but the members of the senate knowing themselves every day more necessary, upon the

choosing of a new senate, I found the charges to increase; and that after they were chosen, they insisted upon an increase of their pensions; because they well knew, that the work could not be carried on without them: and I was more general in my donatives, because I thought it was more for the honour of the crown, that every vote should pass without a division, and that when a debate was proposed, it should immediately be quashed by putting the question.

"Sir, the date of the present senate is expired, and your imperial majesty is now to convoke a new one; which, I confess, will be somewhat more expensive than the last, because the Yortes, from your favourable reception, have begun to reassume a spirit, whereof the country had some intelligence; and we know, the majority of the people, without proper management, would be still in that fatal interest. However, I dare undertake, with the charge only of four hundred thousand sprangs,* to return as great a majority of senators of the true stamp, as your majesty can desire. As to the sums of money paid in foreign courts, I hope, in some years, to ease the nation of them, when we and our neighbours come to a good understanding. However, I will be bold to say, they are cheaper than a war, where your majesty is to be a principal.

"The pensions indeed to senators and other persons must needs increase from the restiveness of some and scrupulous nature of others; and the new members who are unpractised must have better encouragement. However, I dare undertake to bring the eventual charge within eight hundred thousand sprangs. But, to make this easy, there shall be new funds raised, of which I have several schemes ready, without taxing bread or flesh, which shall be reserved to more pressing occasions.

"Your majesty knows, it is the laudable custom of all eastern princes to leave the whole management of affairs, both civil and military, to their viziers.

"The appointments for your family and private purse shall exceed those of your predecessors: you shall be at no trouble, farther than to appear sometimes in council, and leave the rest to me; you shall hear no clamour or complaints; your senate shall, upon occasion, declare you the best of princes, the father of your country, the arbiter of Asia, the defender of the oppressed, and the delight of mankind.

"Sir, hear not those who would most falsely, impiously, and maliciously insinuate that your government can be carried on without that wholesome necessary expedient of sharing the public revenue with your faithful deserving senators. This, I know, my enemies are pleased to call bribery and corruption. Be it so; but I insist that, without this bribery and corruption, the wheels of government will not turn; or at least will be apt to take fire, like other wheels, unless they be greased at proper times. If an angel from heaven should descend to govern this empire upon any other scheme than what our enemies call corruption, he must return from whence he came, and leave the work undone.

"Sir, it is well known we are a trading nation, and consequently cannot thrive in a bargain where nothing is to be gained. The poor

* About a million sterling.

electors, who run from their shops or the plough for the service of their country, are they not to be considered for their labour and their loyalty? The candidates who, with the hazard of their persons, the loss of their characters, and the ruin of their fortunes, are preferred to the senate, in a country where they are strangers, before the very lords of the soil; are they not to be rewarded for their zeal to your majesty's service, and qualified to live in your metropolis, as becomes the lustre of their stations?

"Sir, if I have given great numbers of the most profitable employments among my own relations and nearest allies, it was not out of any partiality; but because I know them best, and can best depend upon them. I have been at the pains to mould and cultivate their opinions. Abler heads might probably have been found; but they would not be equally under my direction. A huntsman, who has the absolute command of his dogs, will hunt more effectually than with a better pack, to whose manner and cry he is a stranger.

"Sir, upon the whole, I will appeal to all those who best knew your royal father, whether that blessed monarch had ever one anxious thought for the public, or disappointment, or uneasiness, or want of money for all his occasions, during the time of my administration? And how happy the people confessed themselves to be under such a king, I leave to their own numerous addresses; which all politicians will allow to be the most infallible proof how any nation stands affected to their sovereign."

Lelop-Aw, having ended his speech, and struck his forehead thrice against the table, as the custom is in Japan, sat down with great complacency of mind, and much applause of his adherents, as might be observed by their countenances and their whispers. But the emperor's behaviour was remarkable; for, during the whole harangue, he appeared equally attentive and uneasy. After a short pause, his majesty commanded that some other counsellor should deliver his thoughts, either to confirm or object against what had been spoken by Lelop-Aw.

A DISCOURSE

TO PROVE

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

SHOWING, FROM VARIOUS INSTANCES, THAT HEBREW, GREEK, AND LATIN, WERE DERIVED FROM THE ENGLISH.

DURING the reign of parties for about forty years past, it is a melancholy consideration to observe how philology has been neglected, which was before the darling employment of the greatest authors, from the restoration of learning in Europe. Neither do I remember it to have been cultivated since the Revolution by any one person with great success, except our illustrious modern star, Doctor Richard Bentley, with whom the republic of learning must expire, as mathematics did with Sir Isaac Newton. My ambition has been gradually attempting from my early youth to be the holder of a rush-light before that great luminary; which, at least, might be of some little use during those short intervals, while he was snuffing his candle, or peeping with it under a bushel.

My present attempt is to assert the antiquity of our English tongue; which, as I shall undertake to prove by invincible arguments, has varied very little for these two thousand six hundred and thirty-four years past. And my proofs will be drawn from etymology; wherein I shall use my readers much fairer than Pezro, Skinner, Verstegan, Camden, and many other superficial pretenders have done; for I will put no force upon the words, nor desire any more favour than to allow for the usual accidents of corruption, or the avoiding a cacophonia.

I think I can make it manifest to all impartial readers that our language, as we now speak it, was originally the same with those of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, however corrupted in succeeding times by a mixture of barbarisms. I shall only produce at present two instances among a thousand from the Latin tongue. *Cloaca*, which they interpret a *necessary-house*, is altogether an English word; the last letter *a* being, by the mistake of some scribe, transferred from the beginning to the end of the word. In the primitive orthography it is called *a cloac*, which had the same signification; and still continues so at Edinburgh in Scotland, where a man in a *cloac*, or cloak, of large circumference and length, carrying a convenient vessel under it, calls out, as he goes through the streets, "Wha has need of me?" Whatever customer calls, the vessel is placed in the corner of the street; the *cloac*, or a cloak, surrounds and covers him; and thus he is eased with decency and secrecy.

The second instance is yet more remarkable. The Latin word *turpis* signifies *nasty*, or *filthy*. Now this word *turpis* is a plain composition of two English words; only, by a syncope, the last letter of the first syllable, which is *d*, is taken out of the middle, to prevent the jarring of three consonants together; and these two English words express the most unseemly excrements that belong to man.

But, although I could produce many other examples equally convincing that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans originally spoke the same language which we do at present, yet I have chosen to confine myself chiefly to the proper names of persons, because I conceive they will be of greater weight to confirm what I advance; the ground and reason of those names being certainly owing to the nature, or some distinguishing action or quality in those persons, and consequently expressed in the true ancient language of the several people.

I will begin with the Grecians, among whom the most ancient are the great leaders on both sides in the siege of Troy: for it is plain, from Homer, that the Trojans spoke Greek as well as the Grecians. Of these latter, *Achilles* was the most valiant. This hero was of a restless, unquiet nature, never giving himself any repose either in peace or war; and, therefore, as Guy of Warwick was called a *kill-cow*, and another terrible man a *kill-devil*, so this general was called *A-kill-ease*, or destroyer of ease; and at length, by corruption, *Achilles*.

Hector, on the other side, was the bravest among the Trojans. He had destroyed so many of the Greeks by *hacking* and *tearing* them, that his soldiers, when they saw him fighting, would cry out, "Now the enemy will be *hack't*, now he will be *tore*." At last, by putting both words together, this appellation was given to their leader, under the name of *Hacktore*; and, for the more commodious sounding, *Hector*.

Diomede, another Grecian captain, had the boldness to fight with Venus, and wound her; whereupon the goddess, in a rage, ordered her son Cupid to make this hero to be hated by all women, repeating it often that he should die a maid; from whence, by a small change in orthography, he was called *Diomede*. And it is to be observed, that the term *maiden-head* is frequently, at this very day, applied to persons of either sex.

Ajax was, in fame, the next Grecian general to Achilles. The derivation of his name from *A jakes*, however asserted by great authors, is in my opinion, very unworthy both of them and of the hero himself. I have often wondered to see such learned men mistake in so clear a point. This hero is known to have been a most intemperate liver, as it is usual with soldiers; and, although he was not old, yet by conversing with camp-strollers, he had got pains in his bones, which he pretended to his friends were only *age-aches*; but they telling the story about the army, as the vulgar always confound right pronunciation, he was afterwards known by no other name than *Ajax*.

The next I shall mention is *Andromache*, the famous wife of Hector. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family still subsisting in that ancient kingdom. But, being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he led some of his countrymen in the defence of Priam, as Dictys Cretensis learnedly observes, Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the

father's name was *Andrew Mackay*. The young lady was called by the same name, only a little softened to the Grecian accent.

Astyanax, was the son of Hector and Andromache. When Troy was taken, this young prince had his head cut off, and his body thrown to swine. From this fatal accident he had his name ; which has, by a peculiar good fortune, been preserved entire, *A sty an ax*.

Mars may be mentioned among these, because he fought against the Greeks. He was called the God of war ; and is described as a swearing, swaggering companion, and a great giver of rude language. For, when he was angry, he would cry, "Kiss *my a—se*, *My a—se* in a bandbox, *My a—se* all over ;" which he repeated so commonly, that he got the appellation of *My a—se ;* and by a common abbreviation, *M'ars;* from whence, by leaving out the mark of elision, *Mars*. And this is a common practice among us at present ; as in the words *D'anvers*, *D'avenport*, *D'anby*, which are now *Danvers*, *Davenport*, *Danby*, and many others.

The next is *Hercules*, otherwise called *Alcides*. Both these names are English, with little alteration ; and describe the principal qualities of that hero, who was distinguished for being a slave to his mistresses, and at the same time for his great strength and courage. *Omphale*, his chief mistress, used to call her lovers *her cullies ;* and because this hero was more and longer subject to her than any other, he was in a particular manner called the chief of *her cullies* : which, by an easy change made the word *Hercules*. His other name *Alcides* was given him on account of his prowess ; for, in fight, he used to strike on *all sides ;* and was allowed on *all sides* to be the chief hero of his age. For one of which reasons, he was called *All sides, or Alcides :* but I am inclined to favour the former opinion.

A certain Grecian youth was a great imitator of Socrates ; which that philosopher observing, with much pleasure, said to his friends, "There is an *Ape o' mine own days*." After which the young man was called *Epaminondas*, and proved to be the most virtuous person, as well as the greatest general of his age.

Ucalegon was a very obliging inn-keeper of Troy. When a guest was going to take horse, the landlord took leave of him with this compliment, "Sir, I should be glad to see *you call again*." Strangers, who knew not his right name, caught his last words ; and thus, by degrees, that appellation prevailed, and he was known by no other name even among his neighbours.

Hydra was a great serpent, which Hercules slew. His usual outward garment was the *raw hyde* of a lion, and this he had on when he attacked the serpent ; which, therefore, took its name from the skin ; the modesty of that hero devolving the honour of his victory upon the lion's skin, call that enormous snake the *Hyde-raw* serpent.

Leda was the mother of Castor and Pollux ; whom Jupiter embracing in the shape of a swan, she laid a couple of eggs, and was therefore called *Laid a*, or *Leda*.

As to Jupiter himself, it is well known, that the statues and pictures of this heathen god, in Roman Catholic countries, resemble those of *St. Peter*, and are often taken the one for the other. The reason is manifest : for, when the emperors had established Christianity, the

heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idols of the chief God, and pretended it was only a statue of the *Jew Peter*. And thus the principal heathen god came to be called by the ancient Romans with very little alteration, Jupiter.

The *Hamadryades* are represented by mistaken antiquity as nymphs of the groves. But the true account is this: They were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and living near the seaside, used to pickle their bacon in salt water, and then set it up to dry in the sun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days*, and in process of time, misspelt *Hamadryades*.

Neptune, the god of the sea, had his name from the *tunes* sung to him by the *Tritons*, upon their shells, every *neap* or *nep* tide. The word is come down to us almost uncorrupted, as well as that of *Tritons*, his servants; who, in order to please their master, used to *try* all *tones*, till they could hit upon that he liked.

Aristotle, was a peripatetic philosopher, who used to instruct his scholars while he was walking. When the lads were come, he would *arise to tell* them what he thought proper; and was therefore called *arise to tell*. But succeeding ages, who understood not this etymology, have, by an absurd change, made it *Aristotle*.

Aristophanes was a *Greek* comedian, full of levity, and gave himself too much freedom; which made graver people not scruple to say, that he had a great deal of *airy stuff in his* writings: and these words, often repeated, made succeeding ages discriminate him *Aristophanes*. Vide Rosin. Antiq. l. iv.

Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the grate;* which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's real name, and therefore gave him no other; and posterity has been ever since under the same delusion.

Pygmalion was a person of very low stature, but great valour, which made his townsmen call him *Pygmy lion:* and so it should be spelt; although the word has suffered less by transcribers than many others.

Archimedes was a most famous mathematician. His studies required much silence and quiet: but his wife, having several maids, they were always disturbing him with their tattle or their business; which forced him to come out every now and then to the stair-head, and cry, "*Hark ye, maids;* if you will not be quiet, I shall turn you out of doors." He repeated these words, *Hark ye, maids*, so often, that the unlucky jades, when they found he was at his study, would say, "There is *Hark ye, maids*; let us speak softly." Thus the name went through the neighbourhood; and, at last, grew so general, that we are ignorant of that great man's true name to this day.

Strabo was a famous geographer; and to improve his knowledge, travelled over several countries, as the writers of his life inform us; who likewise add, that he affected great nicety and finery in his clothes; from whence people took occasion to call him the *Stray beau;* which future ages have pinned down upon him, very much to his dishonour.

Peloponnesus, that famous Greek peninsula, got its name from a Greek colony in Asia the Less; many of whom going for traffic thither,

and finding that the inhabitants had but one well in the town of . . . ., from whence certain porters used to carry the water through the city in great pails, so heavy that they were often forced to set them down for ease: the tired porters, after they had set down the pails, and wanted to take them up again, would call for assistance to those who were nearest, in these words, *Pail up, and ease us.* The stranger Greeks, hearing these words repeated a thousand times as they passed the street, thought the inhabitants were pronouncing the name of their country, which made the foreign Greeks call it *Peloponnesus*, a manifest corruption of *Pail up, and ease us.*

Having mentioned so many Grecians to prove my hypothesis, I shall not tire the reader with producing an equal number of Romans, as I might easily do. Some few will be sufficient.

Cæsar was the greatest captain of that empire. The word ought to be spelt *Seizer*, because he seized on not only most of the known world, but even the liberties of his own country; so that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Cicero was a poor scholar in the university of Athens, wherewith his enemies in Rome used to reproach him; and, as he passed the streets, would call out, *O Ciser,* Cisero!* A word still used in Cambridge, and answers to a servitor in Oxford.

Anibal was a sworn enemy to the Romans, and gained many glorious victories over them. This name appears, at first repeating, to be a metaphor drawn from tennis, expressing a skilful gamester who can take *any ball;* and is very justly applied to so renowned a commander. Navigators are led into a strange mistake upon this article. We have usually in our fleet some large man of war, called the *Anibal*, with great propriety, because it is so strong that it may defy *any ball* from a cannon. And such is the deplorable ignorance of our seamen, that they miscall it the *Honey-ball.*

Cartago was the most famous trading city in the world; where, in every street, there was many a *cart a going*, probably laden with merchant goods. See Alexander ab Alexandro, and Suidas upon the word *Cartago.*

The word *Roman* itself is perfectly English, like other words ending in *man* or *men*, as *hangman*, *drayman*, *huntsman*, and several others. It was formerly spelt *Rowman*, which is the same with *Waterman* And therefore when we read of *jesta* (or, as it is corruptly spelt, *gesta*) *Romanorum*, it is to be understood of the rough manner of *jesting* used by the watermen who upon the sides of rivers, would *row man o'r um.* This I think is clear enough to convince the most incredulous.

Misanthropus was the name of an ill-natured man, which he obtained by a custom of catching a great number of mice, then shutting them up in a room, and throwing a cat among them. Upon which his fellow citizens called him *Mice and throw puss.* The reader observes how much the orthography has been changed, without altering the sound: but such depravations we owe to the injury of time, and gross ignorance of transcribers.

Among the ancients, fortune-telling by the stars was a very beggarly trade. The professors lay upon straw, and their cabins were covered

* Sizar.

with the same materials, whence every one who followed that mystery was called *A straw lodger*, or a lodger in straw; but, in the new-fangled way of spelling, *Astrologer*.

It is remarkable that the very word *diphthong* is wholly English. In former times, schoolboys were chastised with thongs fastened at the head of a stick. It was observed that young lads were much puzzled with spelling and pronouncing words where two vowels came together, and were often corrected for their mistakes in that point. Upon these occasions the master would *dip* his *thongs* (as we now do rods) in p—, which made that difficult union of vowels to be called *diphthong*.

Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander, was so called because there were many grooms employed about him, which *fellows* were always *busy* in their office; and because the horse had so many busy fellows about him, it was natural for those who went to the stable to say, "Let us go to the *busy fellows*;" by which they meant, to see that prince's horse. And in process of time, these words were absurdly applied to the animal itself, which was thenceforth styled *Busy fellows*, and very improperly *Bucephalus*.

I shall now bring a few proofs of the same kind to convince my readers that our English was well known to the Jews.

Moses, the great leader of those people out of Egypt, was in propriety of speech called *mow seas*, because he *mowed* the *seas* down in the middle to make a path for the Israelites.

Abraham was a person of strong bones and sinews, and a firm walker, which made the people say, "He was a man (in the Scotch phrase, which comes nearest to the old Saxon) of *a braw ham*," that is of a brave strong ham, from whence he acquired his name.

The man whom the Jews called Balaam was a shepherd; who, by often crying *ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called *Baa-lamb*, or *Balaam*.

Isaac is nothing else but *Eyes ache*: because the Talmudists report that he had a pain in his eyes. Vide Ben Gouion and the Targum on Genesis.

Thus I have manifestly proved that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews spoke the language we now do in England; which is an honour to our country that I thought proper to set in a true light, and yet has not been done, as I have heard, by any other writer.

And thus I have ventured (perhaps too temerariously) to contribute my mite to the learned world, from whose candour I may hope to receive some approbation. It may probably give me encouragement to proceed on some other speculations, if possible, of greater importance than what I now offer; and which have been the labour of many years, as well as of constant watchings, that I might be useful to mankind, and particularly to mine own country.

THE WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS.

THERE is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of dependent upon our family, and almost of the same age; though I cannot directly say I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and has lived long among us; but, what appears wonderful and hardly credible, was never seen before by any mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chooses the lowest place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out of sight. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth;* of which the eldest is now head of the house; the second and third carry arms, but the two youngest are only footmen; some indeed add that he has likewise a twin brother, who lives over against him, and keeps a victualling house;† he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that when his bags are full he is often needy; yet, when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets it fly.

When in office, no one discharges himself, or does his business better. He has sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood; and never got a bit till everybody else had done.

One practice appears very blameable in him; that every morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, has been so kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease at the expense of his best friends; but this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men I fear are not without them.

He has been constituted by the higher powers in the station of receiver general, in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines, which he daily inspects when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts,‡ who instilled good principles into him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very capricious as to take it for an equal affront to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which has occasioned a thousand quarrels; however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his religion, he has thus much of the Quaker that he stands

* He alludes to the manner of our birth, the head and arms appear before the posteriors and the two feet, which he calls the footmen.

† The belly, which receives and digests our nourishment.

‡ Persius; *magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter.*

always covered even in the presence of the King; in most other points a perfect idolater,* although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterraneous nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture prone on his face, and stript stark naked; and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests† of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy at midnight, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures, he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways, from an opinion that those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence be in caverns underground. Upon these occasions, the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him; for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their company, or even so much as to hear him named, yet it is well known that he is one of their constant followers.

In politics, he always submits to what is uppermost; but he peruses pamphlets on both sides with great impartiality, though seldom till everybody else has done with them.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *helluo librorum*, or another Jacobus de Voragine, though his studies are chiefly confined to schoolmen, commentators, and German divines, together with modern poetry and critics; and he is an atomic philosopher, strongly maintaining a void in nature, which he seems to have fairly proved by many experiments.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar qualities, which, in several instances, seem to distinguish this person from the common race of other mortals.

His grandfather was a member of the rump parliament, as the grandson is of the present, where he often rises, sometimes grumbles, but never speaks. However, he lets nothing pass willingly, but what is well digested. His courage is indisputable, for he will take the boldest man alive by the nose.

He is generally the first abed in the family, and the last up; which is to be lamented, because, when he happens to rise before the rest, it has been thought to forebode some good fortune to his superiors.

As wisdom is acquired by age, so, by every new wrinkle‡ in his face, he is reported to gain some new knowledge.

In him we may observe the true effects and consequences of tyranny in a state, for, as he is a great oppressor of all below him, so there is nobody more oppressed by those above him; yet, in his time, he has been so highly in favour, that many illustrious persons have been entirely indebted to him for their preferments.

He has discovered, from his own experience, the true point wherein all human actions, projects, and designs do chiefly terminate; and how mean and sordid they are at the bottom.

* Alludes to the sacrifices offered by the Romans to the goddess Cloacina.

† Gold-finders, who perform their office in the night time; but our author further seems to have an eye to the custom of the heathen priests stealing he offerings in the night; of which see more in the story of Bel and the Dragon.

‡ This refers to a proverb—you have one wrinkle in your a-se more than you had before.

It behoves the public to keep him quiet; for his frequent murmurs are a certain sign of intestine tumults.

No philosopher ever lamented more the luxury for which these nations are so justly taxed; it has been known to cost him tears of blood,* for in his own nature he is far from being profuse, though, indeed, he never stays a night at a gentleman's house without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay heavy burdens upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without some labour and much grumbling.

He is a perpetual hanger-on, yet nobody knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his vitals to give you ease; and he has hardly one acquaintance, for whom he has not been bound, yet, as far as we can find, was never known to lose anything by it.

He is observed to be very unquiet in the company of a Frenchman in new clothes, or a young coquette.

He is, in short, the subject of much mirth and raillery, which he seems to take well enough; though it has not been observed that ever any good thing came from himself.

There is so general an opinion of his justice, that sometimes very hard cases are left to his decision; and while he sits upon them he carries himself exactly even between both sides, except where some knotty point arises; and then he is observed to lean a little to the right or left, as the matter inclines him; but his reasons for it are so manifest and convincing that every man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

GENTLE READER,—Though I am not insensible how many thousand persons have been, and still are, with great dexterity handling this subject, and no less aware of what infinite reams of paper have been laid out upon it; however, in my opinion, no man living has touched it with greater nicety, and more delicate turns than our author. But, because there is some intended obscurity in this relation; and curiosity, inquisitive of secrets, may possibly not enter into the bottom and depth of the subject, it was thought not improper to take off the veil, and gain the reader's favour by enlarging his insight. ARS *enim non habet inimicum, nisi ignorantem.* It is well known that it has been the policy of all times, to deliver down important subjects by emblem and riddle, and not to suffer the knowledge of truth to be derived to us in plain and simple terms, which are generally as soon forgotten as conceived. For this reason, the heathen religion is mostly couched under mythology. For the like reason (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind) the author has thought fit to wrap up his treasure in clean linen, which it is our business to lay open, and set in a due light; for I have observed,

* Hemorrhoids, according to the physicians, are a frequent consequence of intemperance.

† Their tails being generally observed to be most restless.

upon any accidental discovery, the least glimpse has given a great diversion to the eager spectator, as many ladies could testify, were it proper, or the case would admit.

The politest companies have vouchsafed to smile at the bare name; and some people of fashion have been so little scrupulous of bringing it in play, that it was the usual saying of a knight and a man of good breeding, that whenever he rose, his a-se rose with him.

THE
WONDER OF ALL THE WONDERS,
THAT EVER THE
WORLD WONDERED AT.
FOR ALL PERSONS OF QUALITY AND OTHERS.

NEWLY arrived at this city of Dublin, the famous artist, John Emanuel Schoitz, who, to the great surprise and satisfaction of all spectators, is ready to do the following wonderful performances; the like before never seen in this kingdom.

He will heat a bar of iron red hot, and thrust it into a barrel of gunpowder before all the company, and yet it shall not take fire.

He lets any gentleman charge a blunderbuss with the same gunpowder, and twelve leaden bullets, which blunderbuss the said artist discharges full in the face of the said company, without the least hurt, the bullets sticking in the wall behind them.

He takes any gentleman's own sword, and runs it through the said gentleman's body, so that the point appears bloody at the back to all the spectators; then he takes out the sword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a pot of scalding oil, and throws it by great ladlefuls directly at the ladies, without spoiling their clothes or burning their skins.

He takes any person of quality's child from two years old to six, and lets the child's own father or mother take a pike in their hands; then the artist takes the child in his arms, and tosses it upon the point of the pike, where it sticks to the great satisfaction of all spectators; and is then taken off without so much as a hole in his coat.

He mounts upon a scaffold just over the spectators, and from thence throws down a great quantity of large tiles and stones, which fall like so many pillows, without so much as discomposing either perukes or headdresses.

He takes any person of quality up to the said scaffold, which person pulls off his shoes, and leaps nine foot directly down on a board prepared on purpose, full of sharp spikes six inches long, without hurting his feet or damaging his stockings.

He places the said board on a chair, upon which a lady sits down with another lady in her lap, while the spikes, instead of entering into the under lady's flesh, will feel like a velvet cushion.

He takes any person of quality's footman, ties a rope about his bare neck, and draws him up by pullies to the ceiling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his master or the company pleases, the said footman, to the wonder and delight of all beholders, having a pot of ale in one hand and a pipe in the other ; and when he is let down, there will not appear the least mark of the cord about his neck.

He bids a lady's maid put her finger into a cup of clear liquor like water, upon which her face and both her hands are immediately withered like an old woman of fourscore ; her belly swells as if she were within a week of her time, and her legs are as thick as millposts : but upon putting her finger into another cup she becomes as young and handsome as she was before.

He gives any gentleman leave to drive forty twelvepenny nails up to the head in a porter's backside, and then places the said porter on a loadstone chair, which draws out every nail, and the porter feels no pain.

He likewise draws the teeth of half a dozen gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a hat, gives any person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his forefinger and thumb, he thrusts several gentlemen's and ladies' eyes out of their heads without the least pain, at which time they see an unspeakable number of beautiful colours ; and after they are entertained to the full, he places them again in their proper sockets, without any damage to the sight.

He lets any gentleman drink a quart of hot melted lead, and by a draught of prepared liquor, of which he takes part himself, he makes the said lead pass through the said gentleman, before all the spectators, without any damage ; after which it is produced in a cake to the company.

With many other wonderful performances of art, too tedious here to mention.

The said artist has performed before most kings and princes in Europe with great applause.

He performs every day (except Sundays) from ten of the clock to one in the forenoon ; and from four till seven in the evening, at the New Inn in Smithfield.

The first seat a British crown, the second a British half-crown, and the lowest a British shilling.

N. B.—The best hands in town are to play at the said show.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint;"
Beneath "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brains' issue is
Exposed to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD;

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY, 1708.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces, from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition FLOYD.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703.

IN times of old, when Time was young,
And Poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now Poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race:
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely changed their element:
On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald * and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievement, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a Poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cried, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smiled, and like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce;
But well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself "A *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest:
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second-hand)
Now move, and now in order stand.
The building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit:

* Sir John Vanbrugh held the office of Clarencieux king of arms.

And first the prologue built a wall ;
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
A cellar next was dug below :
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room ;
Thus far advanced, he made a shift
To raise the roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now Poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van :
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
" Where may the Poet's palace lie ?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he had seen its gilded spires ?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long.
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van :
" Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail ;
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contrived, though thou art small ;
For every Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame ;
But neither bulk nor shape the same ;
As animals of larger size
Corrupt to maggots, worms and flies ;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile ;
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But on the virtue, taste, or juice.

So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And busy with both hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build:
A real house, with rooms, and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did: for in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew:
There all the little schoolboys run.
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the second:
No wonder, since wise authors show,
That best foundation must be low:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.

But, raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mouse-trap man chief engineer.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION.

1700.

TO their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,*
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's † chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"—"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell me what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.
† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.

So I was a dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's* box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle†, and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadgar‡ came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," said she, "my Lord Colway's§ folks are all very sad:
For my Lord Dromedary‖ comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,¶ says he, "I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,** "I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;††
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, make a great hole in my wages;
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and everybody understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she (blessing herself) "if ever I saw't!"
So she roared like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN‡‡ will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?"

* Wife to one of the footmen.
† Earl of Berkeley's valet.
‡ The old deaf housekeeper.
§ Galway.
‖ The Earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was to succeed the two earls.
¶ Clerk of the kitchen.
** Ferris; of whom, see Journal to Stella, Dec. 21, 1710.
†† A usual saying of hers.
‡‡ Dr. Swift.

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says, d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "What shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,*" said my lord, "don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says my lady, "so will I."
"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the Chaplain won't come to?
For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies,) I must petition you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*."

* A cant word of Lord and Lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris.

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd,

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from HORACE, Lib. i. Epist. 5.

IF, dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's-head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, even Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink·
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH * heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat, with skirts of frieze:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double-keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANACK MAKER, 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay, more, he died
Ere he could prove the good squire lied.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky:
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at first periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut the Equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling* and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore crowns are nowadays
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscalled, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it boots.†
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,

* Partridge was a cobbler.
† See his Almanack.

Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry
(A great refiner in barometry),
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for Almanacks or shoes.
  Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
  Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
  Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip, king of Greece, was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell,
  Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
  Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
  Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
Mayst follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;

And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between ;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who, to the stars in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes :
And you that did your fortune seek,
Step to his grave but once a week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.*

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour,
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage ;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:

* Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the *Tatler*.

You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams roll down her oil'd umbrellas sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the Beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY

THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLE-KNOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, poet Joe,*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar,† Walls.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a wet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.
† Archdeacon Walls, a correspondent of Swift's.
‡ Swift's curate at Laracor.

Then Mrs. Johnson* gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it:
"All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout."
The reverend Dr. Raymond† guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said but that it wanted room
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry:
"Give me that house in my own hand!"
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
"Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale."
The clerk said to her in a heat,
"What, sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown."
"Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another."
Says Nancy,‡ "I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks."

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER).

Scene, the Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frost can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!

* Stella. † Vicar of Trim. ‡ The waiting-woman.

Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.
COR. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road:
Fleet Street transform'd become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.
PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er Porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On Templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.
COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best;
As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.
PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.
COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.
PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.
COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.
PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.
COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shopboards fall, and bars resound;

Each ready semstress slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.*

1711—12.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold:
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel:
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

* "To day I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will sell; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night, to Lord Treasurer, at Lord Masham's where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you."—Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1711—12. N.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader ;
To whom from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent ?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold ?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before ?
None e'er did modern Midas choose,
Subject or patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call :
And there's the jest for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too has asses' ears ;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies ;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much :
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws ;
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace,
Here fell a pension, there a place :
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes ;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em !
And Midas now neglected stands
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charged,
On which the pleader much enlarged;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare

From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play:
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be placed,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from Heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.

The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half ashamed look down;
And 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex among this crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts!
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio, sing, or say,
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declined;
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceived a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself:
"Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,

Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."

This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes;
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:

But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd :
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care."
Wisdom's above suspecting wiles :
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind ;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain ;
With open heart and bounteous hand,
But Pallas here was at a stand ;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise ;
That meat must be with money bought :
She, therefore, upon second thought,
Infused, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth ;
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd,
A tincture in the prudent maid ;
She managed her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child ;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleased and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd :
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame ;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain ;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks :
As she advanced, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide ;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,

Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
"Thus by the nymphs and swains adored,
My power shall be again restored,
And happy lovers bless my reign—"
So Venus hoped, but hoped in vain.
For when in time the martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fired with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun.
She'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fates' decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design;
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold)
"Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove

An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course."
The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanced, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the park appear;
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:

That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She named the ancient heroes round,
Explained for what they were renown'd ;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;
Through nature and through art she ranged,
And gracefully her subject changed ;
In vain ! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
"—That lady is the dullest soul !—"
Then tapped their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—" She wants it here !
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch !"
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieux of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way upstairs ;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribands, fans, and gloves, and lace ;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost ? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first ;
Named half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—" What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring ?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast :
I said her face would never last,
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare :
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl !
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight !"

They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
"That gown was made for old queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees."
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflamed,
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
"She's not so handsome in my eyes;
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face: no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better."
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspired;
Her virtues fewer swains admired.
So stars beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,

With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit :
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use ;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd ;
Thus, making others' wisdom known.
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new ;
She placed it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach ;
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow ;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make ;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain :
One way he knows to give her pain ;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake ;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown ;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux :
Cadenus warded off the blows ;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
  The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree :
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search betray'd.
  Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost :
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,

A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
"I find," said he, "she wants a doctor,"
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increased her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a fallen oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd, and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:

He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child,
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teased,
Might have her freedom when she pleased:
Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age:
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,

Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleased by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
"Now," said the nymph, "to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart."
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong:
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:

The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence,
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, famed)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such god-like men.

If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confined.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more;
Her knowledge, with such pains acquired,
By this new passion grew inspired;
Through this she made all objects pass
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;

And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose ;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
So bright a nymph to come unsought !
Such wonder by his merit wrought !
'Tis merit must with her prevail !
He never knew her judgment fail !
She noted all she ever read !
And had a most discerning head !
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride ;
Construing the passion he had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature to him had merit placed,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast ;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return ;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem :
With that devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits :
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances ?

In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaimed,
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;

And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly shewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at Lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplaced;
The fellows had a wretched taste:
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike:
Since every being loves its like.
"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE,

1713.

OBSERVE the dying father speak;
"Try, lads, can you this bundle break?"
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain, the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands,
"See," said the sire, "how soon 'tis done:"
Then took and broke them one by one.
"So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:"
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
This Tale may be applied in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who in solemn sort
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter-staffs instead of white;
Or constable with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head!
Or consul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the prætor down!
Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt, bring your mace
And squeeze it in or quit your place:

Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey *
Will undertake to do it for thee :
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff :
And, if the crozier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden !
You'll then defy the strongest whig
With both his hands to bend a twig ;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observed a parson near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face :
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen ;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now disposed to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis† go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree ;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were whig or tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift ;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift :
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat ;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down :
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,

* Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General.
† Eramus Lewis, the Treasurer's secretary.

Went were he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet;
Of late indeed the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent:
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried:
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had dined—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect—"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again:
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait,
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.

Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
"A canon! that's a place too mean;
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all;
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease."
Poor Swift departs; and what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale and thin,
Old Read† would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend Dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a passion cried)
"Your raillery is misapplied;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman. —ED. † The Lord-Treasurer's porter.

Experience I have dearly bought ;
You know I am not worth a groat :
But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest ;
Then since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

1714.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ;
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town;
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levée-day ;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
How should I trust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd !"
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,

But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper and withdraw ;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best :
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please ;
I doubt not if his lordship knew ;
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As "What's o'clock ?" and "How's the wind ?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind ?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs ;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well :
"How think you of our friend the Dean ?
I wonder what some people mean !
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, tête-à-tête ;
What ! they admire him for his jokes :
See but the fortune of some folks !"

There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
'Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, 1714.

DICK, thou'rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is in, and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt whigs and tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.

Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state ;
And of that dreadful *coup d'éclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave !
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon ;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse ;
Until thou shalt have eased thy conscience
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense ;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury Lane to shape thy style ;
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay ;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."*
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art ;†
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers.
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
But now the senate (if things hit
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown
What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. [In some particulars it would apply to " The Conscious Lovers."—Ed.]

† There were some tolerable grounds for this reflection. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.—Ed.

Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition :
Yet mum for that ; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet ;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces ;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now ! now you carry all before you !
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.*
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp† keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney‡ thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now manfully thou'lt run atilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk :
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise ;
To some snug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care ;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port ;

* Abel Roper.
† Where the Duke of Marlborough then resided.
‡ General Macartney, who killed Duke Hamilton.

With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragoûts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks:
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And even Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on Proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury Square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar's stock'd with beer and ale,

With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every county's generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flash or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
But, if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lovest a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.
The fire's already lighted, and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.
Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Prithee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her Majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I,
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,

With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.
Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's Green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries, and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink:
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despite of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Even Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S****** when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may'st rest assured,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.

Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em.
That thou mayst see thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come,
However by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leavest Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER, 1714.

'TIS true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse,

Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.
ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house* she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh, and feignèd groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty† did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—'faith! she bit her)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;

* The Church of England.
† A Scotch name for a bitch, alluding to the Kirk.

For, well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms,—"My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—"A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armèd force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716.

HOW blest is he, who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,* nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

* The ensign of the Lord Treasurer's office.

Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward ;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd !
He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked Heaven involve the just ?
And, though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance like a bloodhound at his heels.

PHYLLIS ;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude :
She trembled when a man drew near :
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear :
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist :
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head ;
In church you hear her through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud :
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man :
There practised how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red ;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd ;
The vicar and the ring bespoke :
Guess, how could such a match be broke ?
See then what mortals place their bliss in !
Next morn by times the bride was missing :
The mother screamed, the father chid ;
Where can this idle wench be hid ?
No news of Phil ! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame ;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way !
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went :
The groom was wish'd to saddle crop ;
For John must neither light nor stop,

But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis it seems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest commonplaces,
By others used in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her:
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor:
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The thing was done, and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour, when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb
When first she ventured out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel them,
The Muse has now no time to tell them;

How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd :
How oft she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade ;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice ;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess ;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best :
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure ;
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise ;
Your steady soul preserves her frame,
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your sacred presence awed ;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown ;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows ;
Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man, who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run ;
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY,

NOV. 10, 1718.

TO you whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known,
To you by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Placed you in life too far behind :
Or what I should repine at more,
Placed me in life too far before :
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose ;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense and wit :
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceived, though not defined :
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe ;
Here Nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art :
For wit and humour differ quite ;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd :
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine :
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel ;
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise :
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule :
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair :
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.
But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place :
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refined,

As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse ;
To show their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears ;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe ;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town ;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed !
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke.
'Twill not suffice it was a joke ;
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend ;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If named with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met ?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost ;
And half the company is teased
That came together to be pleased ;
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light ;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend * of yours and mine ;
Who neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame :
For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test ;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice ;

* Dr. Sheridan.

One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muse.
If he be guilty, you must mend him?
If he be innocent, defend him.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

MARCH 13, 1718—19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more)
However Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declined,
Made up so largely in thy mind.
O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain!

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

1719—20.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.

What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade :
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six :
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows :
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA;

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS, 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in after times;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With Friendship and Esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen shew their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes;
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking soles,
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind:
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe, would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;

The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks :
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise ;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse :
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour :
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root :
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces ;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
Your virtues safely I commend ;
They on no accidents depend :
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved with the lightest touch of blame :
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense :
Perverseness is your whole defence :
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right :

Your virtues all suspended wait
Till Time has open'd Reason's gate :
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide ;
In vain ; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault ;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind ;
And may compare to Ætna's fire
Which, though with trembling, all admire ;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn :
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours :
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy ;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reason wrong ;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind ;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text ?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand ?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA.

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human kind;
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,

And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word;
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best;
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud:
While gracefulness its art conceals
And yet through every motion steals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay

Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

TO STELLA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung.
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3.

RESOLVED my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think :
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled :
Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain ;
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme :
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine :
I told him what the world would say,
If Stella were unsung to-day :
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came :
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo.*
I have assured them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence ;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.
Though you should live like old Methusalem
I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em.
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold,

But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home ;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
But now your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent ;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground ;
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies !
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire ;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.
You'll find it soon, if fate consents ;
If not a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
But first let Robert on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees ;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

STELLA AT WOOD PARK.

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN, 1723.

DON CARLOS, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She looked on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
"Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candlelight she view'd the wine
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown;
Poor Stella must pack off to town:
From purling streams and fountains bubbling
To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin:
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley:*
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call
To visits of ———
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:

* The constant companion of Stella.

From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
  But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay.*
The coachman stopp'd; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She cursed the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor grisette,
While there are houses to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store
The cupboard could contain but four)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess, your wine and victual
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

* Where the two ladies lodged.

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13, 1723—4.

BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She, with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
Where, among scholars, can we find
So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again:
Meantime your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH, 1724.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Exposed to want, and wind and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, should you knit your brow
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name:
For what was ever understood,
By humankind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,

No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Ye merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose;
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella, say what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits, with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 13, 1726-7.*

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)

* This was Stella's last birthday. She died on the 28th January, 1727-8.—ED.

Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well-spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress:
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;

Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on :
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
O then, whatever Heaven intends !
Take pity on your pitying friends !
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share ;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due ;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill :
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool !
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare ;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profit of his play ;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene.

His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas." VIRG.

YE wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main:
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manners all contiguous round!
A coach and six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove :
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before ;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast ;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth ;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts the wax at every flame ;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd ?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together :
Swim, where the bird of Jove would sink,
And swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools ;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored ;
But, if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night
An ass was drinking at a stream;
A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus by directors we are told,
"Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin.—"
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O ! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern seas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood:
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it:

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell—
'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."*

* Psalm cvii.

Meantime secure on Garraway* cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious tory's brain;
For, where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs, and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to Hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there:
But may be tamed another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born:
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor overbulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach:
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

* A coffee-house in Change Alley.

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk :
  Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
  While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
  The coasters crowd to seize the spoil ;
The monster into parts divide,
  And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh may some western tempest sweep
  These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
  Driven from the South Sea to the Red.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
" Quiet the raging of the sea,
  And still the madness of the crowd !"

But never shall our isle have rest,
  Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possess'd)
  And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
  South Sea at best a mighty bubble.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

1722.

HIS Grace ! impossible ! what dead !
  Of old age too, and in his bed !
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all ?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now ;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told ?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high ;
'Twas time in conscience he should die !
This world he cumber'd long enough ;
He burnt his candle to the snuff :
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.

Behold his funeral appears.
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW.

1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute:
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out, and clapt the door.
"Why Dick! the Devil's in thy Nell,"
(Quoth Will) "thy house is worse than Hell;
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease."
"Dear Will I suffer this for peace;
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it."
Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour,
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.

But now to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
"Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks;
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco;
I'd send her far enough away—"
"Dear Will, but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame."
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate;
And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys;
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procured a riding.*
To act his patience and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET.

1724.

ONCE on a time, a righteous sage,
Grieved at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer
—"O Jove, if Virtue be so fair,

* A humorous cavalcade in ridicule of a scolding wife and henpecked husband.—ED.

As it was deem'd in former days,
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape :
Make them its real excellence,
For once, the theme of human sense ;
So shall the eye, by form confined,
Direct and fix the wandering mind ;
And long-deluded mortals see,
With rapture, what they used to flee!
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir :
An heir : and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer ;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.
Virtue was for this sex design'd,
In mild reproof to womankind ;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own ;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd ;
Raised high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college ;
Resolved nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffused around ;
Th' inferior youth to learning led,
Less to be famed than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone ;
And now, inflamed with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage ; and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new kindle into life.
Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell ;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best beloved retreat ;
Contented he—but Fate ordains
He now shall shine in nobler scenes,
Raised high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher ;

Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleased in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserved esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
Thus acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loosed her tongue;
And, while he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and raised his own.
Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations;
For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise:
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
Now raised on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,

Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere:
Distress of nations calls him hence,*
Permitted so by Providence;
For models made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confined;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run:
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the valleys sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves;
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd with rival voice,
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Western Isle,
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.—ED.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S* MOTTO ON HIS COACH, 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale solum :
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate :
Natale solum, my estate ;
My dear estate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import :
First, how to swagger in a court ;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury ;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick ;
And, fifthly (you know whom I mean),
To humble that vexatious Dean ;
And, sixthly, for my soul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.†
Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum :
You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

THE DOG AND THIEF, 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, Let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread ;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

* The Chief Justice who prosecuted the Drapier.
† Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change Alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
"Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink."

Says the freeman, "Your guinea to night would be spent!
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease."

From London they come, silly people to chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste,

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive;
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;*
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recal your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

* The original copy of Pope's translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister* who's fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he† who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others whom you make your theme
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines,
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he!
Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage:
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If Virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.
† Sir Spencer Compton, then Speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington.

If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than Holy Writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so cursed?

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.

Can dextrously her husband tease
By taking fits whene'er she please ;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick ;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity :
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath ;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
In party, furious to her power ;
A bitter whig, or tory sour ;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain ;
And to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topics from the tories draws.
O yes ! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding ; *
She'll pay the charges to a farthing ;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition ;
They may outsell a better thing :
So, holloo, boys ; God save the king !

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

SIR, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater ?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair ;
Their virtues never ceased to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string ?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
" Will he his character belie ?
Must never our misfortunes end ?
And have we lost our only friend ?"

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.

Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears;
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."

"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill-success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back awhile:
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really, 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite,

You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and *double entendres?*
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name;
But now, 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hercina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;

And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes :
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the world is so censorious !"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence :
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies :
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute ;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking ;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin ;
Not schoolboys at a barring-out
Raised ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down :
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
" And was not Tom this morning sent ?
I'd lay my life he never went :
Past six, and not a living soul !
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen !
How shall we pass the time between ?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops :
This head of mine, lord, how it swims !
And such a pain in all my limbs !"
" Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap :
" Go, run, and light the ladies up :
It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within,"—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord, madam, you have lost codille;
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away;
When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts,
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark:
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand; it seldom fails;
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN 'tis not my bread and butter
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits
Damning to Hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!
M. The tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G—d d—n the liars again!

Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord, how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
M. These wrangling jars of whig and tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story;
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marall,* gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropp'd their arms, and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum;
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the Devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious:*
'Tis true; nor need I to be told
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me:
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The tories' terror, scourge and flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The tories! you are their delight:
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim you have a taste, I know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him;
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again:
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;

* King William III.

In every action thrusts his nose ;
The reason why, no mortal knows ;
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could ;
While, teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleased !
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare ;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows ;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes :
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in ;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout ;
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound ;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter ;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man ;
But then, the lookers-on, the tories,
You still divert with merry stories ;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If tories must have all the sport,
I fear you you'll be disgraced at court.
T. Got? D—n my blood ! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters ;
And simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me ! why I got my will !
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still ;
I bravely call the tories Jacks
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath ;

And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game ;
Consume my vitals ! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so :
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
  But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure ?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a passing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred ?
Will none of the tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo ?
Must all my d—n-me's, bloods-and-wounds,
Pass only now for empty sounds ?
Shall tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected ?
And when I roar a "plot, a plot !"
Will our own party mind me not ?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy ?
  Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg ; you see the case is nice :
O ! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town !
Or blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts !
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destined at thy chops ;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
  M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection :
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied ;
I wish they had been well applied ;
But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz ;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia*,
(There's Latin too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr.———)
I have a coat at home, that you may try ;
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry ;
My hat has much the nicer air ;
Your block will fit it to a hair ;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd ;

'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go,
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife:
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;

One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanack 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long misspent,
By nature meant for nobler ends;
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debased my mind:
I give myself entire to you:
G—d d—n the whigs and tories too!

TIM AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The monkey who had seen the world:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember, when I sat for't.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to storm and rave;
"The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me;
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every whig,
And Dick curse all the tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skipp'd the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing.
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG.

1729.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best :
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.
Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern ;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son :
But this I think will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove :
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant ;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire ;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose ;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen,
Or if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow ;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle o'er his head ;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches :
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire,
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls :
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.

The rumbling words march fierce along
Made trebly-dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hired for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffee-house we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy headful:
For must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops;
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows:
Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam,
What prodigies in arts we drain
From both your streams, in George's reign.
As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled),
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune : with his trident
He rules the sea ; you see him ride in't ;
And, if provoked, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late ;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them,
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white :
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before ;
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet ;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays :
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined ?
Extol him for his generous mind :
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn ;
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes :
For prince's love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not ;
I freely grant the thought is old :
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent
To qualify him God's vicegerent ;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true :
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,

And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued ;
O let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, birthday bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed :
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies ;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us :
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her !
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam :
Six thousand years has lived the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides your songsters oft have shown
That she has Graces of her own :
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter ;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins :
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre all her own ;
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light ;
And only with her brother link'd
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her ;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race ;
And sees a son in every God,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already :
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede !
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk :

Foretell his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants, to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough;
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust;
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;

And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul :
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been ;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline ;
And if you chance to come too late.
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown ;
Or whom you once sang up sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion
To praise your hero for devotion ;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God ;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule :
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport ;
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark :
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune :
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty *hæc et illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla,

Let nobles toast in bright champagne
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla ;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar or sarsaparilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla ;
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air of Domitilla ?

Virgil has eternized in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla :
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong ;
He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla :
And deuce take London ! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla ;
But oh ! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bused much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER-SKELTER ;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attorneys
Briskly travel on their journeys,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients ;
Like so many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,

Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destined far to roam,
Ah ! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own ;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsell'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—*
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense ;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler :
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor ;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty ;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage :
Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses ;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches ;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and———run away ;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee ;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

* i.e., *limbo*, out of pawn.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid ;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began,
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame,

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms ;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead, have confess'd :
Powel and Stretch the hint pursue ;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has proved
On that famed theatre, the alley ;
Where thousands by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now ;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear ;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within ;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place ;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess'd the greater fool.

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730.

WE give the world to understand
Our thriving Dean has purchased land:
A purchase, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound:
And, from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill:

That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved ;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs * are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier :
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount :
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended :
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready :
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind :
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek in deserts Fields Elysian ?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians ?
But here my lady will object ;
" Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in."
'Tis true : but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plums :
Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way :

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier.—ED.

If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart;
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crack'd head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white;
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes :
His guests are few, his visits rare ;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare ;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls ;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns ;
Here Poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I used to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain :
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase ;
May nothing interrupt his peace !
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound :
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire ;
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage ;
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves ;
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine ;
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will ?

ROBIN AND HARRY.

1730.

ROBIN to beggars with a curse
Throws the last shilling in his purse ;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing ;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice;
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.

It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five-thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade, and shining armour,
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRISETTE.

1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty !
Never may the Muse forget ye ;
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard !
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid ;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow ;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply,
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded :
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Christian folks ;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions ;
Where in eighteenpenny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery :
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude ;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout ;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN.

1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay;
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed:
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets of this upper world)
With flowers of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new-flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane :
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends :
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.
But Death had business to despatch ;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards :
She, as she came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps ;
She scarce remembers what is trumps ;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own :
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket glass drew slily out ;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance ;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below ;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau ;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts ?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille ?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above ?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall ?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades :
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six !
What pride a female heart inflames !
How endless are ambition's aims !
Cease, haughty nymph ; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee :
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,

Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled ;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp :
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please ;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised :
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right :
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason ;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows ;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier:
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles :
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance :
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her :
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong ;
And reprove her when she's right ;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed :

She's too cunning and too skilful
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
But will never more advise thee.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face:
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;

Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks ;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear !
So odd a choice how could she make !
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty if he be a day ;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops ;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four ;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach gone ;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household ;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace ;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain ;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine :
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,

And meets her hasting to the ball :
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks upstairs,
And calls the family to prayers ;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best,
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in ;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado ;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon :
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas, is quickly guess'd ;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath ;
No other way but try the bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain ;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught ;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find :
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent :
His money spent ! a clownish reason !
And must my lady slip her season ?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was bribed to make the Dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case :
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise :

His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there ;
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen ;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle ;
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms ;
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign !
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace ;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores ;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever !

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in ?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing ;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay :
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd :
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side :
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest ;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses ;
Fill'd up with dirt, so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt ;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair ;
A forehead cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavoury streams ;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died ;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.
But, oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslimed,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grimed ;
No object Strephon's eye escapes ;
Her petticoats in frowzy heaps ;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in ?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round ;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying-glass ;

When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant ;
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail ;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ?
And must you needs describe the chest ?
That careless wench ; no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner !
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite ?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes :
Which Strephon ventured to look in,
Resolved to go through thick and thin,
He lifts the lid ; there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box
When Epimetheus oped the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind :
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent :
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O ! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen !
O ! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."
As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art, you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire ;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench :
So things which must not be exprest,
When plump'd into the reeking chest.

Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell ;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away ;
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I, the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout ;)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they used to meet
On love, and books, and rapture sweet ;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose ;

But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn,
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs, to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.
"Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate!
What makes thee lie abed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?"
Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cried, "Celia!" thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
"Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Celia dead?"
"How happy I, were that the worst,
But I was fated to be curst!"
"Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?"
"O, Peter, would it were no more!"
"Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case."
"O, Peter, beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish;
But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd;

Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart."
"Why, hang her; though she seem so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy."
"Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain;
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divined
A crime, that shocks all humankind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to aftertimes—
'Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying never told his pain.'
Vain empty world, farewell! But hark,
The loud Cerberean triple bark:
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come! I come! Medusa see
Her serpents' hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
'Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I.'"
"Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed,
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Celia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out, my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must:
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;

Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed--
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu.

* * * * *

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws,
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contrived to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips;
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankers, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster;
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,

And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps ;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies ;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams ;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn ;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted ;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by ;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
But never from religious clubs,
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight !
Behold the ruins of the night !
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The crystal eye, alas ! was miss'd ;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas ;
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts ?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew ; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung :
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years ;

By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race :
And then so nice, and so genteel ;
Such cleanliness from head to heel ;
No humours gross, or frowsy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow ;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water :
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not stain her gown :
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
What powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts !
What sword-knots ! what poetic strains !
What billets-doux, and clouded canes !
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along ;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites :
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch ;
The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings ;
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire Apollo ;

Then Mercury with silver tongue ;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride,
Walk hand in hand, and side by side ;
She by the tender Graces drest,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade ;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains :
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night ;
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found ;
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet ;
With other parts, that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot ;
And should he struggle, I know what—
Why let it go, if I must tell it—
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dyed in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhaled ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure ?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast ;
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men ;
To visit and to court them too :
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife !

(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a school-boy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He followed, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now "ponder well, ye parents dear:"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon,
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not they must in evil plight
Be often forced to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confined,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, even when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passion sympathetic;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolved to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Even lambs by instinct fly the butcher.

Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe,——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins);
And though contrived, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her while the scent increased,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions press'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspired with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.

They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienced grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed
Howe'er for selling bargains famed,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire:
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spied her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign ;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honeymoon :
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down :
Though by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake !
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true !
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour ;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect ;
Some show they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool ;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils ;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife adored
By every coxcomb but her lord ?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire !
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest :
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door ;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorraine's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last ;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What edifice can long endure
Raised on a basis unsecure ?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life :
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away ;

Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found.
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend:
Yet, where's he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good bye.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, *Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas.*

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy; stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six:
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine:
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;

But now he's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring !"
They hug themselves, and reason thus :
"It is not yet so bad with us !"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily howd'ye's come of course,
And servants answer "Worse and worse !")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, "God be praised, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send !
What hearty prayers that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear ;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive !
"How is the Dean ?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read ;
"He hardly breathes"—"The Dean is dead."
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? and who's his heir ?
I know no more than what the news is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses ! there's a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation ?

So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For when we open'd him we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend."
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race:
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastrycook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.

The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste;
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Glocester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at court.
As for his Works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those:
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em;

As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind :
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him ;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
Despised the fools with stars and garters
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs ;
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends :
And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success ;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
"With princes kept a due decorum ;
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just ;
'In princes never put thy trust:'
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd !
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
For her he stood prepared to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six-hundred pound.
"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat :
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound :
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind :

Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;*

* Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of £108,000, which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.—*Ed.*

Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,*
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs,† or old Tresilian;‡
Who long all justice has discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

* Whitshed was then Chief Justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet written by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. Whitshed died Aug. 26, 1727 (having a few months before exchanged his place in the King's Bench, which he had held ten or twelve years, for the same office in the Common Pleas): and Archbishop Boulter says, his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with helped to shorten his days. These affronts were certainly the satires of the Dean and his friends.—[Note by HAWKESWORTH.]

† Sir William Scroggs, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King Charles II., was a man of low birth, and raised himself as much by means of his debaucheries, as of his abilities in his profession. He was preferred for professing loyalty; but, Oates's plot coming forward, he exerted himself very much on the side of that informer, though he afterward changed again, and was equally violent against him. For some dirty jobs, which he did to oblige the court, he was impeached in parliament; but the matter never was proceeded upon. While at the bar, he was always necessitous; but during his preferment, he took care to secure a good fortune for himself, having in that period purchased the manor of Brentwood, in Essex. He afterwards died, in Essex-street, of a polypus in the heart.—[Note by NICHOLS.]

‡ Sir Robert Tresilian was Chief Justice of England in the time of Richard II. He was adviser of many illegal acts in that reign, for which he was impeached, with several other judges and some noblemen, in parliament. Being convicted of the offences he was charged with, he was executed, February 19th, 1388.—[Note by NICHOLS.]

" In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right, or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
. . . . . squires to market brought;
Who sell their souls and . . . . for nought.
The . . . . . go joyful back,
To . . . the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with . . . . . .
And keep the pence, to pick up fees:
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty;
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
" He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of whigs and tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
" He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;

And show'd by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee-houses, who when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffee-house orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians, and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupets* on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with humpbacks, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted: I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology, and geography even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in Dublin; beside two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized: whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to one; and what is more to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any

* Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion. ED.

noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective, whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses, and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals—the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape—all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of man!

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
"Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame;
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."
The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he loved a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:

Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud;
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent;
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd;
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was grieved to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
The Goat advanced with decent pace;
And first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind:
Not as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own; but can you guess?
Why virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeezed a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool;
His conscience always was so nice
He freely gave the poor advice;

By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch ;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two or most.
The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case :
Why should he longer mince the matter ?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter ;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote :
His crime he quickly understood ;
Too zealous for the nation's good :
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn ;
He pass'd his hours among his books ;
You find it in his meagre looks ;
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes :
But owns, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit ;
Would raise by merit to promotion ;
Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin ; (and God forgive him !)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave :
But see how Satan spreads his snares ;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part :
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance ;
And, when his medicines do no good
Supports their minds with heavenly food ;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended ;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat ;
Says grace before and after meat ;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops ;

He scorns to make his art a trade ;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire :
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practised to their shame.
The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere ;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to whig or tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view ;
Yet he was seconded by few :
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion
That standing troops were his aversion ;
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place ;
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot.
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity ;
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good ;
Their kind affections he has tried ;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year ;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone :
O ! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
And it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin ;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations ;
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother ;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood ;

Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye.
No wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the fourfoot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers,
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be stroked, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade;
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis;*
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet all must own thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,

Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting-days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And O what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
  But now should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE,

1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
  Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I, a slave in thy dominions;
  Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
  Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
  All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS, "BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS."

So familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the TEST ACT in Ireland, 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.

The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
"Sir, we the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines;
But in no other sense, than Nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food:
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the Church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice:
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733.

YE paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses?*
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or Innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men, by nature fools.

ON POETRY. A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's Universal Passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?

Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot,
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;

For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,

Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggerel Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:

Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet ;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant ;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber ;
A prelate, who no God believes ;
A parliament, or den of thieves ;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench :
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide ;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short ;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support ;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower :
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies :
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze ;
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell :

And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and Gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve awhile.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu,
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*

And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battas from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is whig, and one is tory:
And this, for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius placed in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;

Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace ;
Where Pope will never show his face ;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
  But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground ;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
A fox with geese his belly crams ;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs ;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit :
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And try to tear you limb from limb ;
While others do as much for him.
  The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind :
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors ;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters ;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded ;
How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
How much our ancestors outsung us ;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born ;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree.*
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a commonweal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance, when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The Laureate leaves him far behind.
Concanen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard,
Smart Jemmy Moore† with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:

*Sir William Grimston, Bart. (created Viscount Grimston and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719,) wrote a play, when a boy, to be acted by his school-fellows, entitled, "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to, 1705; a performance of so little merit, that, at a more advanced period of life, he endeavoured by every means in his power to suppress it.—NICHOLS.

† James Moore Smith, author of "The Rival Modes," an unsuccessful

With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre ;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name !
By flattering kings, whom heaven design'd.
The plagues and scourges of mankind ;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test ;
Whom never faction could bespatter ;
Nor minister nor poet flatter ;
What justice in rewarding merit !
What magnanimity of spirit ;
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face !
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us !)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown !
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five ;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court :
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing !

comedy, was chiefly remarkable for his consummate assurance as a plagiarist See his character at large, in the Dunciad.—NICHOLS.

In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage.
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation?
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Louis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Louis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so straight?
I'll give my monarch better weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid;
We now can better do without him.
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB.

1736.

AS I stroll the city oft I
See a building large and lofty.
Not a bowshot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble,
Run to hear Jack-pudding gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest:
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,

That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin ;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws ;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung :
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city ;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown ;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills.
Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass ;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces :
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide ;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient !
Let us try some new expedient ;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me ;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate ;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate !
All ye gods who rule the soul !
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll !
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair ;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes !
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates ;

Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the madhouse?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands:
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence apiece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren :
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together ;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly :
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak :
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin :
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in this vocation,
For the court, against the nation.
Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison :
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts:
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us, Morgan, art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?

Alma Mater was thy mother
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us;
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every Monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of Fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them;
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for, I assure you,
You will need no *caricatura*;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"

ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear;
But, should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside:
And you, who never fell from pride:
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you);
—The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
—I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER.*

1705.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio* and *Cæsar*;
As pies and daws are often styled
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit;
For what is understood by *fame*,
Beside the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump?*
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my lord CUTTS a *Salamander*.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judged by-standers by.
  First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train:
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
  So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

* From Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67, lib. xxix. c. 4.

"All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Further, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold that put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects,
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the salamander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day arrived without his train
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown.
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

A LOVE POEM.

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS,

WRITTEN AT LONDON.

BY poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy, my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all:
What cholic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,

Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival named,
I feel my body all inflamed;
Which, breaking out in boils and blains,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small beer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpoise;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

THE STORM.

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm, to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her request,
Assured her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop loved a whore,
And had enlarged her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishops' bench,
Till Horte arrived, ne'er kept a wench;
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate;
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.
Then Proteus urged the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
To drown him all attempts are vain.

Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy ;
Can creep or run, or fly or swim ;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind ;
Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against as with the tide.
But, Pallas, you've applied too late ;
For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd ?
You need not then have been so pert,
In sending Bolton* to Clonfert.
I found you did it, by your grinning ;
Your business is to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows:
Or who regarded your report ;
For never were you seen at court.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley† in the same condition ;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
If one must drown the other must ;
But, if you'll leave us Bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
Now, if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly tost.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghastly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair:
Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
For fear the rest should say he squeaks ;
Or, as Fitzpatrick‡ did before,
Resolve to perish with his whore ;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And, but for shame, would say his prayers.
Or, would you see his spirits sink,
Relaxing downwards in a stink ?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good madam Pallas, pray be easy,
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent ;
But he'll come back the knave he went.

* Afterwards Archbishop of Cashell.

† Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

‡ Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

The goddess, who conceived a hope
That Horte was destined to a rope,
Believed it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be scarr'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t' ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wise:
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live and how to die.
But it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heiress;
Dress'd like any lady mayoress:

Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground ;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day—
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refined and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduced into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style ;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule ;
Teaching others how to ape you ;
Court nor Parliament can 'scape you ;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praise in strain sublime :
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme:
'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse ;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust ?
Did I ever break my trust ?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames ?
In good manners am I faulty ?
Can you call me rude or haughty ?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old ?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit ?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd ?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe ?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains her friends ;
With good words and countenance sprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely ?
Think not cards my chief diversion :
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion :
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like laudanum.

We, by play, as men, by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtue to my sight.
Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends;
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel * * * * may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To discourse and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough:
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,

How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking ;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instil ?
To conclude this long essay ;
Pardon if I disobey ;
Nor against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose :
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate ;
And I find it answers right :
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm ;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown ?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting chattering vermin
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon ?
When my muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers :
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools :
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves they all pull ;
Let the vessel split on shelves ;
With the freight enrich themselves :
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry :
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names ;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage :
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could)
If I can but fill my niche,
I attempt no higher pitch ;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance :

Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb * hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean,
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruption's running riot.
End as it befits your station:
Come to use and application:
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:
If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on Blueskins.†
If I laugh at whig and tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observed by Horace,‡
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupefies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.

* Caleb D'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of the Craftsman.

† The famous thief, who, while on his trial at the Old Bailey, stabbed Jonathan Wild.

‡ "Ridiculum acri, &c."

I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king :
That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred ;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious ;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but by sneer.
As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by storming,
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault)
Would you have me change my style ?
On your faults no longer smile ;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals :
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use ?
If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded ;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James ?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found :
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.
Have you seen a rocket fly ?
You would swear it pierced the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there ;
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown,
See what mirth the sport creates !
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse :
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop ;
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps ;
Only make it smart awhile ;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain,
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right ;

Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason!
Thus we both shall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to Comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,* just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's:
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least, I'm well assured that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trisyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

* The fact may not be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.

APOLLO'S EDICT.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS." 1720.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there;
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun:
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the Milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be.
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight.
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days;

Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill ;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother ;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With woman compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home ?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with very grace ;
The glory of the Granard race ;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame ?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid ;
Nor need you on the Graces call ;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE, THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George,* Nim,† Dan,‡ Dean,§ pass their days
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo ?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours ;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest ;

* Mr. Rochfort.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort ; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chase.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackson. § Dean Swift.

At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius ;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures ;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hales him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar ;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn ;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon* rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose ;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all :
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling :
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end ;
My lord† and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake :
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done :
With "Church and King" the ladies gone :
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef ;
And this must pass for reading Hamond,
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he abed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till supper comes ; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam‡ lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber ;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.

* A small boat so called.
† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland.
‡ The butler.

So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls and all is done.
I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts ;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins ;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd :
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon ;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And saved his oar, but lost his hat ;
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em ;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets ;
How fortune fails him when he sets ;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex :
I might have told how oft dean Perceval
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows :
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb :
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping ;
For candles how she trucks her dripping ;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste ;
Tells everything that you can think of,
How she cured Charlie of the chin-cough ;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasles ;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron ;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all whig papers and gazettes ;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true.
And since he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar :
" Why, Muscovy is not so far :
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates ;

Perhaps from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arrived Clem* and his wife—
This grand event has broke our measures:
Their reign began with cruel seizures:
The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie:
Nim lost his wig block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one)
George is half scared out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsy-turvy:
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

BEC'S† BIRTHDAY. Nov. 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye.
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength;
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat and fair.
As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their hearts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days—
Rebecca thus I gladly greet:
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,

* Mr. Clement Barry.
† Rebecca Dingley, Esther Johnson's companion.

By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why, or where :
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander :
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus Nature has resolved to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends ;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lined ;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken porridge ;
I mean when Tiger has been served.
Or else poor Stella may be starved.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap ;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair ;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May Fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round ;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the dean storm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there shall be no cares to fright her!

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1726.

TWO-FACED Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme ;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's gift ;
She has got but half a face ;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,

To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor Isle's* approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past.
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH.†

RICHMOND LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the Crown. It was usually granted by the Crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bedchamber, afterward Countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the Ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue:—

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.

* Ireland.

† George I., who died after a short sickness, by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For, by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true!

MARBLE HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:
For those we dextrous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' fall.
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;

My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope:
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While Lady Charlotte,* like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride
With Ancient Mirmont† at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for show beneath his arm.

MARBLE HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Changed for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except Her Majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

* Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

MARBLE HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MARBLE HILL.

Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

1727.

'TIS strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession, and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace:
'Tis said, their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;

* The gardener.

Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
  Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
'Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
  Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But overcharged, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
  Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in rapture gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
  Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE.

1727.

YE wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is— to let them talk.

AN EPISTLE

UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.*

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press:
You can't, grave sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,

* His Excellency Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your patron's gate ;
And would my Lord vouchsafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his secretary,
As Falstaff acted old King Harry ;
I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print ;
Folks shrug, and cry, "There's nothing in't."
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense
With mean degrees of wit and sense ?
Nor will my lord so far beguile
The wise and learned of our isle ;
To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind :
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You've cause to say he meant you well :
That you are thankful, who can tell ?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent ; you mean, your merit.
Ah ! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte ?
Smedley * thou Jonathan of Clogher,
"When thou thy humble lay dost offer
To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
Thy thanks and verse devoid of art :
Content with what his bounty gave,
No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your vistoes, barges, and (a pox on
All pride !) our speaker for your coxswain :
It's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar ;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enraged, as Ern would do at thee.
How different is this from Smedley !
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
"Who only asks some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure ;
The garden stored with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers ;

* See the Petition to the Duke of Grafton.

No gay parterre with costly green
Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
But Nature freely takes her course,
Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
No shears to check her sprouting vigour,
Or shape the yews to antic figure."
But you forsooth your all must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch which in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis?*
To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.
These stories were of old design'd
As fables: but you have refined
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams,
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain supplies.
O! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it reassume its stream,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still your fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:

That could not be my lord's intent,
Nor can it answer the event.
Most think what has been heap'd on you
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your flim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.
  Though now your depth must not be sounded,
The time was, when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school!
Five hundred pound a year's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you build and you bestow.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar, letters,
  A passage may be found, I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latin bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and unharmonious croaking,
They might unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."*

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the great
  Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will!
Then boasting tell us where you dined,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
  Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"

* Hor. lib. 1. ep xvii.

Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit, are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mecænas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes:
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every dunce alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:*
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shaped the poet's quill,

* William Duke of Cumberland, son of George II.

Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show you skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage whig and tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show you wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:

When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher.
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleased the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Philips writ.
I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
"So to destroy a guilty land
An angel sent by Heaven's command,

While he obeys almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still ;
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind."
  But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state ;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise ;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter ;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face :
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow ;
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence :
  "So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From Hell a viceroy devil ascends ;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd ;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes :
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small."
  Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings :
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels, just as kings are gods.

APPENDIX I.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

FAMILY OF SWIFT.

A FRAGMENT.*

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

THE family of the SWIFTS was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of Cavaliero *Swift*, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by King James or King Charles the First, with the title of Baron *Carlingford*, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland has received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to *Robert Fielding*, Esq., commonly called *Handsome Fielding;* she brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children; the Earl of *Eglington* married another coheiress of the same family, as he has often told me.

Another of the same family was Sir *Edward Swift*, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greatest part settled in Ireland, the founder was *William Swift*, prebendary of Canterbury, towards the last years of Queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of King James the First. He was a divine of some distinction: there is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.

This William married the heiress of *Philpot*, I suppose a Yorkshire gentleman, by whom he got a very considerable estate, which however she kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it has been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son *Thomas*, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy

* The original, in Swift's handwriting, is deposited in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

And thus much is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great grandson.

His original picture is now in the hands of *Godwin Swift*, of Dublin, Esq., his great grandson, as well as that of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance; whose arms of an heiress are joined with his own; and by the last he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastic; for in these he gives as his device a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente.*

There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the said William commonly made use of, and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift above-mentioned.

His eldest son *Thomas* seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross: he had likewise another church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much toward a projector. The house is above an hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads six-and-thirty times, some say above fifty. He engaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the king, where being asked by the governor, who knew him well, "What he could do for his majesty?" Mr. Swift said, "He would give the king his coat." and stripping it off presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, "Then take my waistcoat:" he bid the governor weigh it in his hand, who ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which, as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time, being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the cavaliers, Mr Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward; he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His sons, whereof four were settled in Ireland (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most creditable persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties; and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergyman, upon account of his superior zeal for the king's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint, who scrupled not, however, to conform upon the Restoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution: I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The Lord Treasurer Oxford told the Dean that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift, writ in those times; which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was treasurer, and the Queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland, and the Earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the sixty-third year of his age; his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died about two years before the return of King Charles the Second, who by the recommendation of some prelates had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the Church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: but Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women. His eldest son, *Godwin Swift*, of the Inner Temple, Esq. (so styled by Guillim the herald; in whose book the family is described at large) was, I think, called to the bar before the restoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioness of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was coheiress to Admiral *Deane*, who was one of the regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill-pleader, but perhaps a little too dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.

The second son of Mr. *Thomas Swift* was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir *William d'Avenant*, but died young, and left only one son, who was also called *Thomas*, and is now rector of Puttenham in Surrey. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. *Dryden* Swift, called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except *Jonathan*,

who beside a daughter left one son, born seven months after his father's death, of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D.D. and D. of St. P——,* was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift abovementioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage, he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

He married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterwards employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly, before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin on St. Andrew's Day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual: for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was five years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where, by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies: for which he had no great relish, by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry: so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little to his credit, which is called in that college, *speciali gratiâ*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by

* i.e. Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity and Dean of St. Patrick's.

Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey, where he continued for about two years. For he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health: but growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple: with whom growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for Sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The king soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, of about one hundred a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the House of Commons for triennial parliaments; against which, the king who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland, that King Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park, by his majesty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the king against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of the matter in writing, to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl to whom he was referred by his majesty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of King Charles the First was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the House. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain; for the king, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obliges himself to consent to all laws *quas vulgus elegerit.*

Mr. Swift lived with him (Sir William Temple) some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scru-

ple of entering into the Church merely for support, and Sir William Temple then being Master of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about one hundred and twenty pounds a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, he was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north, worth about one hundred pounds a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who beside a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The Earl of Romney, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the King. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the lords justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one, who only aimed at church preferments, that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery; and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he was then thirty years old.

APPENDIX II.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JOHNSON (STELLA).

THIS day, being Sunday, January 28th, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in Ireland; and about a year after, going to visit my friends in England, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependence. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Under this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten *per cent.* in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the

price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal; which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend early in the year 1701, and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past she had been visited with continual ill health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But for this twelvemonth past, she never had a day's health; and properly speaking, she has been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians and the care of her friends.—Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank: yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for, in such a case, she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by; yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call bons mots, wherein she excelled almost beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved, and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom; but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 29th. My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30th. Tuesday.

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night: and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy; she was then about four-and-twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and the other women and servants being half dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash; and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with the bullets, into the body of one villain who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The duke of Ormond had often drunk her health to me upon that account, and had always a high esteem for her. She was indeed under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water; but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horse-back; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth: yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate, or to pity.

When she was once convinced by open facts of any breach of truth or honour, in a person of high station, especially in the church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without showing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind, when it was manifest, that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much sooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her

younger days, by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style: neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet perhaps she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity to the last; but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than two thousand pounds, whereof a great part fell with her life, having been placed upon annuities in England, and one in Ireland.

In a person so extraordinary, perhaps it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, farther than to set forth her character. Some presents of gold pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift, that, in about three years, they amounted to above two hundred pounds. She used to show them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed, in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest; when, the girl, losing the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a day, and despairing of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took quite the contrary turn: she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two-and-twenty: when, by advice of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years, and a superior understanding, she became and continued all her life, a most prudent economist; yet still with a stronger bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised), beyond what was merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone), yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money. Insomuch that upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about one hundred and fifty pounds in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much, as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often, and in so hospitable a manner as she desired. Yet they were always welcome; and, while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance; so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domestics consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expenses, from her arrival in Ireland to some months before her death; and she would

often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that everything necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen, who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity; for it went farther in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, "she always met with gratitude from the poor;" which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean, that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, "That it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted, or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money." I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly, upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these was the late primate Lindsay, Bishop Lloyd, Bishop Ashe, Bishop Brown, Bishop Sterne, Bishop Pulleyn, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and where she found them, would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less, although they did not shine in learning or in wit: but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least

word against modesty ; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion ; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened, one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies ; and in his flippant way, began to deliver some double meanings : the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man : "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour : and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding : but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity ; and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense ; and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topics of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to anything that was innocent and diverting. News, politics, censure, family management, or town talk, she always diverted to something else ; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better : and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed after a few visits, dropped off ; and she was never known to inquire into the reason, nor ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing ; and she usually treated those who were so in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition ; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine : but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave when her friends asked the reason, was, "That it prevented noise, and saved time." Yet I have known her very angry with some whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it ; and having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, one thousand pounds, to Dr. Stephens's Hospital. She detested the tyranny

and injustice of England, in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country, where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary, in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex; yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, "They found she was like other women." But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations, as well as in her questions.

THE END.

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